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As I would have been much too lazy to write this book without a lot of encouragement and prodding from Roz and Bill Targ, I want to thank them. Also to Peter Zahody, who spent many hours running back and forth on his bicycle to help me edit the material, I wish to say thank you. And, to my husband, Michel Auder, who got me started and worked many many hours with me, even though we had a lot of fights over the whole thing, and even though he got bored, towards the end, and refused to do any more work, I say thank you and a big kiss for your help and ideas.—The Author

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To
MICHEL AUDER

This is a novel, a work of the imagination.
All characters portrayed in it are fictitious.

—THE AUTHOR

Gloria ....

Gloria ....

Gloria ....

Gloria

Gloria

Gloria

in Excelsis Deo .....

Book One

1

. . . . . that's what we'll call you, Gloria, as in "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO."

Thus spoke *A*, lion of the art world, King of the underground movie, and undisputed Peter Pan of the misfits; as he ruffled a pencil through his toupee one cloudy day in New York City, the city which was to become known at a later date as the last pit in Dante's *Inferno*.

Gloria was then standing in the middle of The Plant, a combination painter's studio and movie set, owned by *A* and inhabited by countless denizens of the underground.

Gloria's former name had been Janet Lee Schumann, with two *n*'s.

"Always hang on to those two *n*'s," her father had warned her, "one *n* is Jewish."

She was the first of eleven children born to Alfred E. Schumann, famous German doctor, and Alice O'Shaughnessy, simple Irish maiden, but descended from a mixture of English and Irish nobility.

"My greatuncle was knighted by Queen Victoria, for inventing chloroform, and giving the Queen a painless childbirth," grandma O'Shaughnessy was always saying, "and my greatgreatuncle had his printing press smashed in Philadelphia by the British, during the Revolutionary War, for printing seditious literature."

Anyway, Janet Lee's mother, the simple Irish maiden, was discovered by the German doctor Schumann, and the first issue of the union was Janet Lee. As her sisters were fond of reminding her, "cute in the cradle, ugly at the table, and vice versa," Janet Lee WAS cute. She was born with platinum hair, preringleted. This was such a novelty in the hospital that the nurses

allowed her beloved aunt and godmother, Marie, to put a pale blue satin ribbon around the top ringlet.

Then, the position in which Janet Lee slept . . . well, it was just too angelic for words, with her little hands in a praying position, tucked under her chin, and her little body drawn up in an embryonic curl.

A's first movie of Janet Lee turned out to be such a success that he began laying plans toward making her a "superstar." A superstar, albeit of an as yet unknown constellation, for NO ONE took *A* and his superstars too seriously, that is not until the miraculous birth of GLORIA! who was in her own words . . . . . to "make" *A*.

"Everyone knows that I invented myself," she was fond of saying. "But not everyone knows that I also invented *A*."

True, *A* was known to a certain select group of intellectuals before the advent of Gloria, but it was thanks to Gloria that he became a household word within one short year.

Also, within one short year, Gloria, dazzled by fame, actually FORGOT all about her past life as Janet Lee Schumann. However, thanks to her third acid trip, it all came back to her, one starry night, in a rush of morbid hallucinations.

II

It was a long table, loaded with food and little girls. The room was in a dark wood-paneled hotel, in the middle of a dark woods, on a dark lake. Everything was dark, even when the sun was out. The waiter came in and brought a silver platter with a covered dish and set it down in the middle of the table. Everybody waited for a long time. Finally he took off the cover and a live white rabbit jumped out. That was my second birthday party in the American Adirondacks, at Moose Lake, scene of *An American Tragedy*, starring Liz Taylor and Shelley Winters . . . . . it was the perfect setting for a murder with all that darkness . . . the rabbit was quite a relief . . . of course I'm dramatizing at this point because I couldn't read at the age of two.

The second scene I remember was a park bench in the Adirondacks, a dark green bench, in the middle of dark green woods with my mother and two dark ladies dressed in black. I was standing behind the bench and they were all talking about how pretty my blond curls were. Of course my mother dressed me in a dark blue wool bathing suit which I was also wearing in my third memory—also in a lake in the Adirondacks. Aunt and godmother Marie was dipping me into the damn black water by holding my arms. It was freezing cold, as usual, and I was petrified of drowning and every time she pulled me up the bathing suit stretched further down my legs until it was practically wrapped around my ankles and I was embarrassed. I don't know why, at the age of two, but I was always tugging the suit back up around my skinny ribs.

The family vacations got a little bigger in the next few years, with a baby coming every year and the cousins, aunts and uncles all getting into the act . . . . . and my very last memory of this sinister place was of my cousin Ted, whom I had a fantastic crush on because of his back muscles, practically dying of asthma, with my father massaging his beautiful back muscles . . . . now why did he do that? Was a back massage supposed to cure asthma in those days? All I can envision is the dark room, I was lying in bed,

hating to get up even then, watching this glorious scene of my beautiful cousin Ted's tanned muscles.

Now to get down to more serious memories.

My father's big red hanging balls. Hanging out on each side of the crotch of his white jockey shorts, those athletic shorts, the kind with a bag where the cock goes in. He had a room that went between my room and his room, the dressing room, and he always kept the door ajar, leading into my room, with the light on when he changed his clothes . . . and I'd look up, my eyes would be on the level of his balls when I was lying in bed, and they looked so big and ugly and terrible I thought it was the most disgusting sight I ever saw. I never saw his cock, just his balls.

..... Visions of Freud danced in her head as the next series of images descended upon her, her early .....

III

Toilet Training

Enemas, enemas, grand lavage . . . we'd lie on our side in the back bathroom which used to be a sunporch and was transformed into a bathroom . . . a big Roman style bathroom and as we stepped out of the tub there was a raised platform with a radiator underneath and we'd have to lie on our side on this heated raised platform on a towel while mother shoved the enema nozzle up our asses with baby cream on it. (From that day on I've never been able to STAND the smell of baby cream.) And we'd have to hold our breath. We'd say "that's enough" and she'd say "take a deep breath a deep breath a deep breath take a deep breath OK NOW you can go", and we'd RUN across the bathroom into the toilet to shit.

My father, who was about six feet five inches tall with red hair and freckles, NEVER took a shit without forcing it out with these enormous loud groans. He was always going ughuuuuuu ughuuuuuuuuuu on the toilet, so I was always constipated because I thought that was the way you shit . . . . . the only shits I knew were constipated shits. I didn't get unconstipated until I was twenty-two. I shat little black hard marbles of shit . . . . . it didn't even stink . . . . . until I was twenty-two.

Because of my mother's obsession with enemas I even had hemorrhoids at the age of twelve. I'd sit on the toilet, late for school,

because I couldn't shit, and I'd look down between the seat of the toilet and the porcelain and I'd see these big things hanging out of my ass. I'd go in and say to my mother, "I have these horrible red things hanging out of my ass," and she would say "Ugh, disgusting, I'm eating my breakfast, don't tell me about it."

One-a-day yellow vitamins we had to take, every morning with our cereal. Cereal, orange juice, and one-a-day vitamins . . . when we could no longer stand it, the enema water, we had to hold our breath and count to ten. And then we were allowed to run to the toilet and shit. Count to ten SLOWLY . . .

. . . . . She pushed her mind even further to try to get to the root of her contempt for authority . . . . . .

IV

. . . . We had a nurse who made us wear the same socks and underwear for two days in a row whenever my mother went away with my father. We hated her because we hated putting dirty socks on the second day.

When I went to school, kindergarten, the patrol boys always chased me down the street and I tripped and fell . . . every morning this went on. I was afraid to go to school. Finally I went up to the principal's office. He told me to pick out the boys who pushed me down. He had them all lined up in the hall and they all looked alike to me so I just picked out two or three at random and said "they did it," and they were punished. I don't even know whether they did it or not.

At the age of four I ran away from home with two boys, some water purifying pills, an army surplus thermos bottle, and a knapsack. We got as far as the creek in the neighbors' backyard where we decided to settle down for the night . . . filled our thermos jugs, put our water purifying pills in, and were building a tent when the older sister of one of the boys found us, and spanked us with a tree branch all the way home. When I got home mother said "Santa Claus is going to put charcoal in your stocking."

They kept me fenced in the backyard after that, with a metal fence with spikes on it. I used to climb over the fence and run

away into the woods and then I'd climb back over, and they never knew I was gone. One day, my little sister Janie tried to climb after me and as she was climbing over the fence she caught her chin on the spikes and got a big cut on her chin and fell back in the yard crying. I just left her there and kept running into the woods. Whenever she cried I'd say to her "What's the matter, honey, are you constipated?"

We used to go across the street to watch the chickens' heads being chopped off and to watch them run around the yard with their heads off, spurting blood. The woman next door to the chickens had a rabbit farm and we went there to let the rabbits out of the cages. She was a Russian Refugee. To my mother she was a saint, who had escaped religious persecution from the communists to come to the free country and raise rabbits. In Russia she had been a baroness.

There was a dairy farm down on the other side of the street and I'd go there and milk the cows. That's where I saw the two little boys licking each other's pricks when I was four, and they said to my sister and me, "have a lick" and I grabbed her by the hand and we ran home.

At five, I shared my nap with the same little boy; we shared a towel in kindergarten that we slept on together. When we moved away and they made me go to Catholic school I hated it.

.....and the dawn of religious sentiment in her breast.....

V

The first time I saw a nun I ran screaming into my father's arms but he made me stay in the school. If you were really good in this Catholic kindergarten and even the first grade, you could go into the convent and stir the pudding. You had to stand up on a stool, lean over this enormous big vat of boiling hot chocolate pudding with a big wooden spoon and stir it with the steam pouring into your face and hair. It was a reward for being good.

In first grade Sister Venardo would stand at the front of the first aisle and tell us about the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and how the soldiers pulled the cape from Jesus' back when it was full of scabs from his last beating and they pulled it until all of the scabs pulled off with the cloth and the blood ran down his back and she wouldn't stop talking until we were all crying and then she'd shut up about it.

"Everyone should visit his or her doctor every six months, at least, for a check-up" the nuns told her and her class at school.....

VI

Early Glimmerings

When Janie and Marylou and I were little girls, Mother took us to the doctor (a medical colleague of my father's) every few months for a checkup. His name was Dr. Cupola. We hated, just hated, going to him because whenever he examined us the same thing happened. Oh, it was awful. He brought us into his examining room and Mother sat on a hard-backed chair near the window at eye-level to the examining table. The room was dark, like the Adirondacks, and, in fact, was in the same colors. Brown and depression green. I don't remember one ray of sunlight ever coming in that window.

There was a painting on the wall of a naked little boy taking a piss in a pond. This was a great curiosity piece for us, not only because we had never seen a painting before, but because he was naked and was also taking a piss. The only painting we had in our house was a print of some English hunters dressed in red coats and white pants, sitting around a mahogany table in front of a fireplace with burning logs, with their dogs lying all over the floor. The colors were all dark, but kind of nice because of the firelight. We also had two old prints of some cathedrals in France. They were on the landing of the staircase. They were mahogany colored too.

Then, after we looked at the painting for a while, Dr. Cupola

would say, "OK, who's first?" Nobody wanted to be first so Mother would say, "Janet Lee, you were last the last time, so you be first this time."

I would stand in front of mother while she pulled my dress over my head and then took down my panties. Then I would climb up on the table. Dr. Cupola would do the usual things with the stethoscope and everything and then he would come to the awful part.

He would put his hand on my pussy and slowly spread the lips apart, peering closely into it. Then, he would sort of stroke up and down inside with his finger and look at it some more. "She's OK," he would say and then close the lips. I was always very excited by the whole thing. Even today, when I remember the scene and think about it, my pussy gets all tingly and starts to throb. It was so exciting.

Then Janie would have to do the same thing, and Marylou and I would try to see the inside of her pussy without my mother knowing what was going on. We would crane our necks around Dr. Cupola's back and pretend not to be looking. Then Marylou would get up on the table.

Dr. Cupola usually made some remark about Marylou's bellybutton, which stuck out instead of in and formed a real button. She could do incredible things with her stomach that we couldn't do. When we took baths together to save hot water, Marylou used to stand up in the tub to be rinsed by Mother or the maid and stick out her stomach and actually move it around, from up-high to down-low and from right to left. Much better than a bellydancer.

Well, there was Marylou on the table and Dr. Cupola talking about her bellybutton while he fingered her pussy. When we got out of the office, we told Mother as we told her every time we left Dr. Cupola's office that we couldn't stand him and we wanted a new doctor. That same day, when we had been driving downtown to see him, the next-door neighbors were in the car next to us. We noticed them when we were stopped for a red light.

"Where are you going?" they shouted. They were a family of five kids.

"To Dr. Cupola's," we replied.

"OOOOOOOOHH, DIRTY Dr. Cupola!" they shrieked.

And my mother said, "Hush, children."

God we were embarrassed. Of course we had told our neighbor

playmates about him, but *only* to find out if *their* doctor did the same thing. And they had never heard of anything like that.

So we were convinced that Dr. Cupola was really dirty.

During the Doctor Cupola period, I was subject to fantasies every night. I couldn't wait to finish my prayers and get into bed so I could picture the following scene:

> *I was naked, strapped in an army cot. It was just a few years after the Second World War. The cot was a piece of khaki green canvas supported on two sides by wooden poles. There were khaki green straps going around my shoulders, waist, and knees, tying me in. I was hung up in a standing position in this contraption, on the wall, very near the ceiling. There were a lot of other little girls hanging around me in the same cots, all on the same level and in the same suspended standing position. Then the room would fill up with men wearing grey pin-stripe suits. They all had grey hair and glasses and white shirts and ties. When the room was absolutely full of them, they would all look up at once.*
>
> *When their eyes hit pussy level I would get a fantastic tingle through my whole body.*

Every night I relived this same scene. While I was imagining it, my right index finger stroked my pussy lips, gathering all the accumulated matter in them. It seemed to be a whitish-greenish color. When I got it all together at the top of the pussy, I would put my finger up to my nose and smell it. Too bad I never knew about the clitoris.

It was then that I learned at Holy Virgin School, through Sister Venarda, the danger that lay in "impure thoughts." Even though she never explained what "impure" was, I somehow got the picture. Horrible visions of fire in hell assailed me whenever I tried to resume my thoughts at night after my bedtime prayers. Finally I gave up the whole thing and was bothered by nightly leg aches. Grandpa O'Shaughnessy would come in my room and sit on my legs, just like he did for my mother when she was a little girl. This was supposed to stop the circulation of the blood that gave me the leg aches.

A terrible coughing sickness that all three of us, Janie, Marylou and myself, got at the same time, when father was away, proved to be our deliverance from dirty Doctor Cupola. I was the sickest and used to throw up all over the bed at least five times a day.

We had a nurse living in the house to take care of the twins, Joanne and Joey, who had been born prematurely a few months before. Once I was throwing up so much, the nurse, Mrs. O'Leary, took all the sheets off my bed and I had to stay in bed with only the bare mattress. She was the same nurse who made us wear our socks and underwear two days in a row. Dr. Cupola came to see us and said he didn't know what was the matter.

"Mrs. Schumann, that Dr. Cupola isn't good," I heard Mrs. O'Leary tell my mother. I had sneaked into my mother's bed upstairs, since that bed still had sheets on it, and I could hear mother and Mrs. O'Leary talking downstairs.

"That's what I always told you, mommy," I shouted down the stairs.

Mother said "Hush children."

"Why don't you get Dr. Silberman, Mrs. Schumann? You know he's the specialist in town for children's diseases," insisted Mrs. O'Leary. Father agreed.

So Doctor Silberman made his appearance on the family scene. He was old and white-haired and scholarly looking and he never once touched our pussies.

"Whooping cough," he proclaimed.

It was right after that that I developed my first serious nervous disorder. I got really stupid, it seemed to me, obsessions. If I passed a picket fence, for example, and didn't touch all the stakes then I had to go back and touch the one I missed. If I missed a word of conversation I became obsessed until I knew what the word was. This included articles like "the" and extended to almost all prepositions and conjunctions that anyone would say. And I wouldn't be able to get the whole thing out of my mind until I told my mother about it.

One day I was walking past the "pricker bushes" and grandma Schumann was sitting on the porch. I had a sudden idea that there was something I had to tell my mother. I walked away very slowly trying to resist telling her, and trying to tell her at the same time.

It must have been a conjunction or a picket fence. Grandma Schumann said, "What's the matter, you look sick."

"Yes, she DOES look sick," mother said.

But I still couldn't tell them, not even with that encouragement. I thought I would have to go through my whole life, burdened with my stockpile of unheard conjunctions and missed pickets.

Then I began to get different kinds of obsessions. If I took a bath and looked at my pussy in the bath water I thought I had to confess it to my mother or I would never forget it. Even telling it in confession didn't relieve me. It had to be confessed to mother to be absolved.

In fourth grade Sister St. Margaret told us that reading dirty books was a mortal sin. Two days before she told us, I had found a pamphlet in the house entitled *What Your Children Should Know About Sex*. Of course I devoured it, though it didn't tell me anything. But, nevertheless, after Sister St. Margaret's speech, I felt guilty about having read it. I thought I would have to confess it to mother.

That night, I was lying in bed with my heart beating so fast from fear that mother heard the beat when she came through my room to go to the back bathroom.

She was wearing her black crepe sheath dress. It had a white satin drape that hung from the left shoulder and continued down the length of the dress. Her hair was pulled back from her forehead and caught in a chignon at the back of her neck. Shalimar perfume drifted through the room after she left. She was very beautiful; tall and slender with high cheekbones and flaring nostrils. Her blue eyes were deep-set and sympathetic.

"My God, what's the matter Janet Lee?" she asked.

So I told her I had júst read *What Your Children Should Know About Sex.*

"That's nothing," she said.

Then I got the idea if mother died all my problems would be solved; there wouldn't be anybody to confess to, so my obsessions would go away. This started another obsession, the one that I should tell mother that I had the idea that she should die.

I remember what she was doing when I told her about that. She was in the back bathroom cleaning Joey's diapers. He had diarrhea, and his little balls were the color of the outside of a hard-

boiled egg, the kind that is left over after Easter, about two weeks after. Sort of a bluish color and about the same size as hard-boiled egg yokes, cold.

Strangely enough, I don't remember what she said to me when I told her that I wanted her to die. But I definitely got the impression that she was very hurt. However, she just kept on cleaning the watery yellow shit from Joey's ass.

. . . "My mother always wondered why I didn't know any history or geography," said Janet Lee, "she blamed it on 'progressive education.' She said that when she was in school they taught those things and now all they teach is social studies . . . ."

VII

Childhood

FOURTH grade . . . was like "back in the saddle again, back where a friend meets a friend" . . . I always heard that song on the radio while I was ironing the clothes for my mother instead of going to school because I hated school so much . . . anyway "back in the saddle again" with Sister St. Margaret who taught fourth grade, all except religion, they had hired a laywoman to teach religion because Sister St. Margaret was so insane she could teach anything but religion . . . "the psychiatrists have TORTURED me" she used to tell us . . . Her specialty was making sacrifices for the "poor souls in purgatory."

Everybody was in need of sacrifices from us fourth graders . . . whenever the school put on a movie for us our class had to go to the chapel instead to pray and offer up the movie for a spiritual bouquet . . . the spiritual bouquet for whoever was on the list for that week . . . One day we were lined up on the stairs waiting for Sister to go into the library and get babushkas for us because it was raining and the Mother Superior found us on the stairs and

said, "What are you children doing on the stairs instead of down in the auditorium watching the movie?" I told her it was a spiritual bouquet and she went mad . . . "Sister St. Margaret!" she bellowed . . . "You take these children down to the auditorium immediately" . . . so Sister St. Margaret had to give up her hour of sacrifice and we were forced to sit through the movie . . . "Poor Mother Ferdinand," she told us later . . . "She didn't realize the spiritual bouquet was for her feast day. . . ." Sister St. Margaret would tell us to line up, those on the left side of the classroom would be those who were going to the movie and those on the right would be those who were going to chapel with her.

So we all knew who were the really holy ones among us and who were the ones who couldn't make sacrifices . . . the latter group called us the goodie-goodies . . . Sister St. Margaret told us about the hair shirts of the martyrs and lots of stories about martyrdom and sacrifices in general . . . also one of her pet things was to get as many "vocations" as she could . . .

I wanted to be a nun while under the tutelage of Sister St. Margaret and I used to carry her briefcase home to the convent for her every day . . . the woman who taught us religion was called Mrs. Politesse, and I called her "fat fanny Politesse" because her ass was so big it stood out like a shelf behind her and she was forced to stoop over all the time because of this enormous ass . . . she also limped a little due to the ass problem she had . . . she walked like a mechanical doll, always wore a high-necked dress with a lace jabot and a cameo pin at the neck . . . We were all horrible to her because she was preventing Sister St. Margaret from teaching us religion . . . in conspiracy with Mother Ferdinand and the "Psychiatrists" . . . I was always dreaming up ways to make a hair shirt for myself . . . and Sister St. Margaret always reproached me for daydreaming out the window when in reality I was thinking up ways to make a hair shirt . . . I don't remember actually doing it, though . . . however Sister St. Margaret was my idol, I adored her and I wanted to be just like her.

In FIFTH grade I was on the west side, they had an east side and a west side, the east side faced the rectory, for each class then we graduated to north and south . . . I had a nun we called "lispy," it always sounded like she was saying "fuck" . . . "fuckit girls letsh get to the necth thapther" . . . fuckit instead of lookit

. . . and then I had big fat Evalina, that slept in her . . . she . . . We were having history class with her and she just kept nodding into her book and then she'd wake up and she'd go "ah, PITUI!" in her drawer . . . shot it, grossed out . . . spit in her drawer . . . one nun went "Phew, crack" with a ring, and there were red marks on my cheek and a white spot from the ring . . . she shot me against the railing and I took her habit and I pulled it off and I pulled her hair out . . . I didn't mean to take her habit off but it just fell off . . . I took her hair and I pulled, you know all the little hairs that stick out on the sides . . . I should have pulled her beaver . . . now they have these new habits, you see their hair . . . one sister she's so darling . . . she is so sweet and she has her skirts up to her thighs and bleached hair with the hair showing . . . I used to go up to her and tell her how much I hated the other nuns and what shits they were and she said "yes, some of them" . . . I saw her without her habit when she got her tonsils out . . . she was pretty and about twenty-six.

SIXTH grade was the year of St. Maria Goretti and how the communists cut off the hands of the priests and nuns in China . . . St. Maria Goretti was in favor though, and she got even more attention than the communists. Every day, Sister Joel brought newspaper clippings into the classroom about St. Maria Goretti. She wasn't even a saint, but she was at least being considered for it, so that it was OK to spend the day delving into a morass of sex, sin, and sadism . . . Every detail of the attempted rape was described . . . the holy death of Maria Goretti . . . even to the mysticism of her murderer, how he is now working as a gardener in a monastery and there is one red flower that never dies, because it is a symbol of the blood of Maria Goretti. His soul is saved because he has been doing penance for the remainder of his life. The only disturbing part of the story, for me, was that I could never figure out what the murderer wanted her to do.

Maria Goretti was a farm girl in Italy and she worked in the fields every day. There was a hired hand also, that her family had found to work in the fields and every day he tried to get Maria to go back to the house with him. She refused . . . but one day he caught her because her father had forgotten something and asked her to go back to the house for it. The boy followed her and begged her to "do it" with him . . . she told him "it" was a

sin and the good Jesus would never forgive him if he forced her into it . . . "please, please, don't" . . . . not just for her, Maria, but for his own soul as well . . . all her pleading came to no avail . . . eventually he had her backed up against a chest and she was leaning over the chest backwards pleading no, and resisting him while he was bending over her, and he reached into the chest and pulled out a long sharp kitchen knife . . . he held it to her throat and said "do it or I'll kill you with this knife" . . . . she screamed and screamed for her father but he was too far away in the fields to hear her . . . . so she tried to reason with the boy again and told him that Jesus would be very sad if he did this sin . . . all the while he has her over this chest with one hand on her throat with the knife in it and the other holding her hands behind her back . . . . . we were kept in this position for at least twenty minutes while Sister Joel described the praying and pleading of Maria . . . . finally the action starts . . . . the boy gives her one last chance to say "yes," she says "no," and so he plunges the knife into her chest, then he plunges it again, the blood spurts out . . . she is still alive . . . praying and trying still, to save his soul . . . the knife goes in again, this time into her back . . . she is still alive . . . he's torturing her . . . doesn't want her to die yet . . . . by this time there's blood all over the chest, the floor, and him . . . . . he drags her to the bed . . . . screaming . . . he forces her down on her back even though her back is a gaping wound by now . . . he kneels over her, with one hand holding both of hers, and the other driving the knife in and out . . . he starts to rip off her clothes . . . she's still praying, this time to Jesus to have mercy on the soul of her killer . . . he rips all of her clothes off . . . he stabs her again and again with the blood pouring all over the bed and the bedclothes, until she dies . . . . .

We heard variations of this story from the newspapers at least four times a week . . . Later, I realized that there never were that many articles printed about the case.

Her other occupation was the communists . . . This was also accompanied by newspapers . . . it was always the same story . . . a little village in China . . . . . the communist soldiers invade . . . they line up the nuns and the priests in the village square and they say . . . "OK those who want to renounce their religion

step over to the left side, those who don't remain on the right side . . ." no one ever renounced . . . so the soldiers would begin their torture . . . one soldier would start at the end of the line and he would give the victim one last chance to renounce and then if the victim said "no" he would cut off one hand . . . while the others watched . . . the blood would spurt out and the soldier would go to the next and repeat the action . . . after he was at the end of the line he would start all over again at the beginning . . . and ask again . . . the victim said "no" again . . . their other hands were cut off . . . sometimes we got stories of heads being cut off . . . but usually it was hands. . . . . Then there would be a lecture about how the communists were trying to take over the world and of course you children won't let it happen in this country will you? . . . we all determined not to let it happen in this country . . .

Then there was the classic sadomasochist history of the ancient Romans against the early Christians . . . we got fabulous lion-eating-man stories, man against man, chariot against man, horse against man, as when the legs and arms of the men were tied to four different horses and the horses all ran in opposite directions . . . but the all-time favorite of every nun was lion against man . . . We also had long descriptions of the secret cell meetings in the catacombs . . . Sister Joel used to work herself up into such a frenzy against the boys, one in particular, that she would pull out her yardstick and whack their hands with it over and over again until they screamed so loud she had to stop . . . One day she chased her enemy number one, Francis, out into the hall with her yardstick and beat him, pushing him farther and farther back into the railing, three stories up, until she had him bending over backwards over the railing with herself bending over him, until he started to fall over the stairwell . . . she got herself together just in time to yank him back again at the last minute . . .

Compensating for Sister Joel's insanity were the trips Janet Lee took to New York with her father and two sisters.

Gratefully, she would start packing her books an hour before

school was over, and the children at the desks around her would ask, "Where are YOU going?" "To New York," Janet Lee would say, very proudly, loving the fact that they were all jealous.

She would get home an hour early from school and meet her two sisters; and her mother would drive them to the airport with Janet Lee's father.

He always brought his sixteen-millimeter movie camera and filmed them getting on the plane, the clouds, and their getting off the plane. They would usually have to do the entrances and exits two or three times because he did something wrong the first time. The stewardesses were very patient and stood by for each retake.

Then, they would arrive in New York, and he would say from the taxi, as they came in: "Look at that skyline, isn't this the greatest city in the world?" Or, if they came by train, just before the train crashed through the tunnel, it was the same thing: "Look at that skyline, isn't this the greatest city in the world?"

They usually stayed at the Waldorf Astoria. Janet Lee's father would take them to Sak's Fifth Avenue and buy her sisters and her all the same three dresses, right after they checked in at the hotel.

He would ask them to pick out what they wanted, and, if he didn't like their choice, they could get two dresses each, his choice and theirs. The girls always agreed on what they liked. It was usually taffeta, with a lot of lace and crinolines, while their father's taste ran to striped cotton with strawberries embroidered on the yoke.

Then, at the cocktail hour, they would all sit at the Persian Terrace and listen to people talk about them on the upper levels of the terrace. "Aren't they adorable, they must be triplets," was the usual, and Janet Lee's father would put his finger to his lips and say, "Shhhhh," and, "Let them think you're triplets." Then they would go to the zoo, either in Central Park or the Bronx, and take more movies. . . .

They also made many trips to Canada, and Janet Lee's mother always came along on those, and Janet Lee's first brother, Larry.

In Canada, they made tons of home movies, and, of course, they visited every point of religious interest. In Montreal, they saw Brother André's heart pickled in a jar of alcohol in the local cathedral.

After the visits to the various religious shrines of Montreal, they would always end up at St. Joseph's Oratory, to crawl up some fucking church stairs on our knees and to make the Stations of the Cross, outdoors, and also on our knees.

Whenever my mother and father took a trip to Canada by themselves, they always went on cruises, like the Sagueney River Cruise. They brought back home movies of their cruises and fishing trips to remote lakes by canoe, with the guide carrying the canoe from lake to lake. A separate lake for every fishing party.

On Sundays at home in Buffalo, we had to go with my father and mother to my father's father's house in the country in Alden, N.Y., where we had dinner with his brothers, their wives, and children.

On the way to the village, we always had to take a piss, and my father would stop the car, open the doors, and he'd piss in the woods, while we girls pissed between the car doors. Sometimes, especially at night, my father also pissed between the car doors. He and his brothers were also always pissing against the garage door at my grandfather's house, or into the polluted river, next to the house.

My grandfather had the only store in Alden at that time and lived in the loft above it, with his wife who was crippled with arthritis for thirty years in a wheelchair. The store was also the only gas station in town, the only insurance company, post office, clothing store for the farmers, and drugstore.

Since I was the favorite grandchild, I was invited to spend two weeks there every summer. I always wanted to bring my sister, Marylou, but my grandmother never liked her, so I had to come alone. Grandma and Grandpa would take me to the Grange Hall for covered dish suppers and show me off to the farmers.

Grandma used to be a piano teacher, but couldn't teach anymore because of her crippled hands. So she would sit on the

glassed-in porch all day, watching the only street in town, saying, "There goes Mrs. So-and-so," and then tell me stories about her. She was also fond of dirty jokes and told them all day. They were usually about pissing.

Then Grandma and Grandpa had a car accident and Grandma broke her legs. She had to wear casts on her legs for a long time, and she never wore any underwear. So I used to lie on the floor at her feet, while she told me dirty jokes, and look up at her black pussy. After she had the casts on her legs, she always had a pair of rosary beads in her hands and said the rosary all day long, between the jokes about pissing, and I could still see her pussy, right above the white casts.

.... at about this time Janet Lee and her sisters and brothers evolved the nickname "Foxie" for their father .....

VIII

All the children in Janet Lee's family called their father Foxie because he had red hair and freckles and could always hear whatever they were talking about no matter how far away he was.

Once he had made a success as a doctor, with a large practice, and had lots of money, Foxie decided that they should buy a summer house in Canada on Lake Erie. He picked the community in which to buy the house because so many of his grateful patients lived there, and he knew he could get into the country club without much trouble, even though he was a German.

They went to the country club and the manager gave Foxie a list of names of houses that were for sale. The whole family got into the car and drove down the road. The first house they saw they hated on sight, and refused to even let Foxie look inside. Then Janet Lee spotted a sign saying QUICK CURRENTS.

"Oh, that house is for sale," she screeched. "Let's go look at it."

"No, Janet Lee, this house is *not* for sale," replied Foxie.

She insisted it was too for sale, so he reluctantly agreed to drive down the driveway. It turned out the house wasn't for sale.

But the owner stopped to talk to them as they were leaving

because he was staggered and impressed with the car full of two parents and ten children. He was married to a Dupont and had a lot of money, and decided right there to sell the house and move to Florida with his wife; they were so old. He was a Catholic too, and thought the house should go to a Catholic doctor and family with a lot of children, so he told them they could have it for a bargain price. When Foxie heard the price, he grabbed it immediately; it was only a fraction of what the place was worth.

It was a wooden frame house facing the lake, with formal gardens all around and statues made of lead—statues of cupids and deer and things like that. There was an enormous dock and a big boathouse with a couple of boats in it, a beautiful harbor to swim in, and boats from all over the world floating down Lake Erie, right in front of the porch.

Foxie bought it and, since the lead statues were too expensive and didn't come with the house, he replaced them with plaster ones in true-to-life color—except for the addition of a Madonna which was all green.

First of all the deer were replaced . . . the original deer were set out on a rocky point facing the lake and were sort of a grey-green old lead color and it was hard to see them at first . . . the new plaster ones were put right in the yard, as you drove in the driveway . . . the first thing you saw . . . they were painted with brown and white spots, standing on painted green grass, with painted aluminum antlers. Between them was a birdbath, the former christening font of the local Cathedral in Buffalo. The whole arrangement faced away from the water and toward the car as it arrived.

After you got past the deer and entered the porch of the house and came out on the other side where the formal gardens were, a little straining of the eyes and you were able to pick up the statue of the Virgin Mary placed on a rock overlooking the lake . . . she faced on the water . . . she was five feet tall and had a halo made of colored Christmas tree lights . . . metal letters set around the halo said STAR OF THE SEA and there were two floodlights in front of her. Surrounding the wall of rock on which she was standing were wild tiger lilies . . . behind her was a 30-foot flagpole with the American flag at the top, to be joined later by the flags of Ireland, Germany, Italy,

Israel, Canada, and Denmark . . . these having been placed there by Foxie before the wedding of Joanne, his daughter, to celebrate the nationality of each usher and of the groom. Every-time a Catholic freighter captain went by the statue he blew his foghorn in salute, no matter what time of night it was. Sometimes this noise woke me up, causing me to jump in the air. . . . flat out on my bed, it shot me toward the ceiling.

Also added to the foliage were two lions made of stone which guarded the vegetable garden and many many garden vases . . . each about two feet high . . . all over the place.

After the statue was finished a light switch was put on in the kitchen pantry to turn the floodlights on and off at night and the local priest along with two or three other visiting priests carried the statue to her resting place and blessed it with holy water and we all said the rosary around it, bare knees on sharp rocks . . . until Foxie got bored with the whole ritual. Whenever it started to get dark Foxie would get hysterical and run around yelling, "THE STATUE LIGHTS, THE STATUE LIGHTS . . . TURN THEM ON . . . ARE THEY ON? MY GOD . . . THE STATUE LIGHTS AREN'T ON . . . STATUE LIGHTS!" Alice would say "Now, Alfred, calm down, calm down, the kids will turn them on . . . IS ANYBODY IN THE KITCHEN? TURN ON THE STATUE LIGHTS!"

During the summer, a few years later, we were all invited to a cocktail party at the home of one of the local rich people from Chicago. I came out of my bedroom wearing a chiffon short, straight dress with straps. It was straight across, just two pieces of material sewed together with two straps. I had no underwear on, having given it up. Foxie spotted me as I was coming out of the room, screwed up his mouth and whined, "You aren't going anyplace with me looking like that. Put on a padded bra; you're too flat." I protested that it was out of style. He insisted so I went back to my room and put on a padded bra. He waited for me. When I came out on the stair landing he said, "You're still too flat. Add more." So I went back in my room and stuffed two rubber foam falsies into my padded bra. He said, "OK, that's better. Let's go."

When I got to the party I was so self-conscious of the shelf

protruding out from under my dress, without any relation at all to the body under it, the skin of my chest with the ribs under it was visible and then, all of a sudden, a shelf, that I made a joke out of it and rested my champagne glass on my "bosom."

The next day I was all set for church with my knit mini-dress and no underwear. Mother said, "Do you have any underwear on under that dress?" I said, "Yes, a half-slip," and I lifted my dress up to my neck, the half-slip along with it and showed her my ass. She said, "You're not going to communion like that!" I made sure to go to communion that morning. I sashayed down the aisle swinging my ass with my nipples outlined under the dress, right in front of mother.

Father Flanagan, who had gone to school with mother, and who was the priest who had blessed the statue, was staying with us that weekend. After Mass he came home with Marylou and me for breakfast. We were the only ones in the house. A few days before, he had dived into the lake for his boat motor, which had fallen in, and strained his back during the rescue. So he had a brace on his back.

Marylou called to him from the top of the stairs and he went to the stair landing and yelled to her, "Jump!" She jumped into his arms, the rug slipped out from under him, and she landed on top of him on the floor. Because of the brace he couldn't get up right away. The cook, Louisa, walked into the house at that moment and, shrieking, ran back out again. The next day mother warned Marylou to be careful in her relationship with Father Flanagan. "You know," she nagged, wagging her finger at Marylou, "you're a pretty young girl and he's a priest. . . ." Mother had always suspected the two of them of some dastardly deed because he was coach of the football team and Marylou was the head cheerleader and they were together constantly.

When the statue was finished, the Government came in and blasted twenty feet off the front lawn to make way for larger boats. They blasted all the way down the peninsula, so Foxie decided to build a seawall. This was the beginning of the wall mania period . . . he built it with the stone from his quarry. The quarry went with the farm he bought inland the second year we had the house . . . He bought the farm to raise sheep, but they all died of worms . . . and Alice wouldn't let him put the farm in the soil bank because she didn't believe in it . . . said it was a com-

munist plot . . . so he built the wall. He used the farmer and his ten sons, who lived and worked for him on the farm, to do the work and then he charged the Government forty thousand dollars and got it.

Then Foxie decided to build a waterfall . . . just a few feet from the lake . . . with stones from his quarry on the mainland. The waterfall had a semicircular well at the bottom of it which Foxie kept stocked with fish for Friday dinners . . . even after the Pope said it was OK to eat meat on Fridays, Alice said it just didn't "FEEL right" to her and continued to send the kids out to the well every Friday for a few smallmouth bass.

Above the well was a small cliff and there were pipes along the top of it with holes in them for the water to come down like a waterfall . . . this was equipped with red and blue lights that could be turned on at night with the water. We used to look at the shadows, stare at them for hours, that the red and blue lights made on the rocks where there was foliage growing out of them. The shadows had a particularly luminous quality about them and were always green and red. Never blue. I suggested music to be piped in too, but they thought I was making fun of the waterfall . . . Alice got very upset by that suggestion . . .

When the waterfall was finished Foxie built another wall, tearing down a perfectly good wooden railing and building a stone wall in its place, and the next year he built another wall, and so on to infinity. He's still building walls. When the tour boats went by they announced "This is the home of Doctor Alfred E. Schumann, from Buffalo, and he built that wall to keep his eight daughters in." Foxie loved it.

....from religious sentiment to political consciousness.....

IX

"Look at this, look at what they're saying about him in the New York *Times*! 'He SLAMMED his medical bag on the table and STORMED out of the room. . . .' You see, you can never believe ANYTHING you read in the newspapers, especially the New York *Times*!" she shouted.

Janet Lee's mother was furious at the treatment that the newspapers were meting out to Senator Joe McCarthy. She asked Janet Lee to stay home from school every day to watch the Army-McCarthy hearings on television. They watched television every day and then went downtown to buy the newspapers from New York.

When Janet Lee changed schools a year after that, her mother gave her literature every day to bring to school. Pamphlets on fluoridation, on Joe McCarthy, and on the illegality of the income tax. The students always said to her, "Don't give ME any of your mother's propaganda!" Mrs. Schumann, on hearing this, told Janet Lee that she knew it had been a mistake for her to leave Holy Virgin School. The new school, even though it was a Catholic school, would prove in the end to be detrimental to her morals. They were all too liberal. Especially the nuns, who were violently against Mrs. Schumann's political ideas. "Of course," Mrs. Schumann pointed out, "they are Franciscans, not Immaculate Heart nuns like the ones at Holy Virgin School!"

* * *

When Janet Lee was sixteen she still hadn't menstruated. She was very worried about it. One day, while changing her clothes to go to the Bishop's house, she noticed a dark red spot on her panties. She asked the maid to look at it and the maid got very excited and said, "It's true, it's true, you've finally gotten your period."

The maid was so excited that she ran up and down the stairs announcing it to the family. Janet Lee's mother wasn't at home and she never did bother to tell her, even though Mrs. Schumann had bought a box of Kotex and a sanitary belt for Janet Lee when she was thirteen and stored them away in the linen closet where they remained for three years.

Janet Lee will never forget this day because it was also the day of her first kiss, and the boy had a cold. His nose was dripping so there was a stream of mucus running into her mouth as he kissed her. She had met him at the Bishop Gorey Foundation Center. She never let him kiss her again.

Janet Lee was at the Bishop Gorey Foundation Center because her mother's Negro maid had joined it and persuaded her and her mother to join also. It was a foundation for the Negroes, against discrimination. Then Mrs. Schumann's maid persuaded her to join the NAACP.

Both Mrs. Schumann and Janet Lee spent a lot of time in the Negro ghetto, delivering food and medicine. Whenever she went into one of the houses in the ghetto the children would hide behind the television sets and the furniture.

"Imagine!" Mrs. Schumann used to say, "television sets and Cadillacs and they're still living on welfare!" However, Mrs. Schumann continued to work for the foundation until one day something happened that proved to be the last straw.

She looked out of her living room window to see a picket line of Negroes marching back and forth in front of Mr. Oster's house across the street. The signs said TELEPHONE COMPANY UNFAIR and RACIAL DISCRIMINATION. Mr. Oster was the personnel manager of the telephone company.

"After all the money Bill Oster has given to the Bishop Gorey Foundation," Janet Lee's mother complained. . . . "What right do they have to picket against him? They just don't have the skills or they would have been hired."

When she found out that the Bishop himself had sent them to

the house she decided that that was the end of her work at the Foundation, and shortly thereafter joined forces with the local reactionary, a mother of five children. Her husband was a famous research doctor who worked with a local hospital and he called the ladies the Lunatic Fringe.

While a member of the Lunatic Fringe, Mrs. Schumann learned that the NAACP was a communist front. She was mortified that she had ever been a member of it and that her name was on the list.

Meanwhile Janet Lee was engaged in a running battle with Foxie. They had been fighting for years because after Janet Lee had reached the age of reason Foxie decided that she was "fresh." When she was an infant, and then a child, she was a "prodigy" but the older she got the less prodigious she apparently seemed to him. He didn't like her comments at the dinner table and always said "children should be seen and not heard." When Janet Lee pointed out to him that that particular phrase was a cliché she received a swat across the mouth. She then pointed out that it was a little hard not to be heard, since the dinner table was always used for political education, and if you didn't ask questions, how could you be educated?

When he called her a "bastard" one day, she shouted "That's not saying much for you, is it?" Enraged, he chased her to her bedroom and beat her up.

During the last summer of her high school days, he asked her to weed the garden. It was in the middle of the hay fever season so Janet Lee refused. It was bad enough, she reasoned, to have to go to the doctor's every week for shots against dust and ragweed, but to have to weed the garden of the very things that made her sneeze was unthinkable.

When she gave Foxie her ultimatum, no weeding, he dragged her into the house, screaming. As they passed the kitchen door, which was made of glass, she picked up her feet and smashed them through the glass. Furious, he chased her into the downstairs bathroom, which was the only door left in the house with

a lock on it, as he had already smashed the upstairs bathroom door. As she was trying to climb out of the narrow window in the bathroom he smashed his way in.

By this time she had almost squeezed through, and was yelling to the neighbors, "help, help, police!"

Mrs. Schumann had just returned from shopping and was in the driveway below. She reached up, grabbed Janet Lee, and dragged her back into the house and into her father's waiting arms.

..... College .....

X

Janet Lee was sent to another Catholic girls' school. This one called itself a college. It was located on the Hudson River about two hours north of New York City.

The class in *Ethics* was taught by a Carmelite priest, Father Burkey. One of the first classes taught . . .

"What would be the ethical thing to do if a big strong man, armed with something, came to your room and tried to rape you? Say you were in a skyscraper. Would you be permitted to shoot yourself, if you had a gun, or jump out of the window?"

"I don't know, what should we do?"

"Well, obviously, jump out the window."

"Why?"

"If you shot yourself it would be a mortal sin. Suicide is a mortal sin. The only escape from rape, in this case, would be your death. If you jumped out the window and a telephone wire broke your fall and you lived, you would still escape. The OBJECT of jumping out the window would not be your death, but your escape."

"What if you died jumping out the window because there weren't any telephone wires around?"

"No sin. The death would merely be a SECONDARY result of the jump, not the REASON for the jump."

"Oh."

For her freshman English term paper she decided to write on good ole Joe. Her mother sent her two cartons of literature.

Prominent among the books was *McCarthyism, the Fight for America,* by the illustrious senator himself. There were about fifty of these. They took up all the space in the closet, forcing Janet Lee to leave her shoes and boots in a corner of the room. This didn't make her roommate too happy. Unfortunately the roommate was also the niece of Senator Tydings, prime enemy number one of ole Joe.

Lutetia Tydings was her name, and when the two cartons arrived and began taking over the room, she lost no time in moving out. Then they put another girl in the room who moved out too. On top of these insults Janet Lee's English teacher refused to allow her to even BEGIN on the project.

"It's too much work, and too complicated," he lied. Janet dropped the idea.

Meanwhile, the other teachers were all busy explaining the fascist nature of America's involvement with the Korean War by showing old war films to the students. One day a war film was projected and the professor of philosophy asked the students, "What war is that?"

No one raised their hand but Janet Lee. She recognized it as the Korean War because the enemy was pictured as a lot of smiling peasants gathering wheat. It was a government film and the sound track referred to them as slaves. Janet Lee knew from the old first-grade days that it was the Russians who gathered wheat in the fields.

When she raised her hand and said "the Korean War", the professor asked her if she recognized General Marshall. "Who's he?" she asked. The professor, scandalized that Janet Lee didn't know of General Marshall, wondered, "How did you know it was the Korean War?"

She told him that she recognized the Russians. "I knew that they were our allies in the Second World War so I figured that this must be the Korean."

Then the professor gave a lecture about the propaganda methods of the government in getting volunteers for the army. Janet Lee announced that afternoon at lunch in the college dining room, which overlooked the estate of Nelson Rockefeller, "This school is a hotbed of liberals."

. . . Janet Lee decides to go to school in Paris. Foxie says it's OK only if she lives in a convent with the nuns again . . . she obeys . . . and has her second nervous breakdown . . .

XI

School in Paris

The first day I was in Paris on my way to the Sorbonne in the Metro a man was running down the tunnel toward me with his fly open, and with a big erection, jerking off and muttering something in French . . .

I was with four other American girls and I said "just run to the nearest exit" . . . On our way to the exit I was missing two of the girls and I looked back and they were trapped by the man. He had them against a wall, and was shoving his cock at them. I ran back up the tunnel and grabbed them and we crawled under a railing and ran back the other way and ended up on the wrong subway so we were late for school. . . . when we got home the nuns said to be careful in the area of the convent which was Neuilly, the richest suburb of Paris, because just that day one of the girls was stopped by a man asking her directions and when she went over to the car he had his fly open and was showing her his cock while he was jerking off.

Then I started having sexual obsessions . . . every time I sat on a bus or in the subway and a man sat next to me I had an image

of sucking his cock. . . . Of course, I had never HEARD OF THAT before in my life. I didn't know ANYbody DID it. . . .

I went to Mass on Sunday and when the priest lifted up the host, I saw myself sucking the cock of Christ while he was nailed to the cross. . . . This got me very depressed and finally I couldn't go to school anymore.

I was too depressed to get out of bed. The girls kept telling me to go to Mass every day and I would feel better but I couldn't tell them that every time I went to Mass I wanted to suck the cock of Christ. . . . so I just stayed in bed.

The Irish nun who was a maid (there were two kinds of nuns, the ones who came from "good families" and were educated did the teaching, and the ones from Ireland with no education at all did the work) came into my room to sweep it while I was lying in bed and told me the air would do me good so I started going out for walks. It was on my first walk that I met the Irish ambassador to France.

He was a tall handsome white-haired man who came to the convent every Sunday for Mass. He always had a few of his six children with him. I had a crush on him, along with all the other girls. One day, as I passed him in a hallway, he held my eyes, until I started to blush. I thought about him in bed that night, while the other girls were doing their homework. I kept seeing the light blue color of his irises. I imagined myself diving into his eyes, and just as I hit them they turned into the Mediterranean.

He picked me up in his Rolls Royce and said that he would drive me to the Metro so I could go to school. I said "OK" and got in the car. Instead of driving me to the Metro he headed for the Bois de Boulogne and parked the car. He kept trying to kiss me and when I fended him off he asked me if I had any boyfriends. I said "no" and he said "I don't know what's the matter with modern boys. If I were a young boy I'd be chasing you all over Europe."

This went on for quite a while; every day he picked me up and told me he would drive me to the Metro and every day we ended up in the Bois de Boulogne. Finally, at the end of the year he picked me up outside of the Sorbonne and said he would drive me back to the convent. He insisted on parking the car about two blocks from the school so the nuns wouldn't see him with me and I finally gave him a kiss good-bye.

Meanwhile my obsessions were getting worse and I told the

Mother Superior that I was very depressed; that when I came home to the convent it felt like a big lead cloud was descending over my head. . . . She said I should go and see the Irish priest who was stationed in Paris. I went to see him and told him about my cocksucking obsession while I was in his office.

He was old and grey and he wouldn't even look me in the eye. Instead he put his hand over his eyes and said, "Your problem is worse than I thought . . . I can't do anything for you, you need a psychiatrist" . . . and he ushered me out the door.

So I went to the American Hospital in Paris and told them that my legs felt like lead and I couldn't walk and I woke up every morning at four A.M. no matter what time I went to bed, with all kinds of thoughts racing around in my head like the subway, and I needed a physical examination. . . .

They gave me a physical and told me there was nothing wrong with me.

"I knew it was mental," I said, "I think I'm going crazy," but I was too embarrassed to tell the doctor about my cocksucking obsession.

He told me to take a vacation with a trusted friend and I told him I didn't have a trusted friend . . . he said he was against sending American girls to school in Paris, because the difference in countries was too upsetting.

As nothing could be done for me since I had a mental problem I got even worse . . . every morning exactly at four I woke up and wanted to get right on a jet and go home. . . . and then I would think "Daddy will be so humiliated if I can't even finish a year of school here. . . . he'll be embarrassed to have the neighbors find out."

Now it was getting so I couldn't even walk down the street without seeing myself sucking the cock of every man who passed by.

During this period I received a letter from Doctor Andrews with a lot of pamphlets in it saying, "You too can be a medical illustrator" . . . and . . . "How I earned fifty thousand a year, working as a medical illustrator."

Doctor Andrews' wife had always told me that I was stupid to major in Art . . . I should just paint as a hobby and I should major in political science so I could do something about the communists in the government. She was my mother's partner in the Lunatic Fringe.

Back to the pamphlets . . . inside of one of them was a story about a woman who was a manic-depressive schizophrenic. The story was "this woman has the symptoms of classic manic-depressive schizophrenia . . . wakes up every morning at four A.M. . . . . just as they all do."

Since all I could do was take long walks down the Seine when I wasn't in the car of the Irish Ambassador, or sit in the *Deux Magots* drinking hot vermouth with a lemon twist in it, I didn't get much studying done. The only thing I liked to do was to go to the Academy Julien and draw nudes but I always tore up my drawings because they weren't good enough.

I ate a sandwich every day on my way to the Metro or to the next art school or to the Sorbonne. . . . I went to a lot of schools because I thought I was learning something.

This combination of tearing up drawings every day and eating while running to the subway gave me a terrible ulcer. I was always in pain and came down with dysentery periodically along with the rest of the girls in the convent. The doctor was always there dishing out a medicine called *Pax* . . . For Peace.

During a really severe case of the runs I decided to go to school anyway after swallowing a couple of tablespoons of *Pax* and while I was drawing I had to run to the toilet and discovered it was just a hole in the floor with two footsteps engraved into the floor on either side of the hole. It was so disgusting to have the diarrhea into this hole that I got into a taxi and went back to the convent to shit.

After this period of diarrhea was over I went back to the Academy Julien and resumed tearing up drawings. The man sitting next to me, who was Dutch, told me that he would teach me how to paint but I had to learn to be more patient. If I would spend a whole week on one painting without tearing it up and always sit next to him he could teach me something. He was always painting nude girls and his paintings had a sort of stained-glass-window effect.

His plan didn't work because I couldn't stop tearing up drawings and paintings. One day at the end of the year he found me sitting on some steps on the Seine trying to draw some boats. He told me he was really a priest and that he was given a commission to do some stained-glass windows so they let him take a sabbatical to brush up on his painting. He said it would cause a scandal if any-

one knew that he was a priest painting naked girls and that was why he was in plainclothes.

Meanwhile Mother was sending me letters saying that it was disgusting that I was spending all my time drawing nudes and it was also a sin. I wrote to her quoting some ethics passage from sophomore year and my ethics teacher, Father Burkey, sent me a letter saying he was glad I remembered my lessons so well.

Then I found another school and went there every morning to draw. An old woman ran it and her favorite pupil was a young girl. The young girl was always in the best seat and the rest of the French students had the other good seats, near the model and the stove at the same time. No matter what time we arrived the good places were all taken.

The idea in that class was to draw the nude in "volumes, the cube, the cylinder, and the sphere." They were still hung-up on Cezanne.

The favorite girl always used very good paper and never got it dirty. I always used newsprint and tore it up. At the end of the week the visiting professor from the Beaux-Arts would come and look at the work and do corrections. The cube, the cylinder, and the sphere was his idea. The old woman always told me my work was a mess and she wouldn't show it to the professor. She put her girlfriend's paper on the easel when he came. He said her drawings were terrible and that nobody got the point. So I ran up to him and gave him my dirty scraps of newsprint paper and he said "finally somebody has gotten the point . . . wonderful, *mademoiselle*, wonderful. . ." After that the old woman really hated me so we all quit. . . . the other American girls and I.

Then I decided that the only point of going to the Sorbonne was so the nuns could announce through Cardinal Spellman at graduation that so-and-so had earned a diploma at the Sorbonne. . . . it sounded good in the auditorium. So I quit the Sorbonne too.

The classrooms were like amphitheaters with two thousand students too many, students sitting on the window ledges, in the hallways, and on the stairs, all vainly trying to catch a word from a mumbling ancient professor, sitting about three-quarters of a mile away, down in the pit. I figured it wasn't any loss, since I couldn't have understood him even if he had spoken English.

I had to be at the convent at four o'clock every other day for lessons in religion and ethics and philosophy. I wasn't finished

until seven and at seven the gates were locked and I ate dinner and then was supposed to study some more. . . . I always went to bed.

The other girls always told me that I wouldn't pass the examinations and wouldn't get a diploma from the Sorbonne anyway . . . since I never did any work. I fooled them by not dropping out of the language course. At least you could see the teacher in the language course. And if you passed that you could receive a "certificate of the French language." At the last minute, during the oral examination I asked the Belgian girl sitting next to me what part of speech was the word "dont." That was the first question they asked me. When I got it right they were so impressed that they gave me a certificate. The only other questions they asked me were about my "Art". . . . they had seen me with drawings under my arm.

The other girls were really upset.

We could go out on weekends but had to be back at the convent at twelve. If we brought a chaperone with us and registered at the Lutetia Hotel we could stay out until two. At two we were supposed to sign in with the chaperone. The understanding was that she would go back to sleep and we could go out again. Nobody would say anything.

This was so much trouble that I only did it once . . . and the French boy I had a date with didn't understand what I was doing. I still couldn't speak French. . . . So after trying to screw me in the back of the car and failing, he left. I guess he thought that if I was sneaking out I wanted to screw with him.

After he left the hotel I went to Les Halles with the other girls and their dates, for onion soup. They still had their dates because they were American boys and they KNEW that Catholic girls didn't screw no matter how late they stayed out at night. While at Les Halles I found my boyfriend with another girl. This was such a blow I never went out again.

But, at least it had given me something to write home about. He had told me that he was a communist, so I wrote to Mother and told her I was in love with a communist. I was hoping she would show the letter to Mrs. Andrews and they would have something

to talk about . . . just in case Joe McCarthy had gotten rid of all the communists in America.

One day when I was sick, one of the nuns came to my room and asked me how I was . . . I had the sheet on and was naked under it. She started putting her hand on my ankle and worked it up to my thigh while giving me sympathy. . . then she started on my pussy and I backed up like nothing had happened. Finally she went away.

One of the nuns had seduced one of the French high school girls and the girl liked it so much that she was locking herself in her room with another girl at six o'clock every day for an hour. So the Mother Superior expelled her and when her parents came to take her away she asked me to tell the parents what happened between the two girls. She said she was too delicate to do the job. . . . I wasn't even supposed to know that the other nun had started the whole thing. I refused, so the Mother Superior had to do it herself.

Later I found out that just as all the psychotic nuns were sent to the school in Barcelona, the lesbians were sent to Paris.

Finally, Janet Lee leaves home.....

XII

Fights with Foxie

The summer after I graduated from college Foxie and I had another fight . . . everything was going fine and he was trying to persuade me to move to New York instead of Boston because . . . "nobody who is anybody lives in Boston . . . Boston is no place . . . if you want to do ANYTHING you have to go to New York . . . New York is the only city to go" . . . etc.

Then one day I wandered into the kitchen to find Ali, who was seven years old, trying to cut a loaf of bread with a carving knife . . . I took the knife away from her and she started yelling at me . . . Foxie came in and told me to leave her alone . . . how dare I speak to her like that? . . .

I got into an argument with him about the fact that he was always leaving me in charge of the kids and then undermining my authority right in front of them . . . so he told me to go to my room . . . I said I was too old to be sent to my room and I refused to go . . . then Foxie started hitting me and pretty soon he had me down on the dining room floor and was punching me with his body straddling mine. Mother got in on the act and gave me a few kicks in the ass and the dog came over and licked my face.

Foxie was really getting into it, drooling from the mouth and turning red in the face, with his jugular vein standing out of his neck . . . the usual symptoms that go along with his attacks . . . By this time I was afraid he was going to kill me and he happened to have on his bathing trunks so I raked my fingernails down his back twice . . . both hands . . . it was really a horrible feeling

to have somebody's flesh imbedded in my fingernails and even more horrible to do it, but I forced myself to dig as deep as I could, to protect myself . . .

After it was all over he screamed, "Get out of my house and don't ever darken my doorsteps again" . . . He was very proud to be able to say *doorsteps* instead of *doorstep* . . . so I went upstairs to pack my clothes . . . he followed me up the stairs and disappeared into his room . . . every few minutes he came raging into my room, shaking his fists at me and telling me to get out, again, so I figured that each time he went into his room he was looking at his back in the mirror again and getting more force to hate me at the sight of his own blood . . . there were eight perfect deep troughs in his back, bright red and dripping with blood . . . it made me sick . . .

Janie and Marylou told me that they would take me in the boat to the village so I could get a bus to Buffalo where I was going to try and find some money and then go to New York . . . the trouble was I didn't have any money to even take a bus to Buffalo so I called my brother Larry at the golf club . . . he was a caddy . . . Foxie and Alice had left the house after the fight and gone to the golf club to play golf with the local parish priest who was an alcoholic . . . his nose was always red. He was the best friend of the golf pro . . . they both came from the same town, Lowell, Massachusetts, home of Jack Kerouac . . . and they were both Irish and Alcoholic . . . the golf pro was always having car accidents at night on the island after leaving the local pub and Foxie always had to represent him in court . . . the golf pro was also very concerned about our "purity." If he ever saw us on a "date" he gave us a lecture the next day . . . we decided he hated women . . . anyway, the priest, Foxie and Alice were all playing golf when I called my brother and he told me he would give me some money and that Foxie and Alice wanted to talk to me before I left . . .

Then Janie and Marylou put me in the boat and we took it to the golf club where Larry was supposed to meet us at the dock . . . He wasn't there. I went up to the golf course to find him driving golf balls . . . He said he had decided that it was against his better judgment to give me any money.

I left him with his golf balls and the girls took me to the village

. . . I found someone who said she would drive me to Buffalo in her car . . . her husband owned the delicatessen. I went with her and when I got to Buffalo I immediately went to the bank . . . I discovered an old savings account with Foxie's name on it . . . there was about twenty-six dollars in it. The bank officer wouldn't give it to me without my father's permission so he called him from the bank . . . when Foxie got on the phone he tried to talk me into coming back home but I wouldn't listen . . . finally he told the bank officer that I could have the twenty-six dollars, so I went to New York on the bus.

. . . Janet Lee goes to New York where she learns how to shit . . . . . .

XIII

Louis Faber

The first time he came into the bathroom when I was taking a shit he looked into the toilet and said, "Your shit doesn't even stink!" Besides the fact that it didn't even stink he was very disturbed about the color and size of the pellets. "Pellets, that's all they are," he raged, "pellets, a rabbit could do better."

He told me that he had had the same problem for years and that he discovered a little red pill full of oil that changed his toilet habits for good, as long as he took two pills every day. I started taking these little red pills and began, for the first time in my life to have good shits. "You have to *fill up* the toilet bowl," he kept saying.

His name was Louie Faber and he was a fashion photographer. When I arrived in New York I had called up an old friend I had met in Paris. I told him I wanted to be a model. He said, "I think you're too ugly to be a model but I'll introduce you to a photographer friend of mine and maybe you can work for him as a secretary. Meet me in Central Park at the zoo cafeteria and I'll bring you over to see Louie."

When I got to the park, the old friend, whose name was Gabby, said, "You're not as bad-looking as I thought you were, maybe you could be a model after all. We'll see what Louie says." We walked over to Louie's studio, which wasn't far away and he made us wait and wait.

* * *

He was doing a job and he had a model there and he wouldn't even look at Janet Lee. Later on he told her that it was because she reminded him of his Jewish grandmother who lived in Baltimore.

The day when she went to meet him she was hunched over, poorlooking, depressed, down and out, silent, jobless, homeless and broke. Later he met her sister, Janie, who was still in school. Very beautiful, dressed in the latest fashion, very glamorous, Janie was having cocktails in a rich man's apartment when Louie met her. She told Louie that she never had to work, that she had a rich father, a doctor called Foxie, and that she was going to travel for the rest of her life. Louie found the incongruity so incredible that he had to see Janet Lee again to find out which sister was lying. At least that's what he told her.

He telephoned Janet Lee and said "I met your sister." *Oh, no,* Janet Lee thought, *not another one who wants to make one of my sisters, I thought I had gotten away from them. All these sisters who were stealing all my boyfriends. I thought I had gotten away from them by moving to New York, and here it happens to me again. Too bad they all go to school in Westchester county, I should have moved to San Francisco . . . The first man I meet in New York, "I want to talk to you, I met your sister."*

Meanwhile, she had gone to work for Eileen Wagner's model agency. They had dyed her hair red. It was hanging straight down, her eyes were painted green and they had put Joan Crawford eyelashes on her. She looked like a witch. They sent her to Clairol, a hair-coloring lab, for a free blond dye job and the woman who ran the place said to the attendant who was working on Janet Lee's hair, "put a gold filler in." "Gold!" she shouted, "oh, no, that will turn my hair red!" "Shut up," the woman raged, "I've been in this business thirty years, I know more than you do." Sure enough it turned out red. "It looks beautiful," the hairdresser cooed, "let's make it even redder." Since it had gone this far Janet Lee decided to let it go even further. "Who wants orange hair?" she said to herself. "OK, make it really red."

She went up to Louie's apartment after the hair job and he said, "You're all wrong. Hair is wrong, makeup is wrong, everything is wrong. Let me do you over."

He changed her makeup, asked to see all her clothes, and when she brought over her clothes he threw them all down the incinerator. Then he tried to kiss her but she wouldn't let him.

But Janet Lee came back to his apartment every night to see him. They would just talk all night and then she would go back to her boardinghouse. Finally she started bringing her flannel pajamas, that were a Christmas present from her mother, to Louie's and sleeping there every night. Still she wouldn't let him touch her.

One night he said to her, "Take off your pajamas." Horrified, yet mesmerized, she obeyed. "This is really great, I really feel free. I never had my clothes off before," Janet Lee told him during the experiment. Then she began dancing around the apartment naked. "You have such a beautiful body," Louie told her. "Beautiful?" she inquired. "Yes, especially your breasts."

"My breasts? But they're so small, they almost don't exist." "Beautiful," he kept repeating.

They were lying spoon fashion on his bed and she suddenly felt something cold and hard between her legs, coming in from the back. She turned around and saw his cock, very hard and upright. It was the second erection she had seen in her life. "EEEEEECHK!" she literally shrieked, "take that thing away from me."

Nonplussed by this reaction he continued to try. Night after night the same scene was replayed. Finally, she acquiesed. However, acquiescence wasn't as easy as all that. The cock just wouldn't go in. Two weeks later, she announced, "I'm really sick of being a virgin. Aim toward the small of my back like a tampax." On the tampax box instructions it says to aim the tampax toward the small of the back, so she figured this must be a similar situation. He aimed toward the small of the back.

They went on like that for two weeks. Smoking in bed, and listening to Beethoven, Janet Lee remembered Isadora Duncan asking, "Is this it?" after her first one. Nevertheless, she thought she must be doing something wrong. She had read so many books and they couldn't all have been lies, could they?

After two weeks he said to her, "What do you feel?" "Nothing," she replied.

"In that case you and I had better split, I'm taking you back

to your boardinghouse tonight. We'll have dinner first." Janet Lee particularly remembers this scene because it took place in the bathroom.

They went out to dinner and bought a bottle of wine to bring home. He started to kiss her and she began to get excited. "We had better stop," she said, "because you're taking me back to my boardinghouse." "Shut up!" he told her.

While he was away in Washington on a job, Gabby, whose aid she enlisted, moved all Janet Lee's possessions into Louie's apartment. Janet Lee thought simply that that was what one did if one was making love every night. Gabby was not too enthusiastic about the whole thing. "Louie isn't going to like this," he said. Janet Lee couldn't understand why Gabby had said that, since to her mind Louie should be overjoyed that she was fucking with him, let alone moving in with him.

When Louie got back home he wasn't too happy but he learned to adjust.

Janet Lee decided to go home to Foxie's for Easter since she had always done that and couldn't imagine herself anyplace else for the holidays. Louie couldn't see the point and told her that he couldn't understand why she *ever* went home, if all the stories of beatings she had told him were true. She had no answer for that but nevertheless she was hurt that he didn't believe her about her relationship with Foxie.

On her way to the airport she realized that Foxie would be watching her from the back of the church, as he always did, on Easter Sunday and if she didn't go to communion there would be hell to pay later. So she stopped off at a Catholic church near Grand Central Station, called "St. Agnes's," and went to confession. While she was confessing the first big sin of her life, she broke down in the box and began crying hysterically. The priest got very worried and tried to calm her down. When he succeeded he gave her a very small penance. *I've gotten longer penances than this for arguing with Foxie,* Janet Lee thought as she said her three Hail Marys, three Our Fathers, and three Glory-Be-To-The-Fathers.

The entire time she was at home in Buffalo she felt unworthy, soiled and stained. *If only they knew how rotten I am,* she thought. When her mother gave her a white silk blouse

that had belonged to her and that Janet Lee had admired for years, she really felt like crying.

On her return to New York it was a new Louie she found waiting for her. Jealous, possessive, and cranky, he said, "You don't want to be a model. I don't want you to be photographed by other men." So she just sat back and did nothing. She had brought back some paintings she had done in Paris and he decided that she was a great artist. She painted in his apartment every day while he was at the studio and she found it terribly boring. She just hated it.

One day, he used her on a job because the regular model didn't show up. They got so excited about her at *Vogue* that they wanted to keep on using her. But she and Louie were fighting so much by this time that she went back to the summer house on the lake.

While she was there the editors at *Vogue* called her and begged her to come back. "We want to keep on using you," they told her. Foxie reluctantly gave her the plane fare and she went back to New York. Louie still wasn't speaking to her so when she arrived early in the morning to find the studio full of editors, he didn't even say hello. One of the editors, a young society cunt, told Janet Lee that her hair wasn't chic. Louie dropped his defensive position to come in the dressing room and say "CHIC! WHAT DO YOU MEAN NOT CHIC? WHAT'S CHIC ANYWAY?" The editor couldn't believe that Louie didn't know what chic hair was so Janet Lee assured her that he was just acting up and he knew very well what was chic hair and that Janet Lee, in fact, didn't have it. She was in the next couple of years to make frizzy hair fashionable and send thousands of women to their local beauty salons for a "perm."

The head editor just hated the photographs when she saw them and only used one. That ended Janet Lee's career as a fashion model.

After that she just hung around Louie's studio, making out the bills, answering the telephone, keeping his wife at bay, his wife from whom he had been separated for ten years and who wouldn't give him a divorce because she wanted twenty thousand dollars and she didn't believe that poor Louie was always

broke. He was always broke because he was so neurotic that no one in the advertising world would work with him so he had to earn his entire living from doing editorials. The editors liked working with him because they were all sleeping with him.

Eventually Janet Lee did all Louie's work for him, including developing film, making prints, and going on trips with him.

During the first year with Louie, Janet Lee met Dr. Slim O'Reilly, who was later to become known as guru of the acid world. Reynard Jergeson, the jazz musician and his wife, Glo, invited Janet Lee and Louie to their house in Riverdale. It was a very elegant house.

Glo said, "There's this fabulous professor from Yale called Slim O'Reilly. He's been experimenting with this new drug, LSD. He's been using it on alcoholics and having marvelous success. He's been using it on terminal cancer patients . . . he gave me some . . I was pregnant and wanted to have an abortion. You know I already have five children. Well, I took it and a voice spoke to me . . . from right out of the sky. It said, 'Have your child and build a nursery.' "

She smiled down at her big belly and said:

". . . so I'm going to have the baby. I've already built the nursery."

Slim came in and they told him that Janet Lee was a Catholic. He made some joke about the church and Janet Lee thought, *Oh, here's some ex-Irish Catholic who's got a chip on his shoulder about leaving the church.* She really hated him for embarrassing her. He had black hair and looked very young.

Then I met him later. We were all dancing to the Beatles. I was the only one left, finally, dancing. Everybody else was exhausted. Slim kept circling around me saying, "what a fantastic woman you are . . ." and trying to put his arms around me. I pretended not to notice him. I was afraid.

I saw him several times after that. I even spent some time at the commune he formed a few years later. After he was kicked out of Yale. I brought him up to A's once. We took some photographs of him and A and Slim told me that he had wanted to marry me when I used to visit him at the commune . . . but then he found Katherine . . . His first wife had died years before and it had taken him a long time to get over it.

"He's so fabulous, Gloria, so sexy, so handsome . . . a real man. You should have married him," A told me later. I was sorry I hadn't married him. By this time I was really in love with him.

Then his publisher told me that whenever he comes into the office all the girls stop working to gather at the water cooler and gape at him. . . . .

That night, at the Jergesons' Slim gave everybody some psilocybin. Then he got on the telephone and said:

"Yeah, there's this guy here who thinks he's going to find the answer. Ha, the answer."

Janet Lee was convinced he was talking about Louie and she was outraged that he would say that in front of everybody. She hated him even more. Then she wandered around the house and couldn't tear herself away from Glo's paintings. They were all of nude women with things flowing out of their cunts. Janet Lee wondered if Glo had orgasms or not.

When Janet Lee began talking to Slim and Glo and Reynard about her childhood Louie got very upset. He decided that she was talking too much and embarrassing him. He insisted that they go home. Glo wanted them to spend the night but Louie just KNEW that Glo was trying to make a lesbian out of Janet Lee. Why, he knew all kinds of stories about Glo and Reynard! "Such Libertines," he used to say. . . . "Do you know that they sleep with a Negro whore?"

Slim drove them to the taxi stand and when they got home Janet Lee had visions of the moldings on the bedroom door turning into snakes.

"You know Louie, we've got to split. I'm not in love with you," she told him. They called all the hotels in town and asked for the rates. They were in tears.

Meanwhile *Ladies Home Journal* was in the studio shooting fashion pictures with a photographer friend of Louie's. All the editors were there. Louie and Janet Lee had gone from crying to fucking in a little bed in the back of the studio. There was a curtain over the window in the door that led into the shooting area. Gretchen Garret was being photographed, the wholesome all-American girl model of that era. All Louie and Janet Lee's friends were visiting them by coming in the back door of the bedroom which led into the darkroom. Gabby spent almost

the whole day there, sitting on the edge of the bed. At the end of the day Janet Lee and Louie took showers, got dressed, and went into the studio to say "How do you do?" and shake hands with the editors and models from *Ladies Home Journal.*

... She has her third nervous breakdown ...

XIV

Louie and Janet Lee went to California together and Foxie found out about it. They got word from their friends in New York that Foxie had been there with the police. He had put her on the "missing persons" list. When they got back to New York they went into hiding in the Wellington Hotel. Louie had hemorrhoids and needed an operation and Janet Lee had a kidney disease.

Sometimes Louie would sneak out of the hotel to go to the studio to see if the private eyes were still hanging around. He was convinced that Foxie was part of the Mafia and could have done him in at any time so he was afraid to be seen. The guy next door to the studio was a Catholic sculptor who made sculptures for Fordham University. Foxie had gone into his apartment and, seeing the statues of saints hanging around, figured he had an ally. So he wrote one of his famous letters about the Virgin Mary and how she would never do what Janet Lee was doing, and gave it to the sculptor saying, "Read this and then give it to my daughter if you see her."

Janet Lee and Louie finally took a chance after a week had passed and went to the studio. The sculptor grabbed her in the hall, brought her into his studio, and gave her the letter. He also gave her a brandy and she was so upset that she forgot about her kidney disease and drank it, causing herself great physical pain on top of her mental anguish. The sculptor said, "That horrible Louie Faber, that terrible manic-depressive schizophrenic, how can you be living with him?" All the time

the sculptor was plugging his electricity into Louie's line, for free. He wouldn't give Louie any money and Louie said "Just forget it." He was milking Louie for years because Louie had a sophisticated electricity system for his work and the sculptor had nothing, just an old-fashioned sculpture studio. He was taking about thirty dollars a week and he had the nerve to say "How can you live with that horrible man, your poor father!"

Janet Lee, debilitated by all this, went downstairs to buy Louie some stationery. While in the store, she decided to call her father and tell him to stop bugging her. When she called Foxie put her little sister, Vivian, on the phone and Vivian begged Janet Lee to come home. They were all crying.

Janet Lee, wracked with kidney pains, had just changed a hundred-dollar bill and put the money down on the counter of the telephone booth. Louie walked in and saw her in the phone booth and opened the door. "Who are you talking to?" "My father," she said. She looked down, saw the money and, in her state of mind, thought Louie had just put it there for her to leave, because he was furious at her for calling her father. By this time Louie had gone back to the studio. Janet Lee, sobbing hysterically, picked up the money and took a plane for Buffalo. When she got home her parents put her in a mental institution.

Actually they didn't put her in the loony bin right away. They made her go to a psychiatrist first. Every time Foxie drove her to the psychiatrist in his black Cadillac limousine he complained, "Damn it, there's no place to hide this car. Why doesn't that fool have a garage. I don't want the neighbors to see me coming here." "But, dad," she remonstrated, "the neighbors are all in there too. In fact Mrs. Sloan told me just yesterday to say 'hello' to you." "Hmph, Mrs. Sloan, she's there about her son, nothing wrong with Mrs. Sloan, fine woman, she is, a fine woman." Mrs. Sloan's son had been in and out of about six seminaries and Trappist monk institutions in the past six years. But Mrs. Sloan sure wasn't there to talk about her *son's* problems.

One day, bored with the whole thing, Janet Lee started talking to the psychiatrist about books. She told him that her mother had said that Janet Lee has a dirty mind because when

she paints a picture it's a nude and when she brings a book to her younger sisters it's a dirty one. The book in question was *Catcher in the Rye*. "Who's J. D. Salinger?" the psychiatrist wanted to know. Disgusted, she refused to see him anymore and took to her bed for two months.

Janet Lee's mother then decided that she would be better off in a hospital. Janet Lee thought it was a wonderful idea. Mrs. Sloan had told her that the hospital had sunny windows and an art studio and that it was full of "young people." Janet Lee, excited by the prospect of peace and sun and paintings and young men, took her diaphragm along just in case she met anybody interesting.

When they got to the hospital the nurse said "Don't worry about all these keys, they're just to lock the door of the mental ward from the INSIDE so that if anyone HEALTHY tries to walk into this ward by mistake they won't have to have the shock." However when they got inside the door Janet Lee realized that it was locked from the outside as well. Her mother was disturbed about this but didn't say anything. Then the nurse brought Janet Lee, Foxie and Alice into the Nazi prison camp that was the ward. There was a long narrow corridor with little tiny cells along each side. At the end of the corridor was the "recreation room." This was full of old men and women in wheelchairs staring vacantly into space. There was a bingo game on the table and that was it. Not a paintbox in sight. "Where's the room Mrs. Sloan was talking about?" Janet Lee asked her mother. "Shhh, Mrs. Sloan must be crazier than we think," said Alice, "don't mention anything to her when you get out." Then the nurse brought Janet Lee into the bathroom. She introduced her to another girl who looked so dead that Janet Lee ran right out back to her room. The nurse followed her into her room and started to go through her luggage. "Just looking for sharp objects," she said. Janet Lee, terrified that she would pull out the diaphragm and jelly in front of Foxie and Alice, started to rebel. "I want to leave," she said, "I don't like this place. You can stop going through my luggage right now because I'm not staying."

"I don't blame you," said Foxie, "if I weren't already crazy this place would drive me crazy." "I wouldn't let you stay here one night alone," said Alice, "I'd have to sleep right next to

you. I couldn't let you stay here. Not after I've seen them lock that door."

The doctor tried to talk them into staying. He was on the telephone in the nurse's office and said he was too busy to see them. "But," he said, "don't let her leave before I've seen her." He had never, in his life, SEEN Janet Lee. Foxie was relenting when Alice gave him one of her "looks" so he said instead, "Nope, we're taking Janet Lee right out of here." It took the nurse ten minutes to cut the nametag off her wrist and they left.

Father Flanagan was at the house that night. He had just been demoted for the fourth time to a parish farther north because the parishioners kept complaining to the Bishop about his supposed "relationships" to the younger women in the parish. He told us that they were jealous older women who were complaining . . . they were jealous of the younger ones. By this time his parish was out in the north woods, and you had to tramp through the snow to get to his cabin. Marylou used to visit him often.

That night he asked me to take a walk with him in the backyard. While we were out there he asked me when was the last time I had "worked". I told him about Louie. He had his arm around me by this time and began asking me questions. "My god," he said, "you know you're like my own daughter. I've known you since you were seven years old." Then he lowered his voice to a whisper and asked, "What kinds of things do you do with him, this Louie, do you practice . . . . . oral intercourse?"

When I answered, "Of course, anything he wants," Father Flanagan pinched my ass and moaned again, "My god, like my own daughter. . . . ." and he began kissing me, jamming his tongue down my throat while still pinching my ass. I decided that it couldn't really be happening, and I was afraid that if I said anything to him, I would be admitting that it was happening.

Suddenly he stopped and said, "Let's go into the house before you get me too excited."

"Before I get YOU too excited," I remonstrated, "what about ME?"

Back in the house, he put Marylou on one knee and me on the other, while sitting on the pantry floor and drinking whiskey, pinching our asses intermittently, while telling us about an airline stew-

ardess he was in love with. Mother kept calling from the top of the stairs, "Come to bed!" and as we left the pantry Father Flanagan pulled Marylou behind the dining room draperies and begged her for a good night kiss.

"Just one. . . . ." he kept pleading while mother's voice was screeching from the stairs. . . "Come to bed. . ."

Then I decided to go and visit Slim O'Reilly at his commune. I thought a dose of acid would snap me out of my depression. Slim wouldn't give me any. He said that I should be with a man who really loved me and would take responsibility for me throughout the trip. . . . . He was with Katherine by this time. I decided to leave after one day.

"Don't leave," he told me, "you haven't given it a chance. Stay here for as long as you want. . . . weeks, months, it doesn't matter. You can do whatever you want . . . pick apples, write, cook, it doesn't matter. . . ."

"But Slim, I came all the way down here to talk to you and you don't have anything to say . . ."

"Ecstasy, ecstasy . . ." he chanted as he jumped off the porch railing and pulled some grass out of the lawn and threw it up in the air (real grass) . . . . . "that's what's important."

I was too far gone to appreciate ecstasy so after a week I left. I was sorry to go as everyone was really nice to me but I felt like an emotional cripple in a pack of healthy people.

I went back to Buffalo and got back into bed.

She lasted another two weeks in Buffalo and then had a terrible fight with Foxie. He got down on top of her, when she said she was leaving again and started beating her up. "Tramp," he shouted. "Tramp, I'll break your jaw." Alice told him that Janet Lee wasn't worth a broken jaw and to just ignore her. She was no good. "Hold her down, Alice," he bellowed, and "Shut up." She was screaming for the neighbors and the police. "Put something in her mouth, gag her," directed Foxie to Alice. Alice ran to the bathroom and grabbed a wet washrag and shoved it down Janet Lee's throat.

"Call Buffalo State Mental Hospital," Foxie ordered Alice, "and tell them to come over here with a straitjacket." It was

the free hospital. "Are you sure you want Buffalo State?" asked Alice. "Hadn't we ought to call her old psychiatrist instead?" Over Janet Lee's kicking and screaming body they decided to call the old psychiatrist instead. All the other kids in the family were hiding in their bedrooms.

When the psychiatrist arrived, Janet Lee came downstairs and asked, "May I take your coat?" Alice gave her a dirty look for acting so normal. Janet Lee's stockings were all ripped and she had a bloody nose and a black and blue mark was already visible on her jaw. They all sat down to talk. The psychiatrist told her parents that she was perfectly normal and that they couldn't commit her to a hospital merely because they didn't share the same ideas.

Janet Lee called a taxi and asked the psychiatrist to stay and protect her from her father until the taxi came. He refused. When the taxi came she couldn't find her luggage. After twenty minutes of searching she found it behind the dining room door where Foxie had hidden it. She put it in the taxi and took a train to New York.

Janet Lee's sister Janie was out of school by this time, and was living with a painter on Lexington Avenue. They let her stay with them until the painter's daughter came in from London. She was seventeen and in a state of complete collapse and took over the bed. Janet Lee had to move out.

. . . . a beautiful young blond model, Willow, moves in with Louie. After a while she leaves and goes to live with a famous artist, Zack Manner . . . Janet Lee meets her for lunch one day and they compare notes.

XV

J. Are you really in love with Zack?

W. I don't know anymore.

J. Do you feel you can't live without him?

W. Oh, I can live without him. But you know what, I get scared of? Like the thing with Louie, after a while I could tell that things were getting screwy, you know, and I just continued to stay with him, I don't know why but I did and all the time it got worse and worse and there I was, like taking torture, I must be some kind of fucking masochist.

J. Oh, you'll get out of it, you'll change . . . It's not that you're a masochist it's just that . . . that . . . American men are . . . fools.

W. They sure are, Janet.

J. Louie and Zack are the same type.

W. Are they?

J. Basically. . . . don't you think?

W. I think they have something in common . . . except that Louie doesn't make you do DISHES!

J. Hahahah at least Louie takes you out to DINNER every night!

W. And every morning.
J. RIGHT. At the Automat, right?
W. Hahah and every NOON.
J. Every day, three meals a day.
W. He takes you out four times a day plus about four times in between for a SODA. . . .
J. Right.
W. I really liked that, I really liked that part of it, didn't you . . . stopping for an ice cream soda and eating all kinds of things that Zack would never eat, you know?

J. He was really great.
W. You could burn up his STUDIO and he'd take care of you.
J. I know, hahaha . . .
W. Couldn't you?
J. I practically did!
W. Me too, I'd take the lights off the tripod you know, and hold them by the wire and then I used to dangle them all around, haha, just put eight thousand dollars of lighting into the studio and I'd hold them, like, if you're not nice, I'll bang all the lights into the floor.
J. Oh, you did that to him too?
W. Yes!
J. Oh, I said to him, If you don't apologize to me, I'll smash the cameras, and I really smashed them.
W. I always did things that were safe, I always threatened to do things, but I never did them . . . like one time I took a knife and I held it up to him, to throw, but I knew I wasn't going to do anything, it just looked like it, I always frightened him.
J. What was it about him that got us so mad?
W. I don't know, because it's not a typical side of me . . . not once since I've been with Zack or anybody else have I acted like that . . . Louie brought out the side of me that doesn't exist with anybody else . . . with my parents I've done that, with my parents and Louie, those are the only people . . . I don't know what it was . . .
J. Same here!
W. . . . he could just make you furious . . . and when you'd

walk down the street, when we finally walked down the street, he'd say, NAW, I can't walk on 55th Street, I owe the cleaners money and then we couldn't walk on 57th Street because he owed somebody else money . . . and we couldn't go into the Carney's Delicatessen because he had a fight with the head-waiter . . . and then we couldn't go into Seventh Avenue Delicatessen because he owed them money. . . . And we, I mean finally we just couldn't go anywhere . . . and he got deeper and deeper into trouble, and that's when we could barely exist anymore . . .

J. Robert Drake told me you were his only friend at the end.

W. It's true . . . he broke up with Robert Drake and John Boss, and Tom Draw . . . but when I left he had made up with Tom Draw and broken up with Helen Ford and then he made up with Helen Ford and Tom Draw screwed him . . . he worked with Tom Draw and Tom Draw never paid him so he broke up with Tom again and he didn't have a friend left so he went to Paris . . .

J. When I was with him the same thing happened, but on TOP OF THAT, we couldn't go out because he was afraid I'd find another man . . .

W. Hahahah, with me too, we couldn't go anywhere, I think that's why he broke up with all his friends, because he was afraid I'd come in contact with somebody.

J. Did he always accuse you of coming on with everybody? John Boss and all his friends?

W. No, because I was so scared of him getting angry at me for doing that, that I was practically like one of those Arab wives . . . I was only short of wearing one of those black robes that cover everything but the eyes . . . I mean he really is like an old Arabic Jew! And the way he dressed me! He tried to dress me so you couldn't see my body . . . and he didn't like me to wear any . . . and Adam his son was the same way . . . the last year Adam was together with us a lot and Adam was very protective over me just like Louie . . . I couldn't wear a pair of beige pants or a pair of brown pants . . . they only wanted me to wear bluejeans or a worker's shirt . . . because beige or brown was like CLOTHES or FASHION, you know, and the other thing was like some sort of modern peasant woman's outfit . . .

J. That's what he brought me from California, bluejeans and a worker's shirt.

W. Hey, that's funny, when I first met Louie which was just before we went on this trip to California . . . he bought me a pair of bluejeans from California . . . he REPEATS HIMSELF with everybody that he's with! I change with everybody, but he stays the same way with everybody . . .

J. Did he buy you one of those bluejean jackets?

W. Yeah, and he always wanted me to have a suntan, if I didn't have one he didn't think I was pretty, he thought I looked sick . . .

J. Me too, right, he'd drag me out to fucking Fire Island and he'd say, "OK, lie in the sun." You know how I'd BURN? We went to Puerto Rico, and he'd get me up at nine o'clock in the morning to lie on the beach and I'd say . . .

W. ME TOO!

J. . . . Louie I can't, I'll get burned . . .

W. ME TOO!

J. And he'd say What's the matter, you're not even PINK yet . . .

W. ME TOO!

J. . . . Here, lie down, put some suntan lotion on you, lie down, LIE DOWN and I used to get so BURNED! . . . once on Fire Island he was supposed to meet me out there the next day, we had had a fight and we took separate trains, and he missed the stop, he fell asleep and ended up in Montauk . . . and I tried to get a suntan for him and when I met him on the train to go back to New York, I couldn't even TALK, my lips were so burned . . . I couldn't even move my lips, my face was so burned . . . not to mention the rest of my body . . . and he said You look GREAT! . . . I even went through that in the winter . . .

W. Yeah he took me to Puerto Rico, and Fire Island and Mexico and told me the same thing, LIE DOWN and UP ON THE ROOF . . . DID YOU GO UP ON THE ROOF?

J. All the time.

W. HAHAHAHA, he'd tell Adam all the time You're all WHITE, you look all DIRTY, GO UP ON THE ROOF and he would SCREAM at Adam to go up on that god damned roof.

J. Wasn't that roof awful?

W. Yeah, wasn't it? I'm never going in the sun again.

J. I'd want to at least walk up and down the beach and I'd say,

Come on Louie, let's go swimming . . . well, he didn't even KNOW how to swim, I taught him!

W. Yeah, I taught him too, we almost drowned!

J. Louie would say to me, What's the matter, you're so restless, lie down!

W. When I would go in the water he'd say, Don't go out any further. He was always afraid I was going to drown . . . he'd say, Don't go out any further than that point there.

J. I'd go to dinner at night with a pure red face, you couldn't even see my features . . . you could just see a blot of red and he'd say, Now you REALLY look good.

W. He'd say that? Oh God!

J. You should be a model, you look so good!

W. He'd say that! He used to tell me that being a model was going to be my downfall.

J. Me too, but I guess he thought I was too ugly without a suntan to be a model, or something.

W. Oh God, yes! You sure had some hard times with him . . . but it was really fun though, wasn't it?

J. Yeah.

W. You know what was fun? His personality . . . personality sounds so banal but it still means something . . . you know his personality was the most incredible in the whole world. Like he could CARRY you on just his personality. You didn't need any money, you didn't need any luxuries.

J. All you needed was a suntan . . .

W. You didn't need any friends because he, as a person, was so much . . . isn't that true? When he'd explain or relate something, like a person, it was better than any movie or anything. Isn't it true? I'd just crack up . . . he really was fantastic when he'd start on that thing. . . . you never saw anyone be so spontaneous or so honest or so anything. . . . he was like a life artist, isn't it true? Maybe he never did become a painter or a director, but he was a life artist. You could sit in a delicatessen with him and some boring Tom Draw or someone and Louie would make it better than any film he would direct.

J. Wasn't Tom Draw awful?

W. Yeah, how could Louie go around with him for so many years?

J. Robert Drake wasn't so bad, but he was pretty depressive.

W. Yeah, PRETTY DEPRESSIVE! But at least he was more

intelligent than some of the others. The others were so DUMB! weren't they?

J. Did you know Lucinda Apple?

W. Yeah, wasn't she BORING? and Zack thinks she's so NICE!

J. That VOICE of hers! She always sounds like she's relating the latest nuclear war secrets, in that whispery, conspiratorial tone . . .

W. Yeah, isn't she a drag?

J. And she's always dropping names. . . .

W. She's nothing but a hick, and she can't get over that . . . she's struggling every minute of her life to disguise the fact that she's a fucking hick, isn't it true?

J. All those names of people you never heard of!

W. Right.

J. And she just keeps going on and on and on. . . . and I just say yes really? umhumm . . . just to get it over with. She dragged me to lunch with this horrible disgusting ex-movie person.

W. You mean you were actually ABLE to have lunch with Lucinda Apple and another person? I was NEVER able to do anything like that!

J. Why?

W. Because I always had to be with Louie.

J. I'm talking about just the other day . . . no . . . I could never go ANYPLACE alone, without Louie. . . . no. . . . except Helen, he'd let me out with Helen. With Helen I could go to the five and dime. Can you imagine that in this day and age? We were like medieval concubines!

W. I know, we were just short of having one of those things on our vaginas, what do they call them?

J. Chastity belts?

W. Yeah, that HE would unlock. Oh God, a man couldn't even LOOK at us! But how come it was enjoyable at the same time? It's strange isn't it? huh?

J. Yeah, I think Louie was my father fixation phase . . . it's like being married to your father, you know . . .

W. Yeah, it's like another type of father . . . but you know, one nice thing about him is he always praises you and he thinks you're the greatest. . . . .

J. Well, I spent two years with Louie trying to split . . . and never being able to . . .

W. I felt that I spent two years trying to split too, like from the FIRST time.

J. Me too, from the first NIGHT.

W. Yeah the first NIGHT.

J. Exactly.

W. How did he MANAGE it? That SHREWD thing . . . He's so SHREWD, that Louie, not shrewd in making money but he's shrewd in other things, you know that's true?

J. Yeah. . . . I had never ever taken my CLOTHES off in front of anybody before I met Louie . . . I was THAT repressed . . . and I tried to split from the first night, it's true.

W. Me too.

J. I mean the first PHONE CALL!

W. I never wanted to see him again after I was with him the first time . . .

J. Me neither.

W. I fucked him on a TRIP! . . . and then I never wanted to see him again. I just wanted to get laid on the TRIP . . . It wasn't that I didn't LIKE him . . . I just never CONSIDERED IT!

J. Me too, exactly.

W. It wasn't even that I didn't like the way he fucked or anything, I just never . . . didn't consider it.

J. I didn't even like FUCKING him . . . for the first three weeks I didn't feel a thing.

W. Well actually for fucking he wasn't the worst, was he? He LIKED it!

J. LIKED IT? THAT'S THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR!

W. I mean he used to come around with a hardon a lot, didn't he?

J. You know what he told me on the phone once? That he couldn't fuck you the way he fucked me, that he wasted the best years of his life on me. . . . and now that he was with you he had LOST it, he couldn't fuck the way he used to . . . he had gotten too old and why did I waste his life like that, his best fucking years . . . and because now he really wants to fuck . . .

W. Yes, he told me that . . . . . yeh, he told me that you and he used to fuck like twenty-four hours. . . . .

J. We did, but then he put me down for it later . . . because

his psychiatrist told him that the reason we fucked so much was because I never CAME . . . and he said It was all your fault, you never came . . . that's why we had to fuck so much.

W. Oh he was such a drag, Louie, like finally he'll blame you for everything. . . . you know what he said to me after we separated? I used to call him up just to talk to him, just to be a friend and then, Doctor Dartman moved in with Louie, because Doctor Dartman was always getting into trouble like no money or something like that . . . and then he had his passport and everything stolen on his way to Israel so he had to remain, and he stayed with Louie, and so Dr. Dartman got Louie brainwashed and the next time I spoke to Louie, he said to me: "Do you know what was the matter when we were together? Do you know why we're not together anymore . . . ? CAUSE YOU DIDN'T DIG MY ASS BABY, YOU DIDN'T DIG MY ASS . . . so I thought what am I going to say?. . . . yes I did Louie"?

J. Now what a far-fetched thought that is . . . he was like that BEFORE Dartman.

W. He was the same way, Dartman or no Dartman.

J. I know. . . . because he said the reason. . . . oh, no, he said that after he was analyzed by Dartman . . . . . that the reason we didn't stay together was because I never came. . . .

W. Dartman was so right about so many things that he said but SO WHAT!

J. Yeah, like Freud, SO WHAT!

W. Yeah SO WHAT! What difference does that make, it's like telling somebody who's color-blind that ribbons are red, and they say "I believe you . . ." and they really do honestly believe and you're honestly telling them the truth . . . but, so what, they're color-blind . . . . . well Dartman used to tell me this whole thing . . . That the WHOLE idea in life . . . is . . . everything is miserable because people don't fuck . . .

J. Yeah, Louie believed everything everybody told him, didn't he? Did he ever complain to you about that girl, that model, that he first fell in love with?

W. Hoh yeah, he called her a dyke and everything . . . anyway, what Dartman said to me, That doesn't matter that they fuck two or three times a week, the thing is that they're not COMING . . . so they could fuck twenty-four hours, seven days a week, if you don't come, it's no good . . . his whole thing

was the world is fucked up, because, first of all, people don't fuck very much. . . .

J. Oh, well, he got that whole thing from Wilhelm Reich, who was really brilliant.

W. Yeah, fantastic . . . . . I'm not denying all this.

J. But the level that Dartman puts it all at . . .

W. Yeah . . .

J. . . . . Is so sort of, shallow . . .

W. Yeah, and then he said that the other problem was, first of all get people fucking, they aren't doing that, once they fuck you have to get them coming, because they aren't doing that when they fuck . . . they don't come. . . . and then he says the other thing is that men can get by with saying that they come just because they ejaculate. . . . .

J. . . . . Ejaculate, that's another Wilhelm Reich idea . . .

W. Which is true, right? . . . . . but anyway women have a harder time of it because they can't use that you know . . . men can get away with pretending to themselves and to the world that they come because they ejaculate but that doesn't mean they have an emotional orgasm. . . . but women have a hard time finding excuses unless they've found means and ways of . . . . . getting it off . . . . . his whole idea is that everything is really groovy if you're with somebody and you fuck and you come and you do it often, like everytime it's necessary to do it and in a case like that, things like faithfulness, fidelity, they take on a certain meaning, but of a different kind than people have generally thought of it as. . . . because it just . . . it's like from a practical point of view. . . . if you fuck the person all the time and you come, you don't need anybody else . . . . . you're not going around being horny so you're not looking at other people's cunts and cocks. All right, so it makes sense doesn't it? . . . . . but the thing about it is that it's not working out for me that way, and I believe in it, I try for it, I hope for it, I dream of it. I wish for it, you know, like EVERYTHING. . . . if there's any kind of religion that's IT, you know. . . . and I, I, just find it very difficult to believe that there are very many other people who are succeeding . . . . . so I think with that STANDPOINT you have to start with some kind of new theory and you have to start with some kind of altogether new thing . . . because it's just too . . . too hard

. . . there's no kind of basis for that theory . . . it just doesn't WORK . . . IT DOESN'T WORK . . . and I'm starting to think that if you DISCARD THAT, and you start all over again from somewhere else . . . it may be able to work because maybe it doesn't work because we're trying so HARD for it and we're so HUNG UP with it and that's why the civilization, like everything has to GO . . . . . we're too fucking CONSCIOUS. . . .

J. Yeah, the whole reason too is that civilization is so shitty and miserable . . . you can't just say . . . you have to knock over the whole system.

W. EVERYTHING HAS TO BE KNOCKED OVER.

J. Or you have to just move yourself out of it to Nepal . . .

W. Yeah, something like that, and you have to stop being conscious of it because the very consciousness ruins the chances.

J. Right. . . . Lars was another one. . . . I only made it with Lars about twice and then we were just friends, because it was just RIDICULOUS . . . but like the first time I made it with Lars he shook me by the shoulders and said, "COME, COME COME COME."

W. Oh, isn't that AWFUL?

J. I mean if there's anything guaranteed to turn you off. . . .

W. To turn you off . . . FORGET IT, THAT IS THE WORST!

J. And then he said to me, "What do you think this is, a fountain pen?" wow . . .

W. Ohhhhhright in the middle of it?

J. Afterward. . . . but I was used to Louie who always had a hardon.

W. Oh, not only that but Louie was Emotional about the whole thing . . . he LOST himself completely in it . . .

J. Right.

W. Oh shit! Now I'm thinking about Zack, who's not so far from what Lars is . . . exceptions are like, rare times . . . you know what really gets me . . . you PROMISE you won't say anything to anybody about this . . . it's between you and me . . . what really infuriates me is when I'm really feeling good, and he TURNS DOWN THE RECORD PLAYER! I mean there's all kinds of fucking, there's the kind of fucking where you turn off the light and you do turn down the record player . . . and then there's the kind where you just don't DO IT . . . you don't even turn the fucking record player ON!

J. And he always turns it down?

W. Well you know, he'll find a chance to remove a pillow or pull up a sheet or turn off a light or move a candle over!

J. You know why? He has a NEATNESS COMPULSION . . . a cleanliness compulsion I think . . .

W. Perfection compulsion . . .

J. Yeah, like Dolores who can't go to sleep if there's a spot of dust on her makeup stand . . . it's in his mind, while he's fucking . . . how you could make it a little better instead of just letting go . . .

W. Yeah, boy that really kills you . . . that really kills you . . .

J. You know there's a whole radical women's organization . . .

W. I would like to belong to it.

J. And one of their main things is the myth of the vaginal orgasm, that it's a myth . . . that's one of their rallying cries . . .

W. I would like to join it, don't you think I should?

J. No, I think it's a mistake to join . . . I mean if you join them are you going to work at it, you know? I mean, if I'd join anything I'd join that, but the whole idea of it . . . of joining something . . .

W. Of an organization . . . yeah, forget it.

.... *INTERLUDE* ....

XVI

I met her in a dress shop. She was wearing a big brimmed felt hat and she had her black hair pulled tight back behind her ears. She had dark skin and dark brown eyes. She was nearly six feet tall. She was one of those girls who you knew had to be a model.

She met my eyes over a row of dresses; she was standing on the other side. There was a young photographer with her. I happened to remember him from my days with Louie. He introduced her to me and she wouldn't take her eyes off me. All the time she was smiling, very broadly. The photographer said her name was Lania.

The next time we met she took me into the Carlyle Hotel Ladies' Room for a joint. Then we went into the park and walked around laughing. When a man stared at us we hid behind a tree.

"Let's go to my house and I'll cook a chicken," I suggested. She agreed so we tried to find a taxi. We ended up on a bus, standing up, jammed into all the other people. When we arrived downtown, where I had a tenement slum apartment, above a bar called the Blue Nag, we got out of the bus and went into a store to buy the chicken. I didn't have a real kitchen, just a little refrigerator and a hot plate and an electric broiler. I turned on the broiler and put the chicken in. After we ate I changed the sheets on the bed. I remember they were rose-colored. Then I drew a bath.

We got into the bathtub and the hot water ran out before it was full. I turned on the hot plate and filled a pail up with water. I made about five trips to the hot plate before the bathtub was full. Then I put an orange towel over the bathtub light. There was a wooden plank over the bathtub, which was used for draining dishes,

after I had washed them in the tub. I took the dry dishes off the plank and put my copy of *Swann's Way* on it. Then I began reading to her.

She stopped me to take the book and read the cover. "Oh, it's Prawst," she said. When I corrected her pronunciation she told me she had dropped out of school at fourteen to become a chorus girl at the Latin Quarter. I continued reading and she ran her hand up my leg under the water. When I put my hands under her ass *Swann's Way* fell into the bathtub. This upset me a little because I had borrowed the book. She raised her pelvis up to about a quarter of an inch below the water line. Her dark brown pubic hairs looked like a cloud. I dug my fingernails into her buttocks and, in a frenzy, buried my tongue in her cloudy pussy. She threw back her head and moaned, while twisting her body from the right to the left. I smelled something burning.

I ran into the kitchenette to find the hot plate on fire. I had forgotten to turn it off and where the electric cord was worn (the landlord had given me an old piece of shit hot plate) it had somehow caught on fire. I threw the pail of water that was still on the stove onto the fire and completely flooded the area. Then I got back into the bathtub.

She asked for some more Proust. While I was reading the second passage she shrieked that the towel was on fire that I had put over the bathroom light. We both jumped out of the tub and pulled the towel down on the floor. She grabbed another towel off the rack and stamped out the fire. Then, laughing, she pulled me, on top of her, onto my bed. I rubbed her pussy and kissed her on the lips. She threw me over and, on top of me, began kissing my whole body. We smelled fire again. The bed was on fire.

I had left a cigarette burning in an ashtray near the bed, and had kicked it off when she pulled me on top of her. We put out the latest fire and looked around at the carnage. The water from the kitchen was seeping into the bedroom, the mattress was soaked, and the whole dump smelled like burning toast.

"Let's get out of here," she said. I agreed that it was a good idea and we went further downtown to her apartment.

She took out all of her photographs and showed them to me. She had started out with big tits and lots of makeup, at the Latin Quarter in a Cleopatra outfit. Then she became a model and got much thinner.

"I'll show you a book I only show a few people," she told me. She pulled out, from under the bed, a portfolio that housed her fashion pictures. Inside were hundreds of photographs of her in all kinds of positions, nude.

While I was examining the photographs, she began kissing me on the lips, and then slowly unbuttoned my blouse. She began caressing me again, and in the middle of it I decided to make her come. I sucked her pussy again, for a long time. Nothing happened. She asked for a candle. I found the candle, and she instructed me to put some cold cream on it. I put the cold cream on it and began sucking her pussy again. Then, slowly, I inserted the candle, about a centimeter every ten seconds, all the while slowly and lightly running my tongue up and down the lips of her vagina, and then around and around the base of her clitoris. Every time I followed this procedure I finished by pulling the tip of her clitoris into my mouth and sucking on it.

She twisted and moaned under my hands, and pulled her head back, turning it from side to side, while her mouth was drawn back into a grimace. Her eyes were tightly closed. Nothing happened.

"I can't come," she told me. "Ever since Tom Ludlow pushed me against a wall and screamed at me for not coming, I haven't been able to come."

I asked her how long ago that was and she said, "Two Years."

"Before that, I came once in a while with a man, and I always came by masturbating," she added.

I tried everything in the next couple of hours. Bottles, vibrator, mouth, finger, everything short of a penis. This girl was seriously traumatized I decided.

I slept there that night, curled up against her, and then she went off to work. I went home and cleaned up the mess from the day before. That night she called me and invited me over again. When I got there the photographer that had introduced me to her was there along with four of his fag boyfriends. They were all smoking grass except one of them. He told me that he couldn't smoke grass because lately, it made him too paranoid. He said that the last time he was here, Lania had given him marijuana tea, without telling him that it had marijuana in it. He drank it and freaked out.

After about an hour of smoking and watching television Lania went into her kitchen and made tea. I slipped into the kitchen and asked her if it was made with grass. She said no. I told my para-

noid friend that there was no grass in it. He drank it. Twenty minutes later he freaked out and ran down the stairs, without even taking his coat. Before leaving he said to me, "I've gotta get out of here."

An hour of argument followed between the fags and Lania on whether or not there was grass in the tea. Eventually they all left. By this time I was almost unconscious.

Thinking I was unconscious, she took the mattress off the bed and put it on the living room floor. Then she lifted me onto it. She took the pillows next, and the sheet and blanket, put the pillow under my head, and covered me with the sheet and blanket. Then she started kissing my toes. She worked her way up to my knees, and then my thighs. She spent a lot of time on my thighs, running her tongue closer and closer to my pussy. Then she began running the flat part of the underside of her fingers over my nipple, so lightly as to be almost not touching them.

I was rapidly regaining full consciousness as her tongue began licking the underneath part of my left pussy lip. She circled in like a pro and I was straining my body toward the left upper corner of the mattress. Her arms reached up again and she clutched my upper back digging her fingers into my ribs. I kept remembering her telling me that she had never made love to a girl before and how I had believed her. Her expertness at this sucking technique was truly incredible.

She brought me slowly and surely to the point of orgasm without ever hesitating for an instant. Her tongue became slightly more insistent by the minute, always increasing the pressure, and the movement almost imperceptibly. I was going nearly out of my mind, moaning all the time. At the end, an electric shock dashed from my head to my toes, and my body was racked with convulsions. The walls of my womb and my vagina clutched at each other over and over and as I finally sighed with exhaustion, she pushed herself up so that her face was opposite mine, and murmured, "This is the way I've always wanted to have you."

. . . THE ADVENT OF GLORIA . . . EXIT JANET LEE . . . . .

XVII

It was freezing cold, below zero. . . . Sandra and Janet Lee, Sandra was the daughter of Janet Lee's sister's lover, were at Max's Kansas City Restaurant. They went down to 14th Street to get a cab. They finally found one and Sandra told the driver to stop in front of Max's to see if anyone there wanted a ride uptown.

There were two kids there, a boy and a girl, who looked exactly alike. They needed a place to sleep for the night. Janet Lee and Sandra took them home. A week later, they all ran into each other again at Max's. The kids had gotten a Ford Foundation Grant to make a movie. They asked Janet Lee to be in it, and she said okay.

The movie was awful. The cameraman was always so drugged up on amphetamine that he kept falling asleep in front of the camera . . . amphetamine is supposed to keep you awake, but he had been taking it for so many days without sleeping at all that nothing could keep him awake.

They were shooting a scene in a swimming pool at a Health Club, underwater: Janet Lee and an actor were supposed to make love while swimming around. By the time the cameraman started shooting, they were so cold they were blue. And, as they came out of the pool, they found that the cameraman had disappeared, all they could see was the camera. Half underwater. The cameraman was asleep, half underwater, half out,

his head resting on a camera lever. The cast revived him and tried to get him to film the scene over again. But he just kept falling asleep.

Meanwhile, the star, Evie, was being shot up in the dressing room; she had brought her own doctor to do the job. Janet Lee told the script girl that Evie was being shot up, and the script girl told her to shut up. Janet Lee was *shocked.* It turned out that the director had arranged for the whole thing.

After the movie was over, Janet Lee sprained her ankle jumping over a fence in Central Park. She was sitting home watching television with her foot propped up on a chair, complaining. Someone said, "Why don't you shut up and make movies for that artist, *A*? You're so emotional."

"Ugh," she said, "*A*, that pervert! Are you kidding?" Janet Lee decided to go and see one of his movies.

When she had wanted to see *Gramercy Girls,* Sandra had said, "Why spend the money when you have it in your living room?" At the time, one of *A*'s stars was camped out on her floor. The girl had asked Janet Lee if she could spend one night and she never left. She was told to leave every day, but she never left. Anyway, that's why Janet Lee never saw his sensational movie. Instead, she went to see one of his boring ones—*Story of a Male.*

One of the actresses was sitting next to Janet Lee in the theater and kept saying, "Oh, my breasts look so awful . . . oh my husband, if he ever sees this movie . . . oh, it's so awful. . . ." Right then and there, Janet Lee decided *A* must be a genius.

Then Betty Johns, a fashion designer, sent Janet Lee an invitation to a party she was having in August, called the Arrival of Leo. Janet Lee went.

There was a man standing in the corner with white hair, dark glasses, and pimples . . . wearing a black leather jacket . . . surrounded by fags. She decided it must be *A*. She went over to him during a lull and knelt down on the floor near his chair, and said to him, "Hi . . . I just made a movie with Evie."

"Oh, really? . . . Uh, how was she?"

"Pretty drugged up."

And he said, "Oh, uh . . . yeah . . . uh . . . some guy, Bobby, took her away from us and introduced her to Dylan Zimmerman's manager. . . . They gave her drugs. . . . We told her not to go, but . . . uh . . . I, uh . . . guess she . . . uh . . . thought that they would do something for her. . . . Uh, she, uh . . . said we were so old-fashioned . . . and the other group, uh . . . was . . . uh . . . hip . . . and so she, uh, left us."

"Oh really?"

"Uh, yeah, something like that," he said.

"I saw *Story of a Male* the other day."

"Oh . . . uh . . . did you like it?"

"Oh, I thought it was fabulous."

"Did you . . . uh . . . like Lizzy's tits?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, uh, she thought we made them look too saggy or uh something. We . . . uh, made it in two days. . . . Uh . . . it didn't cost much."

"Well, I was wondering if I could be in one of your movies?"

"Oh, uh, sure. . . . We're . . . uh . . . shooting a movie tomorrow. If you, uh . . . would you, uh, take off your blouse?"

"Yeah."

"Well, uh, here's the number of the . . . uh, the Plant. . . . Call us tomorrow about two o'clock." *A* and his friends called his studio the Plant.

"Okay."

"Uh, and . . . this is uh . . . Fred . . ."

"Hi, Fred."

"And, uh . . . this is Ted . . ."

"Hello, Ted."

"And uh . . . Jack . . . do you know uh Jack? He . . . uh [*whisper*] has a lot of money."

"Hi, Jack. . . . Okay, I'll call you tomorrow."

I went to the studio the next day. It was in a filthy dirty loft building. The elevator was a freight elevator and had lots of things

written on the walls and a lot of drawings. One sentence said, "Ted has a big cock." I got out on the third floor. It was a factory. The workers said, "You lookin' for A?"

"Yes."

"He's on the next floor."

I went up to the next floor and couldn't get the door open.

"Oh . . . uh . . . wait a minute . . . the door's broken . . . you have to go back down and walk up . . . Ted will let you . . . uh . . . in. . . ."

I went back down and walked up. I still couldn't get the door open.

"Oh . . . uh . . . wait a minute . . . somebody has to pull the door from the inside. . . . Uh . . . Ted. . . ."

They opened the door and I went in. The studio was filthy and there were strips of aluminum paper and of colored paper hanging from the ceiling. There was an old bubble gum machine on the right of the door. There were enlarged photographs of the "stars" all over and a big poster of a boy from an ad from about 1940 with a banana jutting out of his fly. The bathroom was completely done in aluminum foil, even the toilet seat. There was a record on of Maria Callas singing opera: very loud. The windows were so dirty you couldn't see out. There were two ancient sofas with the lining coming out of them. On the sofas were a few people lounging around. A movie was being projected of a girl getting raped. The colors were fantastic and the girl was beautiful.

A was on the phone. He got off the phone and told me to meet him at an East Side address at five o'clock and, "Uh you have to take your blouse off . . . uh . . . if uh . . . you don't want to do it, you can wait for the next movie in two weeks."

I went home and asked Carole, a model from Paris who was living with me, what I should do. ". . . I really don't HAVE any breasts."

"Gee, I don't know," she said. Carole looked like Joan of Arc.

"Well, I know! You know how the girls in France put band-aids over their nipples so they don't have to wear bras when they wear tee shirts? I think I'll do that."

"Great, and don't tell anybody."

So I put a band-aid on each nipple and wore a white satin shirt.

A museum curator was sitting in an armchair, very fat . . . A

was behind the camera . . . Inger Superstar and Lizzy and Sapphus were in the bed. Inger and Lizzy were naked from the waist up. Inger had enormous tits and Lizzy was complaining that, since she had her baby, her tits sagged. The curator looked at me and said nothing. A said, "Hi," and "You're in the next shot." I watched the scene. It looked like a stag movie to me.

They finished the scene and Inger met me in the bathroom. She had a New Jersey accent and a foul tongue. Bleached hair, and a crooked mouth, blue eye shadow and black eye liner running up to her temples, with silver shadow under her eyebrows. She said, "Oh, your makeup is so FANTASTIC, so NATURAL, will you do mine for me?"

I changed her hair and her makeup and then Lizzy asked me to do her over too. I changed Lizzy's makeup and we all went back in the room.

"Oh, Inger . . . uh, you uh . . . look so great like that . . . uh . . . so aristocratic."

"D'ya really think so?"

"Oh, yes, you really look aristocratic."

Then I heard the curator say to A, "The new girl . . . she really looks good but don't you think she's too uh, delicate, to do this?"

I ignored it and put on some more makeup.

"Okay, uh, Janet Lee . . . uh, get on the bed with uh . . . Sapphus. This is a re-make of *Story of a Male*. You play a hooker that Sapphus has just picked up on the street."

I got on the bed and started talking to Sapphus. He was trying to get into a fight with me. He told me I reminded him of a serpent. A stopped the camera and told me I had to start taking off my blouse. I told Sapphus that it would cost $84.95 for me to remove my blouse and I wanted to see the money first . . . he agreed . . . I took off my blouse and he said, "Jesus, you've got band-aids on your nipples" . . . I told him that it would cost him $97.82 for me to take off the right band-aid . . . he argued about the price, but finally put the money on the table . . . then I told him it would be $64.82 to take off the left band-aid . . . he said, "When you've seen one nipple, you've seen them all" . . . I asked him where was his male curiosity, how did he know, my left nipple might be concentric rings of varying colors . . . he said he didn't care, he still didn't want to see it . . . so I told him my feet were

the best in town and I would remove my right shoe for $242.89 . . . he put the money on the table and even asked to see my left foot.

I asked A if he wanted me to take my underpants off, as I already had taken my skirt off. He said no, that wouldn't be necessary.

We ended the scene and Sapphus shook hands with me and said it had been a great pleasure to work with me. Jerrod, a guy who seemed to be assisting in the whole thing, said I did wonderfully. A said, "Oh . . . uh . . . yes . . . you were really good." I thought I was terrible. I couldn't even believe A could really use a camera, let alone stand up without assistance, he looked so weak. He said the band-aids were a good idea and he'd call me when the film was developed.

A few days later, Fred Morris, *A*'s right-hand man, called and asked Janet Lee to do a scene with a motorcyclist. She said okay and Fred told her he didn't want her to meet the guy until the shooting. She went downtown to Max's that night and met the guy. He had just arrived in New York.

He told her his life story, about how he got married a year before and he and his wife took a honeymoon motorcycle trip in the Grand Canyon. Her bike fell over on her and when he went back to see what happened he found her with the kickstand piercing her heart. Now he can't go back home because her father is so mad at him because the wedding cost two thousand dollars and it only lasted two weeks.

Fred Morris came in and tried to drag Janet Lee away from him, but the motorcyclist wanted to sleep in her apartment. He said he didn't have a place to stay. Janet Lee said no and left as fast as she could, before he talked her into it. She already had two other people living there.

Then Fred called her up to ask if they could shoot the scene with her and the bikeboy in her apartment. She said yes and they came up the next night. Janet Lee did the scene and

thought she was awful. They left her apartment in a mess. She had to clean it up.

A week later, she went down to the Plant to see the film. It was fabulous . . . she couldn't believe she had done it. She went back home and two days later, while she was painting, a leftover habit from earlier days, an artist called up to tell her that *A* was passing out a photograph of her naked from the bikeboy scene and that she looked terrible, and she better stop them. Janet Lee called the Plant and said, "What do you mean passing out a photograph of me naked where I look awful?"

They told her it was a great photograph and she should come immediately to the Plant to go with them to a Hollywood producer's party. Fred told Janet Lee she should give up painting and stick to movies because painting was a dead art and the only real artists today are the rock and roll singers. "What about filmmakers?" Janet Lee asked.

"Oh, there's only about two of them around."

He said Janet Lee was a real performing artist and she really better stop all that painting nonsense.

She put her paintbrush down, got dressed and went to the Plant. She never picked up the paintbrushes again. She left them all stuck in a jar of water, with the paintings and big sheets of no-scene paper plastered on her walls. Two weeks later, Janet Lee finally threw out the brushes, which were all stuck together and falling apart by that time, and tore down all the paintings and threw them out.

She got to the Plant and *A* and Fred said they had to change her name, it sounded too Jewish. Janet Lee Schumann. And no one could leave until it was changed. Janet Lee told them she wasn't Jewish, but they said it didn't matter: the name had to go. There was a Mass on television. *A* looked at it and said, "Fabulous! we'll just *drop* the last name and call you *Gloria!* as in *Gloria In Excelsis Deo.*" They got to the party and *A* introduced her to everybody as, "Our new star, *Gloria!*"

She was still complaining about the photograph from the

motorcyclist movie because there were wrinkles on her stomach and her ribs showed, so they promised they wouldn't use it. Two days later, it was in an ad in an underground paper with a black rectangle printed over her stomach and ribs, and "censored" written on the black.

The next movie they asked her to make, *A* said Gloria would have to be completely nude, except for a black *cache-sexe*—the black *cache-sexes* everybody was going to wear. It was supposed to be a joke, a take-off on the "censored" black patches you see on movie posters.

When she got to the restaurant where they were shooting, there were about twenty reporters there, all sitting in a row in the back of the restaurant and taking notes. The actors took off their clothes and started the film. After about a half an hour, everybody was still doing nothing, so *A* asked Gloria to talk about her life. The reporters really bugged her, so she started drinking wine. Taylor Mead, a co-star, kept refilling her glass and she tried to get drunk but the wine wasn't strong enough and the scene didn't last long enough. At one point, Gloria asked *A* to stop the camera so he did. Then they started shooting again after about ten minutes. The critics always make such a big deal over her asking *A* to stop the camera, saying that she was miffed at the co-star for not paying any attention to her speech while he stood behind her. But the truth was Gloria was just bored with herself. When she finished the last reel, all the reporters clapped and gave her a standing ovation.

Then they all went to a Halloween party at Salvation and sat with Mick Jagger and everybody was so paranoid no one said a word. By this time, Gloria was so stoned she brought a new "star," Julian Bushman, home with her. He lived there for quite a while.

Julian told everyone he was a draft dodger and was from California . . . he was the leader of the "resistance" . . . and he was always going to secret meetings up in the Bronx. Finally he got on Gloria's nerves so she asked him to leave.

The next day the FBI came up to the Plant and said they were looking for a deserter from the army. By this time, the studio had been moved to another building . . . there had been a lot of robberies in the old building and one shoot-out

by a bunch of junkies. Anyway, the FBI were armed with a photograph of Jerrod Ibiza and said, "Does this look anything like Julian Bushman?"

They were one of the robberies in the old factory! They had broken in, gone through all the files and stolen a photo of Jerrod, thinking it was Julian.

Everyone told them it was a perfect likeness of Julian and, "Where did you get it?" Julian, by this time, had fled to Montreal and was given a phony passport by the Canadian movement and had split to Amsterdam. He's still there.

The shoot-out at the old Plant was pretty interesting. One man came up on the elevator, which was fixed by then, and said, "Give me all your money." There were about fourteen people there but they were all terrified of the gun. Then the gunman asked for all the drugs. Nobody gave him any drugs, but they managed to dig up about fifty dollars. They gave him the money and all of a sudden he started crying and said, "I don't want to do this, *A*. . . . Here, somebody take the gun." He handed it to a seventeen-year-old boy who was totally insane and was making a movie with *A* called *The Life of Christ,* his name was Daniel. Daniel said, "I don't want it," and gave it back to him. *A* was cringing in a corner. The gunman said, "I have three bullets in here," and he shot one into a wall. Then he pointed the gun at Fred Morris and clicked the trigger. Nothing happened. "Ha, Russian roulette, let's see who gets the next bullet." Taylor Mead, who weighed about ninety pounds and looked like he was about to die any minute, rushed the gunman and knocked him down. Fred grabbed the gun and put it under the pillow on his chair. Taylor rushed to the window, broke it with his fist, and yelled, "Police." The gunman grabbed the gun from under the pillow and ran out the door. A man was waiting for him in the hall and took him to a car out in the street. The police came and said, "You mean you didn't film it?"

* * *

Meanwhile, Regina La Paz had sent her script up to the Plant. *A* asked Gloria to read it and she refused to have anything to do with it. It was called *Stick it in Your Anus* and was about a woman who kills her son.

One night, Dolores and *A* and Gloria were sitting in Max's and *A* said, "Oh, there's Regina La Paz! Gloria, why don't you talk to her?" Dolores said to Regina, "You dyke, you're disgusting," and left the table. Regina started to tell Gloria her life's story, about how her father went down on her when she was eight years old . . . and how GOOD at it he was.

Gloria said, "No wonder you're a lesbian, Regina, no man could ever be as good as your father."

"Gee, you're probably right, I never thought of that before," she said.

Then she told Gloria how she panhandled in the street and if a man starts to give her money she asks him if he wants to see her make love with another girl and it will be two dollars more.

XVIII

One night, Gloria was at this nightclub called The Scene with *A* and Olga, a girl who was one of *A*'s stars, a European blonde; and this young blue-eyed blond clean-cut American boy came up to her as she was walking through the dance floor on her way back from the toilet and he asked Gloria to dance, besieging her with how much he loved her movies. Gloria said no, but he kept pestering her with those really bright blue eyes bulging out of their sockets, mouth drooling. He had terribly red lips. So finally to get him off her back, Gloria said okay. While they were dancing, he kept asking Gloria questions about Olga and telling her he was in love with Olga. Finally he leaned down and whispered in Gloria's ear, "I want to go down on you," so she left him there in the middle of the floor, went back to the table and said in a loud voice, "*A*, how disgusting! That blue-eyed kid just said, 'I want to go down on you.' "

Then, a few days later, when Olga was living with her, and she and Gloria and Carole, the little French model, were all in her apartment together, Olga said, "There's someone who asked me to dinner tonight. Why don't we all go, he won't mind." They all agreed, got dressed, and about an hour later there was a knock on the door. Gloria admitted the visitor, and it was none other than old "down on you" Blue Eyes. She thought, *What the hell, we might as well eat a good dinner.*

When they got to the restaurant and had a few bottles of wine, Gloria couldn't resist the impulse to tease him: at every

excuse she talked about "eating." He became absolutely ravenous. He begged the girls to go back to Gloria's apartment, with him and a bottle of wine. By this time, Gloria was saying things like, "Let's get *down* on this food."

They all walked back to her apartment. He was like a young kid on his first date.

When they got home, Carole got in the bathtub and said, "I'm going to take a bath and go to bed, the hell with him." He was in the living room with Olga drinking away. Gloria told Carole to get out of the tub and run through the living room naked and go into the bedroom and just jump in bed without saying a word. She did it and Gloria got in the tub. When she finished her bath, she went into the living room naked, and picked up a big belt that Dylan Zimmerman had given Olga. It was wide stiff leather and had big cowbells jangling from it all around. Gloria put it on her hips and danced to the Rolling Stones. Blue Eyes was getting insane, his eyes popping even more crazily out of his head, trying to get close to Gloria. Everytime he came close she danced in the opposite direction.

Gloria tired, and jumped in the bed with Carole; and Olga, all dressed, got in bed too. This was *IT* for Blue Eyes and he curled up at the foot of the bed, begging anyone to fuck him. Gloria condescended, "Well, you can go down on me if you want to." Immediately he leaped at her cunt and began eating away, all the time begging her to follow through and fuck him. The other girls had had enough and went into the living room.

So Gloria thought, *Poor thing, I might as well give him a good fuck.* But that didn't turn out so well either. She pushed him away and told him he was an awful fuck, in fact, he wasn't so hot at sucking either. He said how much he loved Olga again, and Gloria said, "Well, why don't you try and fuck her, she loves it. To really get her going, you'll have to go down on her first." All a lie of course: Olga hated sex except with "yooooooooooung boys." "I only like yooooooooooung boys," she'd say, sounding like growling. Gloria stayed in the bedroom to listen to him pleading. It was really pathetic. Olga came in the bedroom and told Gloria she had been "terrrrrrrrrible."

Gloria marched into the other room, still naked, with cow-

bells, and told Blue Eyes to leave, they were all tired and wanted to go to sleep. "Oh, please, let me go to bed with you," he begged. "There's enough room in the bed, it's a big bed."

Gloria told him if Olga and Carole wanted to sleep with him, it was okay with her, she'd sleep on the couch. Olga and Carole gave her horrid looks and said, "No, he has to leave." He gave up and left.

He kept coming back night after night, but they never admitted him into the apartment again. Finally, he left bouquets of yellow roses at Gloria's door.

They were in there on a mescaline trip one night, Betty St. Andrews and her husband, Marcus, who was a star on Broadway, and his sick friend—this guy, a flute player—and Gloria. Blue Eyes was on the phone, begging to come over. Gloria handed the receiver to Betty who gave a hysterical laugh and implied that all kinds of perverted things were going on, then handed the phone back. Gloria left it lying on the rug. She could hear every word he was saying over the phone as she sat in the other room. This got irritating, so she went and put the phone back on the hook.

About ten minutes later, there was a knock on the door. "Oh, God, it's him again, I'm going to be forced to move," Gloria shrieked. They could hear him through the door: "Please let me come in, I want to talk to you, please please, what are you doing in there?" The knocking stopped after twenty minutes and, two hours later, everyone was really tripping; Marcus had Betty in the bedroom, fucking her, yelling at Gloria to come in.

Gloria was sitting at a table staring at one of her old paintings which was getting transparent. She could see through every level of paint. She had used a powder pigment in magenta and mixed it with acrylic polymer emulsion to get a brighter color. It didn't work. The color was still dull. She had given up and painted the thing in pale pastel colors. The painting looked like a giant cunt: it was supposed to have been the interior of a Hawaiian orchid. It ended up a giant cunt, six feet by six feet. She was staring at this cunt and it seemed the red was bleeding through. It looked as if it was having a period, and it kept opening and closing.

The flutist had been trying to get Gloria to join him in some

sex all night. But Gloria was in no mood to fuck with anybody, she just wanted to look at her painting. The flutist, who wasn't really a flutist, who was a ninth-rate actor out of work who carried his flute around with him, started to play, and it was really beautiful.

Gloria thought she could hear the sound of the air against the wood of the flute before the note came out. The music was going along with the opening and closing of the cunt painting, which was also bleeding with each vibration of wood. She took the flute away from him and held it. It was moving in her hands, playing by itself. She could feel the hands of everyone who had played it since it was made. And the sensation in the hands was so light that it was as though each part of the flute was floating but at the same time contracting and expanding. The flutist said to her, "You take it from my hands, you take it in your hands, like a goddess."

Gloria couldn't stand listening to his clichés. When he had first arrived, she really hated him and wouldn't even speak to him because his sexual obsessions made her uncomfortable. Betty had said the day before that the flutist was the best fuck she ever had, but Gloria wasn't interested in her ideas, she had seen her fucking with Marcus, and didn't find it too interesting. . . . just the usual in and out method. . . . . By this time Gloria was looking for a specialist in Tantric Yoga.

While she was holding the flute, looking at the painting, and trying to talk to the flutist, Marcus was bellowing from the bedroom, "AWWW, COME ON IN *HERE* AND GET IN ON THE FUCKING." Gloria closed the bedroom door, the flute had inspired her. She closed the bedroom door on them as a symbolic gesture to husband and wife.

And later, Marcus wanted to go out and get cigarettes. So Betty crept to the front door and put her eye to the peephole. She came back howling with laughter, that there was a manic bulging blue eye at the other side—that's all she could see. So Marcus didn't go for cigarettes and Blue Eyes finally left. He wasn't there when they got up in the morning.

During the night, Betty was crying and Gloria held her in her arms and rocked her like a baby. Betty loved it and kept crying. "Gloria, you're a saint," she repeated over and over. Marcus was really bugged because he wanted to fuck.

....Willow returns from a modeling job and visits Gloria....men are such cunts

XIX

V. He was going to give me a commercial, Janet, and I hardly ever get commercials, right? It's such a drag, I go on all these interviews and I never get anything . . . so I got the commercial and I was really happy that I got it but then he asked me for my phone number because he said he wanted to discuss it with me and tell me where we were working and things like that . . . so I gave him my phone number and then he called me and asked me if I wanted to have dinner with him . . . . and I didn't know what to say, so I said yes, planning to think of some way to tell him no later on . . . . do you ever have somebody proposition you with something and you say yes but you don't mean the yes but you've got to think of some way to say no later? . . . . . well that's what I did. . . . I was really depressed, because I thought oh, he's giving me a commercial, but in order for him to give it to me I have to pay him by going out to dinner with him . . . . right? . . . and wow I already felt so exploited so for about two days I was really in a heavy depression . . . and I asked my music teacher what I should do and he said tell him that your personal life prohibits you from having dinner with anybody except your boyfriend . . . and that's exactly what I told him . . . and he said awright, awright awright . . . forget it . . . I want you to know ONE thing . . . I always separate business and pleasure . . . . I said but I'd be GLAD to have a drink with you . . . that's what

my music teacher said I should tell him . . . . because a drink means only half an hour . . . . so he didn't want to have a drink, he was scared of the whole thing by that time . . . so anyway he came and picked me up in a limousine and we went to the airport, ... this was at night, we were traveling directly up to this location spot, we went to Toronto, and he said in Toronto we have to stay overnight because there's no connection until the next morning to this little town we're going . . . so we went to this hotel . . . . oh, yeah, so he told me but we're going to stay at this real nice hotel . . . . . a nouveau riche kind of person you know . . . and so we're traveling along in Toronto from the airport and I see this really WEIRD looking building . . . . like someone trying to do something modern and strange and different from the regular cube, and I said . . . wow will you have a look at that freaky, weird looking, horrible building? and he said yeah, that's the hotel where we're staying . . . so we came to this horrible hotel and he makes a big spiel at the desk . . . give me the best, I'm from Heron Films, I want a suite . . . and he said things like If you had Nixon coming here where would you put him? . . . and then he said no, never mind, not NIXON! . . . . I'd put him in the cellar . . . . and then You know what I mean, I want the BEST . . . I'm from Heron Films, give me the BEST . . . how about the living room with two bedrooms on either side? so we got that and we went upstairs and he took a shower and I took a shower and then he made a big spiel about the champagne, he wanted the wine list and then he told me all about the good wines, and what years, and then he made a big thing about how much the champagne cost, how expensive it was, and then the dinner came and after dinner we were sitting around and just talking, and all of a sudden he wanted to know about my sex life, what kind of a sex life I have . . . and how he worked up to that was by saying that all the models, the junior models who work for his magazine, that forty percent of them are lesbians, and that about ninety percent of the high fashion models are lesbians . . . . well I've never encountered ONE lesbian the whole time that I've been a model, do you believe me? . . . . NOT ONE TIME . . . . all they care about is their boyfriends and who they're going out with, and are they going to get married . . . . I mean all they care about is MEN, you

know . . . . and so he was coming on with this thing about them being lesbians. . . .

J. Did you tell him that?

W. Yeah, of course, and he said well, of course they don't let you know that they're lesbians, they're very COOL . . . . . and so I figured that the reason he said that is because he's not attractive and he's short and he can't get a model, don't you think so? huh?

J. Maybe he wanted to make it with you and another girl . . . . why do you think he said that?

W. Because he can't fuck the models and he wants to . . .

J. Oh, I get it . . . rationalization.

W. Yeah that they're all horrible who wants them anyway . . . right?

J. I'm sure you're right.

W. Yeah, I think so, so then he wanted to know if I had any homosexual experiences, he went on and on, and what did I like to do in sex and things like that? And then at one point I didn't want to sit next to him on the couch so I wanted to sit on the floor, so I went and got a towel, because you know, those dirty rugs, wall to wall carpeting in hotel rooms? I'm not going to sit on one of those . . . you know they're DIRTY, there's nothing dirtier than a wall to wall rug, especially in a public place, right? . . . . so I put a towel underneath me you know, and so the waiter was about to come in and he said . . go get rid of that towel! and I said . . why? . . . I said it's FILTHY . . . . so he said because in America they think you're having sex if you have a towel on the floor. . . .

J. Maybe he wanted to watch you make it with another girl. . . .

W. But there was no other girl around . . . . this was all immediate . . .

J. Maybe he'd say let's go out to a bar and pick up another girl?

W. No, he said he wanted to stay in that night . . . . we were watching TV and you know that big fat woman . . . . all the Jewish women used to like her a lot . . . . she used to sing for years, and her favorite song is "Hold Your Head Up High" . . . you know which one I mean?

J. Kate Smith?

W. Yeaaaaas . . . . . hahahah and he said WHAT A VOICE, WHAT A VOICE . . he kept saying about Kate Smith . . .

J. So she was on television, and you had the towel under your ass . . .

W. Somebody else came on TV, he's always at the Copa and Las Vegas, he's the most popular singer in America, what's his name? He's the real American boy . . .

J. Eddie Fisher?

W. No, he's a WASP . . no, he's Jewish . . .

J. Not Eddie Fisher?

W. No, he's more blondish and he has a crewcut, he looks like he's going to Vietnam . . .

J. Tony Bennett?

W. Yeah . . .

J. But he's not blond . . .

W. Well when hair's that short you can't tell the color—you just see a pink scalp . . . I forgot his name, oh anyway it doesn't matter! So I went and got some paper and some magic markers and I started to draw . . . because I knew he was going to be a bore about the sex thing, so I started to draw and I never looked at him, I just continued drawing the whole time, and he said, Tell me about your sex life and I said, No, tell me about yours because I thought that way he'll tell me about his for a long, long time and by the time he's finished I'll say that I have to go to bed and then we'll never GET to me . . . He said that with his wife he used to manipulate her clitoris while they were fucking and that he really liked doing that and then he wanted to know if there was a difference between a vaginal and clitoral orgasm . . .

J. Hahahahahaha what did you tell him?

W. I would say things like I'm embarrassed, he would say things like, Now you tell me what you think and I would say, I'm embarrassed because I never committed myself you see . . . then he would say things like I get bored with sex and It's good not to do it too often because then it gets boring if you do it too often, and he said what he does is he masturbates with people when he gets bored with sex and he said that he wanted to masturbate with me . . . so I told him I didn't want to. He said, Why? and I'm FANTASTIC, I can make you happy, I'm really, . . . I'm fantastic! can you IMAGINE him saying that?

J. I've heard it before.

W. I don't understand these people, do you?

J. No, they're pretty sick.

W. What do they THINK? Oh, God, I don't understand them . . .

J. Then you know he must be lousy if he said . . .

W. Oh, of course!

J. So do you think there's any difference between a clitoral and a vaginal orgasm?

W. Um, I think so, don't you? I'll tell you why I think that, when I jerk off the main thing that happens when I come, I think about how badly I feel that I don't have a prick in me.

J. Yeah, yeah, yeah, me too . . .

W. You know, and it feels so vacuous . . . oh, Zack and everybody's always asking me, What do you think about when you jerk off?

J. Yeah? What do you think about?

W. They think of all kinds of things that I would be thinking about, but I'm always thinking about the prick, aren't you?

J. No.

W. I think about other things, of course . . .

J. I hardly think about anything . . . sometimes I think about girls . . .

W. Yeah, I do that too . . . Oh, I feel so exploited! I feel that Zack is exploiting me too.

J. Of course you're exploited, everybody's exploited! I'm always being exploited, Willow . . .

W. Nobody has anything to do with you unless they're getting something out of it it seems to me. Huh?

J. But you should be getting just as much out of it and you're not . . .

W. Yes, that's the whole thing isn't it?

J. I would never cook another meal for him, Willow, but no I wouldn't go THAT far . . .

W. Well he cooked the dinner last night because I just didn't do it. I just SAT there.

J. But for you to cook EVERY night and EVERY morning like an old married couple and wash dishes . . . STUPID!

W. I think so too and what is it, like some kind of an archaic thing where the woman is inferior and she should take all that shit?

J. Exactly, while you have to work your ass off all day long? Do you want him to marry you?

W. *Oh, well at this point I don't want to have a baby or anything with him . . . I don't give a shit about the married thing you know, it's just that he just won't, well, you know that song "It Ain't Me Babe"? you know that Joan Baez or somebody sings? Well I told Zack that that's his song to me. He was kind of hurt and I don't remember what he said, but anyway something like go away from my window, and I'm not the one you want babe, you're looking for someone who's never weak but always strong, then something like, you say you're looking for someone who will promise never to part, well I'm not saying that you like PROMISE each other for life, you know what I mean? But either you GIVE YOURSELF COMPLETELY or you don't and Zack doesn't you know . . . He probably cares for me a lot more, I'm probably underestimating his feelings . . .*

J. *You're not telling him about the guy asking you to masturbate with him?*

W. *No.*

J. *Why don't you make a big scene and tell him about the guy asking you to masturbate with him in the hotel?*

W. *To make him jealous?*

J. *No, just to let him know how you're feeling . . .*

W. *I don't know what you mean?*

J. *Just to let him know how you're feeling—so exploited and everything and how much you hate your work, and just put on a big scene and say, and then this guy begged me to masturbate with him in Canada and he'll say WHAT WHAT what are you talking about? and then you'll go through a whole scene and you can cry and scream sob hysterically and tell him he doesn't care about you . . . you know I feel like that so many times totally humiliated standing there naked getting a photograph taken, with a bunch of creeps standing around drooling and you feel was I born for this; right?*

W. *Yeah, well I know that I'm probably being a masochist more than anything else . . . because if I don't like it why don't I just . . . lump it . . . You know why I don't just say the hell with it. I hate that whole thing of being alone, don't you?*

J. *Yeah, you mean alone when, alone working, or just all the time?*

W. *No, being alone . . . I mean separating from Zack, I feel like what I should do if I had any kind of courage, like if there*

was anything to me, then I would say to Zack, Look you know, I think it's a bunch of SHIT that I'm acting like your servant, you know, without even a salary, like your MAID, without even a salary, I'm acting like your WIFE without even the benefits of a wife, right? I should tell him that and then if he changes, he changes and if he doesn't like it he can leave, and I should take the consequences either way, if I had any guts, that's what I feel.

J. He won't leave. Hire a MAID tell him if he wants to live with you you think you should move into a bigger apartment and have a live-in maid.

W. YEAH if not a live-in, at least a maid.

J. Right, somebody to do the cooking, wash the dishes, do the laundry and clean.

W. Yeah.

J. I mean it's RIDICULOUS that you should be his slave.

W. Yeah I mean I'm probably just complaining needlessly . . .

J. No, I told you that BEFORE.

W. Yeah.

J. I mean that's a horrible LIFE . . . working all day, cooking every night and then just starting all over again the next morning, there's just no POINT TO IT, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG to live like that.

W. I know and I feel like it's the eighteenth century or something. It really feels old-fashioned.

Ding Dong

J. JUST A MINUTE. . . .

W. IS THAT YOUR MUSIC TEACHER?

J. No, it's my cleaners . . . I put it all, it's right there . . . no they never give me a laundry bag, would you leave the other one, oh, OK.

W. What cleaner comes and picks up for you?

J. Iris Cleaners, they're terrific . . . you never have to do anything . . .

W. I used to have a cleaners come called Mayflower, but the guy actually tried to fuck me one day. He backed me into the apartment and tried to kiss me and then he kept sending me this bill . . .

Tragedy Strikes....

XX

While we were doing the college tour, I used to go to A's house to pick him up on our way to the airport. He only let me see the front room. When I would arrive, I would see his mother peering out of a window in the basement, but for only a brief glimpse. I never got a good look at her. She never left the basement, and A didn't want her (her name was Tekla), to meet any of his "associates." The house he lived in was right next door to the New York Planned Parenthood Institute. I knew that because there was a sign on the side of the building, saying NEW YORK PLANNED PARENTHOOD INSTITUTE.

The entrance to A's building had a lot of junk piled up on the stairs inside the front door. There was an old John Chamberlain crushed car sculpture on the landing, blocking it completely so if you wanted to go upstairs you had to go around through the living room. The living room had an old American cigar store wooden Indian in it, along with a bubble gum machine and some other early American antiques. The room beyond the living room was completely blocked and filled to the ceiling with paintings. There was an old desk in the room, the kind with a lot of secret drawers and cubbyholes, and the entire room and everything in it was covered with a layer of dust. Old lace doilies were on the arms of the couch. That was the only room I was allowed to see. Everyone else at the Plant (at least all the girls, because the girls weren't allowed into the house, only a few select boys) was very

curious to know what I saw in the house. They kept asking me questions about the interior.

On April 17, 1968, I had an incredible dream about A and his mother and the house, which I instantly recorded. The first dream I ever wrote down. I bought a special book and I was going to put all my dreams in it, but, after the fourth dream, I got bored with it. The second dream in the book was about Brigitte Bardot, and the third, about Lennie Walter. The dream about A was recorded exactly like this:

Somehow in the dream, I knew that nobody knew where A's house was. Everybody wanted to know. Suddenly I found myself in the house. A and his mother, Tekla, were there and the house was on Lake Erie right near my father's summer house. It was in a Methodist stronghold, where drinking and dancing were still forbidden. However, the children of the community were fond of climbing up the tower of the lighthouse at night without any clothes on. The water of the river could be seen very blue through windows of the house. Tekla had dark hair and was much younger than she really is. She told me I could stay overnight, and she showed me to A's room. "You can sleep here," she said, "because A's sleeping someplace else."

The room was paneled in dark wood and the bed had a wooden canopy over it.

There were a lot of rooms in the house. I went into the kitchen which was downstairs, or at least you had to walk down a few stairs to get into it. It was dark and had a few windows, set high, overlooking the river. There was a lot of junk in it and rosary beads on the cabinet door handles. There were a lot of young fags in the house, one of whom we had met on a college tour and who came to Arizona to stay with A in his cabin while we were making a movie. His name was Joey and he tried to kill himself in A's cabin by turning on the gas jets of the heater. A was sleeping when he did it. Then he came to New York and was living in my apartment. When I walked into the kitchen, I found A, sitting against a wall, having a nervous breakdown. He had told me about the five nervous breakdowns he had had as a child, so I assumed

that this was another because he was shaking all over and screaming at the same time. I put my arms around him and lifted him up and said, "Hold on tight and you'll be all right." After a few gyrations of my pelvis against his, he calmed down. Then I saw that he had cut his finger and there was a drop of very red blood on it. His mother came in the kitchen, looked at his finger, and went upstairs to find a band-aid. But he was almost dead, from the loss of the one drop of blood, when she got back; and we had to run screaming for help and rushed him to the hospital.

I forgot about the dream and the dream journal until the following June. I went up to United Artists because they wanted to see me for a part in a movie they were making. I got the part and they sent me right away to Kenneth, the hairdresser. The boy who was to play my brother was to have his hair bleached to match mine and they had to check the colors.

At Kenneth's, I called the Plant to tell A about the movie. A answered the phone and we were talking for a while, when he gave the phone to Fred Morris, his assistant. While I was talking to Fred, I heard three sharp retorts like a whip, and then I heard A scream something that started with a G. I thought he was screaming, "Gloria."

"Oh, shit," I said, "they're playing around with the whip I bought in San Diego and A is shouting, 'Gloria.' I guess they want to teach me a lesson about that whip."

While I was saying that to Gordon, the boy playing my brother, I heard two more cracks. I waited and waited, but no one came back to the phone. I hung up and dialed the other phone.

Fred picked up the phone and said, "Regina La Paz just shot A. There's blood all over the place. I've got to hang up. Good-bye."

"Oh, shit!" I exclaimed once again, "what a trick to try and play on me. Can you imagine them saying Regina La Paz shot A?"

"It's a pretty mean trick, all right," said Gordon.

"I think I'll have my hair done while I'm here," I said to the hairdresser. "I'll charge it to United Artists." And I sat down in the chair and put my head in the sink.

"Well, aren't you going to call back?" the wash girl asked me. "What if it's true?"

"Oh, it couldn't *possibly* be true, you know how they are at the Plant," I said.

"But just the same, I think you ought to call back."

"Oh, don't be silly, just do my hair." Gordon told me to call back too, so I relented. This time Ted answered the phone.

"Is it true that A was shot?" I asked.

He was crying and choking and could hardly speak. He choked out, "Yes, it's true, and there's blood all over the place."

I hung up and said, "Well, I still don't believe it!"

"I'll call and ask for A," said Gordon. "They don't know *I'm* with you."

So he called, spoke, hung up, and told us, "Someone answered the phone and said, 'No, A isn't here, and might not be back ever.' "

"I just spoke to him. I know he's there," I said. "My God, it must be true."

I grabbed my script and ran out the door trying to find a taxi. There weren't any in sight and it was the rush hour. So I went up to a cab with somebody in it and said, "What's the fastest way to Union Square?"

"The subway, lady," the driver told me.

I ran up and down the street and couldn't understand what had happened to the subway. I couldn't find it anywhere. Then I realized that I was on Madison Avenue, not Lexington. I rushed down to Lexington Avenue and dived into the subway. Once in the train, I tried to force myself to read my script. I still didn't believe it, but I couldn't concentrate on the script.

I got out of the subway on 14th Street and discovered that I had taken the wrong exit. I had to run across the park at Union Square to get to the Plant. Before I was halfway across the park, I saw the police cars lined up and a crowd outside the Plant building. I started to whimper and then to scream. I ran up to a cop and said, "Was a man just shot here?" He said, "Yes, lady," and I started to run toward the building. "Hey, wait a minute," he shouted, "where are you going, wait a minute, how do you know about the shooting?"

I just ignored him and kept running. Ted came out of the building at the same time I was running in, and his face looked so strange, like a mask. I thought it looked like a theater mask and that he

was pretending to be grieving. I thought, *Maybe it isn't true. Maybe it's a movie they're shooting and they got the cops here and everything just to make it more real. They just want to shoot my reaction.*

I couldn't stop screaming though, even though I thought it was a movie. I saw a stretcher in the lobby of the building and it was empty.

Oh, God, he must be dead, I thought, and kept on screaming. I could hear my voice, but I couldn't stop it. Jed came in the elevator with me, holding me up.

When the elevator reached the sixth floor and the door opened into the Plant, somebody came up to me and tried to shut me up. But, by the time the elevator doors had closed behind me, I saw the bullets on the floor with tape around them, marking the spot, the bullet holes in the wall, the blood on the telephone cord, and the police. Then the room started to turn white so I thought I was on an acid trip.

Someone must have put acid in that coke at United Artists, I thought, *and I'm imagining all this.*

I was still screaming and Fred was still saying, "Stop it!" when Billy came up to me and I threw myself into his arms. He was really in pain. I knew it was true; at least with Billy it wasn't a mask.

Just before I passed out, I saw Fred on the phone talking to a customer about sending a film someplace. The next thing I knew, I was on the couch in the back room and Fred and Billy were saying, "Just lie there and don't move."

I got up anyway and announced that I was going to the hospital.

"Don't go there," Fred said, and a policeman stopped me and sat me in a white wicker chair.

"Now, young lady," he said, "tell us what you know about this."

"I heard it on the telephone," I told him.

"Who were you talking to?" the cop demanded.

"I can't remember, maybe it was Fred, or was it A, I don't know, I can't remember. Now I have to go to the hospital."

He let me go and I sneaked out the door before Fred or Billy could stop me. When I got out into the street, all the people were still there gaping up at the sixth-floor window and it was impossible to find a taxi. I went up to a man in a car and said, "The man I

work for has just been shot, do you think you could drive me to the hospital, it isn't far away?"

He said, "What's the matter with you, lady?" So I walked.

At the reception desk, I asked about A and the girl said she didn't have any information. I sat down in a chair and began to cry, and another woman said to me, "Pull yourself together."

Then a fat man came up to me and said, "If you would like to follow me, I'll take you downstairs to the emergency room where all Mr. A's friends are." He led me downstairs and there were about thirty people there, the owner of the art gallery at which A showed his paintings, several photographers, the press, and all the underground stars, and newspapermen, and a lot of artists.

I was worried about A's mother, and tried to telephone her before the newspapers did. The line was constantly busy. Just as I hung up the phone, I saw Jerrod Ibiza, A's favorite actor and poet, through the emergency room window, escorting Tekla into the hospital. I breathed a sigh of relief and got up to meet her. She was in terrible shape and kept asking me, "Why did someone harm me A?" Eventually a doctor came down and took her away to give her a sedative. She already had a bad heart condition. She looked like an old Yugoslavian peasant woman, stooped over and grey, wearing a threadbare black coat, black stockings with runs in them, and a babushka. She barely spoke English and what English she spoke was very heavily accented. They took her away and a reporter came up to me and said he was from a radio station, and would I give him an interview outside.

I went over to the art gallery owner and said, "What shall I do?" and he told me to give the interview so I did.

The reporter asked me how I felt and I asked him, "How would you feel if somebody you loved was shot?" I went back inside and Infra-Red, the only "star" not already at the hospital was on the phone asking for me. I told her that A was on the critical list and there was very little chance of survival. She said she would be right down.

After two hours had passed, Infra finally showed up. She was dressed in a Chanel suit with a lot of gold jewelry, a fresh-from-the-coiffeur hairdo and perfect makeup. The minute she arrived,

she closeted herself in a cubicle with one reporter after another. Then the same fat man who brought me down into the room and who turned out to be the public relations man for the hospital told me that he would bring me and Jerrod upstairs to the doctors' waiting room, and we could stay there with Tekla, until the operation was over. He told us that the doctors were operating on the lungs, liver, spleen, stomach, intestines, and gall bladder of A, and it would be at least three hours until the operation would be over. As we left the room, the last thing I heard was Infra-Red saying to a reporter: "Well, I always thought that he was a great artist . . . I have made three movies for him, the first was called. . . ."

When we got up to the doctors' waiting room, a woman called Mitzie was already there. She was plump, had bleached blond hair, and was wearing a pink suit. She was about fifty years old and owned an advertising agency that A did commercials for sometimes, for television. She was a wreck too, and she kept talking to me about what to do if the television reporters asked me to say anything.

"Make sure you say nice things about A," she kept saying. "After that *Metropolitan* magazine article I don't know *what* to expect."

Then the PR man walked into the room again and said, "You're not Regina La Paz, are you?"

"Of course, I'm not Regina La Paz, where did you get that idea?" I asked him.

"Oh, some people out in the hall just asked me if you were the girl who shot him, and I thought maybe you were using another name here."

I couldn't believe my ears. I was used to being reviled and spat upon, witness *Metropolitan* magazine, but to be accused of being a murderess was too much, even for me. Mitzie set him straight and he left the room.

Then someone brought the newspapers in, and the headline just said, ACTRESS SHOOTS A. I was afraid my mother might hear it and think that I did it, if the hospital thought so. So I telephoned her from the doctors' waiting room and she was so nasty to me I had to hang up on her.

"What does he mean to you?" she kept raving. "Don't your father and I mean more?"

I think she thought I was having an affair with A. It finally occurred to me that that was what she had thought all along. I hung up, disgusted once again, and pondered over the strange way that mother and Foxie were always trying to pit themselves against anybody I was involved with in any way. It was as though both were jealous lovers. Here was A, dying in the hospital, and mother was saying, "Who means more to you?"

Then I called A's answering service and took all the messages, just to keep busy I guess. After I got all the messages written down, Tekla came into the room and started in again on, "Why did they shoot me A?"

The PR man made another appearance to ask me if A was allergic to penicillin. I asked Tekla for the name of A's doctor, but she just couldn't remember. Finally, Jerrod remembered. He was away on vacation, but the answering service gave me the name and phone number of his partner. I found him at a hospital and he went back to the office to look up A's file. He called back in ten minutes to say, yes, A was allergic to penicillin. So I told the PR man who wanted to know because the doctors had to throw some antibiotic powder into the open wounds. I told him they could throw in anything but penicillin.

Meanwhile Tekla was sobbing away, and Mitzie was trying to comfort her. Five hours passed, and the operation was over. The PR man announced that A was still alive, but it was a 50-50 chance of recovery. Then a doctor came in and said it was a better than 50-50 chance, but they always told the reporters that because they didn't want to raise false hopes. Then the PR man made yet another appearance and asked me to go into the lobby.

"The place is full of TV cameramen and reporters and they won't leave without talking to you. You seem to be the one they want. Please do it, so we can get them out of here."

"Listen, Mitzie," I said, "I don't think I can do it."

"Go on," Mitzie said, "go on and do it, and redeem yourself from that awful article in *Metropolitan* magazine."

So Jerrod and I went into the lobby and my knees were shaking like jello. All the underground "stars" were gathered there meanwhile, one group standing under the statue of the Virgin Mary and the other sitting on a bench under a painting of the Sacred Heart, giving out "exclusives" to the pariah. I stood there with Jerrod, observing this incredible scene, which was like a cross between a

box lunch picnic and an Irish wake, all that was missing was the booze, everyone was eating sandwiches.

"Just stand over here, Miss, in front of this light," one of the newsmen said, so we did as we were told. They got their fucking cameras ready and lights, and shoved a mike in our faces.

"What do you have to say?" he asked me, and I replied, "Not too much."

Before they were satisfied, they said, "Just lean over a little into Jerrod, like you're leaning on him so we can get another shot." I was leaning on him anyway, but I guess I didn't look pathetic enough. I leaned a little more, and they snapped their pictures and said, "OK, you can go now." Then they concentrated their artillery on Jerrod who was a little more articulate. I went back into the waiting room with the PR man and we devised a way of getting Tekla out of there without having to go through all the photographers at the front entrance. He went back into the lobby-television studio, and I headed, with Tekla in tow, for the rear entrance. Inger stopped us and said the rear door was locked. So we made a dash for the front door again, and the cameramen almost trampled us trying to get a shot at Tekla.

"If you'd just cooperate, this wouldn't be necessary," a reporter hissed in my ear.

Then the PR man spotted us and said, "What are you doing over here? I thought I told you to use the rear door."

It turned out that the back door wasn't locked, but Inger just wanted to get in a few more pictures.

Tekla was hysterical by the time we got out, and, as I found a cab, opened the door and shoved her in, several flashbulbs went off in our eyes. Jerrod and I got into the cab with her and brought her home. I was sure we'd have trouble at the house with some more eager-beaver cameramen, but, luckily, the place was deserted. We went into the house and Tekla brought us into the kitchen.

It was downstairs, just like in my dream, and there were rosary beads on all the cabinet handles. There were cats all over the place and one had just pissed on the oilcloth covering the kitchen table. "Ooh, these cats," moaned Tekla. "Just a minute, I'll wipe it the table."

She soaked a rag with pure undiluted Clorox and cleaned the table. The place really stank by this time, and I had trouble not vomiting. She insisted on making some soup, but we made her lie down. Her bedroom was the room off the kitchen. There was a lot of other furniture in there all covered with white muslin. There was a television set there and a lot of birds in cages.

Jerrod decided to make the soup, but he put flour in chicken soup because he was reading the label on the onion soup by mistake. I ate some of it and then went into the bathroom and threw up in the toilet. Tekla got all upset and made me lie down on her bed, while she made some more soup.

After the soup, she showed me the bloodstained shirt of A and cried over and over again, "Me A, me A, please God, don't let me A die."

About two in the morning, Tekla asked Jerrod if he would bring me home. Jerrod said, "Of course." I told Jerrod he could stay at my apartment and Tekla said, "Oh, no! His mama wouldn't like that at all. He has to go home. Why don't you both stay here? You can sleep in A's bed."

Her television wasn't working so I went up to A's room to look for his. I couldn't find the light switch, so I stumbled around in the dark and my eyes finally made out the outlines in the room. *It was paneled in dark wood and the bed had a canopy over it.* I suddenly remembered the dream I had had in April, with the bed in it with the canopy over it, and I got so freaked I ran back down the stairs.

The next day I called the patrons of A in Houston. They had put a lot of money into him. They suggested that I find a kidney doctor for A, so I telephoned the doctor they suggested. He went over to the hospital and examined A and then called to tell me that they were doing such a good job at the hospital that A was in that he didn't want to move him. He worked in a hospital that had a special kidney machine, but he was afraid the move would be bad for A.

"He's really doing very well," he told me. "Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, of course, I want to see him, but his doctors won't let me," I told him.

"Well, I'll call the hospital tomorrow and tell them to let you in," he said.

However, the doctors of A wouldn't let me. Whenever I went to the hospital, they treated me like a weirdo. They acted as though anyone connected with A was evil and shouldn't be allowed in the room. It was a Catholic hospital with nuns running it.

I made friends with the nurse and went every day to leave for A the newspapers and magazines and other little things I thought he might like. At last, one day, I went to the hospital with Dolores and Jerrod and they said we could see him for ten minutes. Dolores was afraid to go in, so I went in with Jerrod. He was in the extensive care section and there were machines all over the place. Electrical wires were connected to him and his heart rate was making patterns on the machine on the head nurse's desk. Next to him was a young boy who was there because he almost died of an overdose of a drug and no one knew what drug. His mother and father told me that he used to go to Max's restaurant a lot and would I please try to find out from the people at Max's what drug he was on. "His wife," they said, "is just as bad as he is. She won't tell us anything."

When I walked into the room there he was raving and ranting in the bed next to A. I walked over to A. He had a piece of white cloth on his head tied in four little knots on the corners and his arms were full of needles for intravenous feeding.

"Hi," he whispered. "Look at that guy next to me. Don't tell anybody, but the nurse is in love with him and she knows what drug he's coming off. She has a supply in the cupboard and she keeps giving it to him when he gets too bad. Please don't tell anybody. They kiss and hug when they think that nobody can see them. Look at that cabinet full of drugs. I'm afraid if Dolores gets in here she'll steal all the drugs. Don't tell her about them."

"A, stop talking so much!" I said. I had to move over to the other side of his bed to hear him because his voice was so weak.

"I hurt so much, so much. I wish I had died," he said.

Jerrod and I told him to stop talking such nonsense. The nurse came over to shoo us away.

I spent the next few evenings with Tekla, and she told me the same things each evening.

"You are an angel," she would say, and put her hands up toward the heavens in a praying position, "and I pray to the good Jesus that he will save me A so he can marry you."

"Now, Tekla," I would say, "A and I are just good friends, we can't get married. You have to be in love to get married."

Then she would talk about my dress. "How much this dress cost? Forty dollars! Forty dollars for half a dress!" fingering my thigh and saying, "Too short, too short, no decent man will marry you with such a short dress."

Then on my later visits, she became obsessed with my "dowry." "You must work hard, don't just work for me boy. Work for other people. Me A doesn't pay you enough. You need money for the wedding."

"But Tekla, if I'm going to marry A, why do I need money?"

"No, no, no, you no marry A. You and A like brother and sister, like you tell me other day. Brother and sister no get married, you must be in love to get married. My body like magnet, you understand; me hands like magnet, only attract good men. You go beer garden with me," she squealed and giggled, "I find good men and I give them all to you."

Then A's nephew came who was studying to be a priest. He and I had a beer together one day when I met him coming out of the hospital. Afterward, I told Tekla that I had had a beer with her great-nephew, Paulie, and she said, "Paulie, Paulie had beer with you? Shame, shame on Paulie! He supposed to be priest, not going out with girls. Paulie's mama, I tell her. She come here one day when I sick, and I hear her saying to priest that me boy, A, no good, that A never go to Mass."

"Oh, Tekla, that isn't true!" I told her. "A goes to Mass every single Sunday when he's with me on the college tour. He even goes to confession."

"Oh, you sure?" she asked.

"Sure I'm sure! Would I lie to you?" I said.

"That good," she declared, "you go to priest around corner priest that Paulie's mama tell A is no good. You tell priest that A good boy. His father, good Polish Jew, work hard, house painter Hahahahahahaha! Wait till I tell Paulie's mama that he have bee with you. That teach her a lesson."

"Oh, you wouldn't do that, Tekla, would you?" I teased.

"Of course not," she told me, "I just joking."

The next day I had another beer with Paulie and he told me that he was sure that the day would come when priests would be able to marry.

On Sunday, I met both Tekla and Paulie at the hospital. "You must come to church with us, Gloria," Tekla said, "but you not DRESSED RIGHT. Go home and change!" I had on trousers.

The rumor went that A had bought his mother a church on the proceeds from the most perverted of his movies. There was supposed to be a plaque in the church, which was right around the corner from the hospital, with the name of A's mother engraved on it in gold. I had never seen it but everyone else swore it was there. That was the church she wanted me to go to.

That Monday, I showed up at A's house with a camera for Tekla to give to A. I had on a riding jacket.

"That the way you should look, Gloria. Nice jacket. Why you not have that on last Sunday so you could go to church with us. Why you wear dirty blouse last Sunday?"

"Tekla," I said (while thinking *My god, it was the blouse, I thought it was the trousers*), "That blouse was clean. I just had it cleaned. It was loaned to me by Infra-Red." "No wonder it grey," said Tekla. "Hmmph, that Infra, don't ever wear her clothes again."

One day, I asked Tekla what was A's birthdate because someone wanted to do his chart. She went through the list of her six children and told me all the details of their births. "When me Jackie was born," she said, "such trouble, I couldn't find papa. He was roofing a house in the town, I sent Janetta to find him . . . ahhhhhahhhh me Janetta," she sobbed, "me Janetta she fell off fence and break ribs. Doctor not know she break ribs. She die. Me Janetta, me Janetta." She became hysterical at this point, and I tried to get her mind off the subject. It must have happened thirty or forty years before, at least, but she was reliving it as though it were yesterday.

"What day was A born?" I kept insisting. She went through the rest of Jackie's birth, and the five other births, but couldn't remember a thing about the birth of A. "I remember tomorrow," she kept promising, "I remember tomorrow, call me tomorrow and I tell you."

"What your real name," she asked me, "I no like Gloria."

"Gloria," I told her, "but my name was Janet."

"Ahhhhhh me Janetta, me Janetta, she break ribs falling off fence, me Janetta, me Janetta . . . . . I call you Janetta, I no like Gloria . . . . Me Janetta, she die. . . ."

After two months, they sent A home and he called me up. "Paulie was sent back home," he said. "He fell in love with one of my nurses and kept asking her to go out and have a beer with him. His mother was afraid that he wouldn't finish his priesthood studies, so they sent him back to the seminary."

Book Two

.... *Gloria leaves New York* ....

XXI

One fall night, in 1968, a Frenchman phoned Gloria and left a message with the answering service. "Friend of Carole, Luc Innocenti—call him at the Warwick." Carole had left for Paris a couple of days after the night with Blue Eyes. Gloria called and Luc Innocenti didn't speak English, only French. She thought he said that he was a film director, and thought, well, friend of Carole; so they arranged to meet at the Plant where *A* was giving a party for Olga, in honor of her latest record.

When she arrived, a girl, dressed in antique Victorian lace with nothing underneath, was at the door taking invitations. Gloria asked her if a Frenchman had arrived looking for her, and she said "WOW." Gloria went up in the elevator and opened the door of the Plant. The entire studio was without light because they were showing one of *A*'s movies of Olga, while, at the same time, her record was playing in a loud ear-splitting whine. Threshold of pain. Half the audience was gritting their teeth against the pitch, and the other half was murmuring, "Beautiful, beautiful." After it was over, Olga came to Gloria as she was eating her chicken box lunch (there were two hundred box lunches . . . that was the food) and said, "There's a nice yo-o-o-oung boy wants to meet you." Gloria looked up over a sea of faces and saw Lucien Centi, the young semidemented French actor.

The beauty of Lucien was something that had to be experienced to be believed. It just HIT, like an explosion. Big brown liquid saint eyes, eyelashes long, dark and curly. . . . His hair

was sort of mangy, but fine and long with bangs. He was wearing some pieces of junk, very bummy clothes.

"Oh, I just saw your movie," she said, recognizing him, "Do you know a filmmaker called Innocenti?"

He just stared at her and smiled, and she suddenly realized that it was he who had left the message with the service. They had fucked up again. She could think of nothing to say, so she kept on eating the box lunch. He drifted away and *A* came over and started yelling at her: "Uh . . . don't let him get away . . . some other girl might grab him . . . WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, GLORIA!"

So she went to look for Lucien in the crowd. He was gone.

She called the Warwick and found him in his room. "All those people were wearing masks," he said. "I couldn't stay there any longer. . . . What are you doing?"

"I'm tired," Gloria moaned.

"Why don't you go home and go to bed and we'll spend the day together tomorrow. I love you."

"WHAT? How can you say you love me, when you just met me for five minutes and I was eating a box lunch?" Gloria asked.

"Because Carole loves you, and anyone Carole loves, I love, because I love Carole."

"Well, in that case, I love you too."

The next day, Gloria went up to the Warwick and Lucien had the door open, waiting for her. He was in the shower. He came out of the shower and she saw that he was terribly thin, almost as thin as she.

He shaved and then spent about ten minutes in front of the bathroom mirror, pursing his lips at himself and drying his hair with a hand hair dryer. Then he came out of the bathroom, smiled, and put on a pair of black leather pants. He put his arms around Gloria and pulled her down on the bed. She still thought of him as a saint and really didn't want to let him make love to her yet.

She started to pull away, and then said to herself, "Why are you being so stupid? Just because he's a movie star, you're going to play hard to get, when in reality you jump right into bed with anyone you feel like jumping into bed with, instantly." So she went along with it, trying to tell herself that

she really wanted him to make love to her and that the other reaction was just snobbery.

His lovemaking was so frantic and furious that Gloria didn't feel any pleasure at all. His cock was in her, her head was over the edge of the bed where he had pushed her and her eyes were closed. A half hour later she was beginning to feel a little pleasure at last, so she looked up, expecting to find his eyes rivetted adoringly on her; but Gloria found them rivetted instead on the TV screen across the room. He was watching a war movie with the sound off.

She told him he was an *enfant* and didn't know anything about women. He laughed at that. She stayed with him.

After a couple of days, she began to get more aggressive. In the middle of the night, she went into the next room of the suite. It belonged to Lucien's shy Italian director. Gloria had seen a vibrator standing on the dresser there earlier in the day. The kind of hand vibrator that looks like a cock. The stores advertise them as "a personal vibrator for the whole family." The Italian woke up with a start and said, "Wazzit, wazza matter?"

"Just getting the vibrator," Gloria said. "Go back to sleep . . ."

When Gloria started jerking off, Lucien whipped out his sixteen mm movie camera. "Don't worry," he said, "I'm just focusing on your face." She finally came.

They spent the next two weeks making sixteen mm movies and going to see sex movies on 42nd St. Then Lucien got a telegram from Italy, asking him to make a movie.

Gloria went with him to the airport and, on the way, in a rented Cadillac limousine, he put some grass and papers in her lap. She started to roll a joint; the chauffeur didn't give a shit; but suddenly, Lucien leaned over and threw a scarf over the whole mess, saying, "Be careful, darling." She looked out of the window and there were two squad cars and about eight cops on motorcycles riding by, but they didn't notice.

When they got to the airport, the flight was boarding. Lucien left and went down the Passengers Only stairs. Gloria turned and began to walk down the hall toward the exit when she heard someone shouting, "Gloria, Gloria, Gloria . . . GLORIA!" It was Lucien. He had run up the stairs again.

They were about two hundred yards apart, and she motioned to him to get on the plane as she waved. But he ran toward her, caught her up and kissed her again. Then he went back down the stairs. A minute later, she turned, ran down the Passengers Only stairs, two at a time, and saw him at the front of the line waiting to go out onto the field. It wasn't one of those luxury ramps, but was strictly World War II style. She called, "Lucien!" and he turned, grinned, and pushed through the crowd. They kissed and kissed and finally the stewardess told him to cut it out and get on the plane, everyone was ready to leave.

That night, Alvin Morgan and Gloria bumped into each other. Alvin was another young man associated with *A* and his studio, and looked a lot like *A*. Alvin was also in love with Lucien and had spent the last day with Gloria and Lucien. So, there was Alvin on the street, looking like his pet dog had died. Gloria suggested dinner. "It's a long story," said Gloria. "But we ended up getting married."

A hippie friend of Alvin's had invited him up to his place to get stoned, so Alvin brought Gloria along.

The apartment was a faggot decorator's freak-out. The walls had about four different layers of paint on them, one layer on top of the other, with chips all over showing the color chosen for the decor at a previous occupancy. The current predominant color was creamy golden. All the woodworking, baseboards, molding, doors, was done in this same cream-gold, but with the added distinction of antiquing varnish on top of the paint. Antiquing everywhere you turned. The woodwork of the Salvation Army furniture was done to match: ripped plush early thirties, with antiqued cream-gold on legs or arms, anywhere there was wood exposed. Lighting was completely unnatural. Heavy drapes covered all windows. There were no light bulbs, but about forty candelabra, scattered throughout the apartment, held about five hundred candles which provided all illumination. Also bird cages. In the front room was an antique huge brass bird cage, containing a stuffed cockatoo.

In the other rooms, the bird cages were more conventional and contained live canaries and parakeets, of which there must have been at least twenty in Woolworth cages distributed at random—kitchen, bathroom, bedroom. Antiquing, candlelight, screeching birds.

They got stoned, and then Alvin said, "You know, you and I should get married." Since this was the *last* thought in her mind, she agreed. She didn't take it too seriously, but Larry the Hippie seemed to, so there he was, getting ready to perform the ceremony. First of all, he got out his prayer wheel that had come all the way from the Dalai Lama; at least that's what *he* said. Gloria was a little skeptical, because she knew how difficult it was to get an interview with the Dalai Lama. It seems that you have to wait for several days on this mountainside, while a Tibetan committee decides whether you are pure enough or whether your motivations are above reproach, and then they let you do it. But it involves a lot of climbing, climbing the Himalayas, and finally, when you get to the Dalai's hideout you have to get past another examination committee that is tougher than the first one down the mountain. It's really quite a sacrifice, the whole thing something like being ordained into the Catholic priesthood; a lot of self-examination and testing is called for, and a lot of proving of oneself.

So Larry the Hippie had this prayer wheel and a girlfriend who used to run an art gallery in Provincetown. It turned out that they were pretty well versed in Tantric Yoga. They gave Gloria and Alvin a demonstration of Tantric Yoga lovemaking to initiate them into the art. Since Alvin was mainly homosexual, Larry and his girlfriend told Gloria to be patient and that it would be wonderful in the end. They were both naked and there was this beautiful candlelight playing on their bodies and both had long black hair and they wore beads around their necks and pelvises. Alvin was pretty shy about the whole thing as they watched, being the pure soul that he was.

The ceremony itself was very poetic. After the yoga lovemaking, everyone danced around the prayer wheel and then ate some pears and other symbolic fruits.

Then, Gloria called the New York Film Festival, still stoned, and asked them for another ticket for the movie that night for her new "husband." They were excited that she had gotten

married and gave them the tickets. The movie was *Weekend* by Godard, and Alvin and Gloria were laughing through the whole thing. Everybody was telling Gloria to shut up. They adjourned to the party celebrating the movie.

A crummy Lester Lanin type band was playing but Gloria and Alvin were so stoned when they got on the dance floor that they made the band look good. They did all kinds of dances, Russian, folk, belly, and rock, while the band played "Tales from the Vienna Woods." No one else was dancing, everyone was watching them, egging them on. Alvin, inspired by the Living Theater, took off his shirt, and knelt down on the floor to do bird calls, while pounding his chest.

Suddenly, three plainclothesmen attacked Alvin and began to drag him off the floor. They were kicking and punching him. Gloria thought, as his "wife," she should protect him, so she threw herself on his body and held on tight. Soon, she was being kicked in the head by the police and they dragged the two out to the corridor that went around the auditorium, separated from the party only by a glass wall. The people were all watching. About a hundred flashbulbs went off. Gloria was crying and Lucien's director, from whom she had borrowed the dildo, rescued them, separating them from the police. She was sitting huddled in a corner, sobbing, when another policeman came at her. Gloria jumped up, hysterical, and ripped his cap off his head, saying, "You don't deserve to wear this," and then tried to rip off his badge. He tore her blouse off. Of course, his report and the newspapers said that Gloria was trying to do a strip when the police escorted her out.

Alvin was shouting in Italian and English that they were being persecuted and: "Where are all you revolutionary filmmakers now? You make all your movies about people being killed and pigs being ripped open, but you stand by while two innocent people get beaten up." Inside, Norman Mailer was dancing the Blue Danube waltz.

When they got home and went to bed, Alvin proved himself a fantastic lover; he was so tender and sweet.

The next day, *A* asked him, "Was Gloria awful, did she say, 'Go down on me, go down on me.'?" Alvin said no and stood up for Gloria's feminine passivity.

A few days later, Gloria's landlord paid her a visit and looked at the kitchen wall where she had all her telephone numbers written on the plaster. "Look at that. . . . I rented this place to you as an apartment, not as a bordello!" He was serious.

"Are you nuts?" she asked him. "That's my address book!"

"If I showed that wall to any judge in the country, you'd be convicted of prostitution," he shouted.

Just then, Leo, an old friend, walked in. Leo had given Gloria the apartment; he had lived there for two years before he gave it to her, so the landlord knew him. "What do you mean, talking to this young lady that way?" he said. "She's a very sensitive *artiste!*" Gloria took a cue from that and ran into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her, and began to cry hysterically. Leo came in after a few minutes, and said, "Calm down, calm down, the landlord is scared to death."

"Shhhhhh," she said, "I'm just acting, Leo."

"Sarah Bernhardt couldn't have done a better job," Leo exclaimed in surprise.

But the landlord wasn't a drama fan, so he refused to renew the lease. Gloria called up *A* and begged him to give her some money for another apartment.

"Why don't you call up David Genoa," he said, "and ask him if you can move into his house; after all it's a big house and no one else lives there. If he says no, never speak to him again."

David said, "No."

"Fuck it," Gloria said, and asked Alvin to help her pack. For three days Alvin refused to do anything. He just wanted to stay stoned.

"Forget it," he said, "you're too nervous, the landlord can't throw you out. Relax, have a joint."

She took a good look at Alvin and realized that he was wearing her brand-new satin champagne pants, was smoking her grass, was eating her food, and was sitting in a lotus position on her floor while she was slaving over packing crates. She threw him out.

The next day, Lucien sent a card saying, "We'll be together for Christmas." She called him in Paris saying, "How about Thanksgiving?"

Gloria settled all her affairs in New York. She was leaving America for good and never coming back. She got her passport after three fights in the State Department office, and got on a plane as fast as she could.

XXII

Marylou, my sister, came to Orly to meet me with her current lover, the man who owned one of the biggest aspirin companies in France. He was about sixty and was wearing a straw bowler hat, with 'Gloria!' printed on the band. I must say, I was very touched.

We drove through the streets of Paris, and then I noticed that they weren't grey anymore. Malraux's program had wiped them clean. However, I still had a residue of the depression I thought I had left behind me, the last time I saw Paris. Just the sight of that bank along the Seine where I used to paint gave me an anxiety reaction. Telling myself that things were different now, didn't help much.

We arrived on Rue de Verneuil and found two hippie girls all dressed up in long black coats screaming to their friend in the hotel next door. Oh, God! just like New York. No telephones, loft district, dilapidated buildings, smelly streets. But this was one of the richest sections of Paris . . . the left bank near St. Germain des Prés.

We went up to Marylou's apartment where I was going to stay for a while. I told Marylou that it looked like a love nest, a place for love in the afternoon. She said that's what it was.

The next day, Marylou and I went out to Neuilly to visit Susan Bromley, who was living on a houseboat on the Seine with Denver Doogan. We bought some bread and wine and took the Metro to Neuilly. The Metro smelled just like I remembered it from my school days, but I didn't see any stiff French cocks bouncing out of open flies this time. It all seemed very safe and bourgeois.

The boat was nice, but cold. The water of the river was really dirty, with the usual impedimenta of pollution floating by, turds, old used rubbers, moldy sandwiches, etc. The boat was furnished European hippie style and had been rented from a French has-been movie star, whose photograph was in the bathroom, the only warm room on the boat; his photo showed him with bulging muscles sticking out of his arm. There was a strange bearlike animal called Titti-Ca-Ca who came from the highest lake in the world, between Bolivia and Peru. He put his nose into the nostrils of whoever he was sitting on, wanting them to blow air into his nose. He turned out to be a real drag, shitting all over, like on your feet, and biting you if you tried to discipline him. There was a bedroom, sitting room, kitchen, and an upstairs loft. The kitchen had a garbage chute which opened directly on the river, increasing the pollution.

Denver Doogan had been a child prodigy and had been kept by very rich men in his younger days. Now he was reduced to going to work for Susan's model agency. He still looked pretty good, with his curly red hair and impish grin, but I could see that working didn't agree with him.

Susan was very beautiful, but very ill, and she coughed the whole time. When we had known each other in New York, she had been an underground movie star. Now her face was pale green from her sickness. Titti-Ca-Ca was clinging to her bosom, underneath her robe.

Susan and I began talking about the good old days, back in New York, and all of a sudden Denver flew into a rage and started beating her up because the place was such a mess and she wasn't really sick, he said. He pulled her up and Titti-Ca-Ca frantically clutched at her breasts, trying to hold on, in the upright position. He dragged her on the floor and kicked her and slapped her around and punched her with his fists. He also pulled her hair. Meanwhile Titti was scratching long holes in her chest with his paw nails. I was terrified, all I could think of was my father. Marylou and I pulled them apart and Susan climbed up into the loft. Titti had shit all over her. She sat on the bed up there, punching herself in the face and shouting hysterically, "Why, Why, WHY do I always pick men like that?" She packed her bags and left the boat with us. Through the window we saw Denver in the bathroom brushing his teeth very vigorously.

While we were standing on the ramp that led to the riverbank,

Susan's appointment book fell into the river with all her papers in it. She became hysterical again, and started tearing at her hair, shouting, "EVERYTHING THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME IN THE WORLD WAS IN THAT BOOK!" I leaped over to the next ramp, and the next, then jumped into a boat, and then on to another ramp, under which the papers were now floating. I fished them out; Susan relaxed and stopped crying. Marylou and I took her home with us to the one room apartment-love-nest, and put her to bed.

Carole called me the next day and we arranged lunch in the country with her boyfriend, Anton, a painter, and their friend, Ivan, who made movies. Anton, Ivan, and Carole came by and we drove for about an hour into the country. When we got on the outskirts of the city and into the farmland and I saw the beautiful black newly plowed earth, I wanted to get out and take all my clothes off and roll naked in the soil. It seemed like the first real earth I'd seen in years.

When we arrived at the inn, I had my first good meal in years. Then we went to see Niki de St. Phalle and Tinguely. They had a big house in the country. Outdoors were a lot of rusting sculptures. The bathroom windows opened out onto a field. I spotted a farm next door and went over there to play with the chickens and turkeys.

Anton had dark hair and very white skin; he was tall dark and sensitive, and tried to look as much like A as he could manage. Actually, he had the same eyes, rather slanted and small. His nose, too, was just like A's, a little rounded on the end. Anton hated his looks.

Ivan was tall and thin and had a hawk nose and big blue eyes. He looked a lot like me; everybody said so. Carole still looked like Joan of Arc.

Ivan and Anton were always together, both wore black leather jackets, and were worshipers of A, but would never admit it. Carole had originally lived with both of them, but, when jealousy set in, Anton won out, and Ivan moved. Just to sleep though. He still spent all his time chez Anton. Anton and Carole hadn't fucked in six months and all they did was argue about who was going to make the toast in the morning.

A few nights after the country lunch, I was telling Ivan that he should try to get my sister away from her elderly boyfriends and get her for himself. As I was explaining, he was looking at me very

strangely. All of a sudden, I felt an overwhelming passion for him and I stood up and we held on to each other. My knees were so weak, I couldn't walk. We ran for a taxi and raced to his apartment.

It was in a modern building, with a gas station below, on a big busy street. We got in the elevator and panted all the way to the sixth floor.

The place had *never* been cleaned and there were scraps of paper all over the floor. There were no wastebaskets, so the junk just stayed wherever it landed. The kitchenette was impossible to enter as it was filled up to the ceiling with crates and boxes and clothes. The bathroom had empty paper packets of vitamin C artificial orange powder extract all over the floor, along with empty tubes of condensed milk. "Sylvia gave me this apartment. It was hers, but I guess she couldn't stand the street noise," said Ivan as we sank on to the folds of the horribly scratchy rotting dirty buffalo fur coat on the bed, which was a mattress on the floor.

Every place he touched me, my flesh quivered and my lungs shuddered. The build-up was like listening to the *Grateful Dead*. We still were completely dressed, and I kept wondering why I was so damned turned on when it was Lucien I was in love with. Deciding that thought was to be avoided, I threw myself into the fray with a frenzy. We tore off our clothes piece by piece. By the time we were naked, I was panting for the fuck, nothing else was required, all I wanted was that cock. He restrained himself and gently rubbed his hand on my pussy. Just as I was about to die of sensation, he started kissing it. This was too much, all I wanted was his cock. The kissing didn't last too long, leading me to believe that under less auspicious circumstances, I wouldn't be able to hope for much from him by way of secondary satisfaction. But, right then, all I wanted was that cock, and plunge it in he did. What a fuck . . . really memorable. I didn't think he had made love to a woman in six months; turned out I was right.

"You know, all the other girls I was ever with I kicked out."

"Why?"

"Because my mother was so beautiful, I carried a picture of her with me always. No matter what age I was. If I was ten years old, I carried a picture of her when she was ten; when I was twelve, I carried a picture of her when she was twelve; and so on, until twenty-two. . . . And the girls were never as beautiful as my mother. So I kicked them out."

"Are you going to kick me out?"

"No, because you're more beautiful than my mother."

"When was the last time you saw your mother?"

"A year ago, I took an acid trip at home; I listened to her screaming around downstairs in the house, said to myself, 'What am I doing here?' and left the house forever. I lived on bread and water for five months and then Sylvia found me and she gave me money to make movies."

Sylvia was a twenty-two-year-old beautiful red-haired hippie, who after her first acid trip, decided to spend her entire oil well fortune on struggling young filmmakers. A true revolutionary, she didn't *want* to make a profit.

Ivan and I stayed together until Lucien came back. I began to get worried about Lucien, but Ivan said, "Don't worry, we're good friends, Lucien and I, there isn't any problem." Then Lucien came back.

Carole and I were sleeping on the camp beds in Anton's cockroach haven apartment, when Lucien came into the room. I awoke, he smiled and put his finger to his mouth. "Shhh," he said and sat down next to me and smiled some more. Then tears started rolling down his face and, when I asked him why, he said, "Shhh," again. All of a sudden, he got up and said, "I'll be right back . . . . I have to go home to see my wife. She and I are going to Sicily."

I couldn't believe it. "Why did you tell me to come here?"

He cried some more and left the room.

A few minutes later, he came back and told me he wanted to go and see Ivan. I thought, oh-oh, I didn't want to see Ivan at all, so I decided I had better tell Lucien the whole story. When I finished, he said, "Oh, my God, you'll make Ivan a worse misogynist than he already is. He hates women so much, then he goes with you, and now you're leaving him. Oh God . . . well, let's go up and see him anyway."

It was a horrible visit. We all sat on the bed. Nobody said a word, just rolled joints. Lucien gave Ivan his saint smile, and Ivan acted embarrassed and angry at the same time. I think Ivan was in love with Lucien, too. I squirmed on the moldy buffalo hide.

The next day, Marylou, Lucien, Ivan and I all went to dinner at Lipp. I was wearing my white sheepskin fur rug as a coat and Lucien had on an Arab djellaba. Half of the rug was around

Lucien and half around myself, and, as we walked down the street, everybody stared at us and made comments.

Marylou said to Ivan, "I don't think they look crazy, I think the other people are the crazy ones, hooting and howling in the streets; why one guy just lay right down on the sidewalk and held his stomach and laughed."

"Maybe the other people think Lucien and Gloria look beautiful and are overcome," said Ivan.

Marylou said she had never thought of that.

Lucien and I checked in at the Hotel de Seine. He went home and got his movie projector and films and we looked at his home movies with Marylou and Ivan. All the movies were of Lucien's wife, Marie. Half of them were taken while she was in a mental hospital. She just stood on the bed with a vacant look in her eyes wearing a long white hospital gown, holding her arms out with her hands against the white wall of her room. Every now and then, she would stretch her hands out to Lucien. I had never seen her before and was overwhelmed by her beauty. She had white skin and long straight black hair. Her eyes were dark and slanted and she had the full mouth of a baby. She was only nineteen or twenty and had been with Lucien since she was fourteen. He had been her legal guardian. She had a Vietnamese father who was dead and a French mother.

The next reel showed Lucien's hand on Marie's bare stomach, and then the camera traveled up to her face and she showed complete love and trust and devotion. Marylou and I cried, when it was over. Nobody said a word. I wondered if Lucien had shown it to me to show how much he loved his wife. "She's only a child, I'm like her father," he kept saying, but I knew it wasn't true.

Our room was a giant attic room with gabled windows and a view of the spire of the church of St. Germain des Prés. When we finally got into bed, Lucien said, "Here you are in a hotel in Paris, with a view of St. Germain des Prés; a little American girl, in bed with a famous French movie star." I thought that remark was unnecessary.

In the morning, Lucien told me to go back to Marylou's and pack

my bags for Rome and Sicily, we would all go together. I went to Marylou's and packed my bags. I was supposed to meet Lucien at four, but it was six and he hadn't shown up yet.

I telephoned his apartment and Marie answered the phone and said, "Is this Gloria?" I said yes, and she said, "Lucien told me to tell you that he's at the hotel, you're to meet him there and you and he are going to Rome tomorrow, and I'll join you in two days." She sounded so sweet and innocent that I had to cry again.

I went to the hotel and Lucien was there. We went to dinner and he told me he was going alone to Rome and would be back in two days, after he picked up the money that was owed him. "Wait for me here, I'm leaving tomorrow and I'll be back in two days." This was the third change of plans and I was beginning to think there was something wrong with him.

He tried to make love that night and kept telling me that I was an angel, sent by God to save him. The trouble was that I was beginning to feel like an angel and just couldn't get serious about making love. Everything he did and said was getting me more and more detached. I couldn't feel anything at all, so I just rolled over in bed and went to sleep.

The next day, he woke up about one o'clock and told me to call the airport and make a reservation for him on a plane to Rome. "*Je vais tout seul, je vais tout seul.*" I got dressed, called, and made a reservation. Lucien took my hand and gave me such a sad-dog look. I asked him if he wanted to go to lunch with me. "No," he said, "I want you to go to Rome with me," and kept on holding my hand. I pulled away and left. At four o'clock, I called the hotel from the Coupole and they told me that Monsieur Centi had left.

The two days stretched into a week and I ended up with Ivan again.

Two more weeks passed. Gloria was getting seriously depressed and hating Paris, just as in her student days. Ivan depressed her; she had nothing to do; and there was no word from Lucien. No one knew where he was.

Gloria went to a twenty-five-cent photo booth on the Champs Élysées one night with Ivan and made about two hundred

pictures of herself, went back to Lucien's hotel room, and pasted them all over the mirror in the bathroom. With a lipstick, she wrote on the mirror, "The star says good-bye." She put an orchid in a glass on the shelf, and above the bed she pinned fifty identical pictures of herself, radiating out in circles from the wall lamp in the center. From the hanging lamp in the middle of the room, she hung a scarf with a baby's teething nipple on the end with a pin stuck in it. Ivan helped her hang the whole thing.

More days passed without word. Gloria took down all the pictures, pasted some of them in Lucien's suitcase, which he had left behind, and gave the room to Sylvia, the woman who was supporting Ivan and Anton in their movie and art projects. Gloria had decided that Lucien was never returning, and she wasn't going to pay the hotel bill.

She moved back into Marylou's apartment and, the second day there, Marylou told her that her aspirin tycoon told her Gloria's problem was that she wanted to stay young forever, and those boys she was hanging around with were too young for her; and that she should be with an older, mature man. The tycoon was about sixty-five himself. Getting depressed by this level of conversation, Gloria split for the Hôtel de Seine to see what Carole was doing. Carole had left Anton and moved into the hotel.

She walked into Carole's room and Carole shouted, "Guess who's here? We told him you were coming over, he'll be back in a few minutes."

Lucien walked in with presents for them all. A china *enfant* Jesus for Carole: he said, "It's me when I was a child."

"Where the hell have you been?" Gloria asked.

"Belgium, Italy, New York, Detroit, and Acapulco," he answered.

"Why did you go to Acapulco?"

"For some grass, good grass. . . . Let's go to our room."

"Lucien, we don't have a room anymore. I gave it to Sylvia."

"Shit," said Lucien, "let's get another one. Let's find my bags, move them into another room, and then we'll all go to the Coupole."

So they found a lousy room in the hotel with twin beds and pushed them together, and went to the Coupole.

When they came back to the hotel, he said he had to go to the room of "Madame La Banque," meaning Sylvia, and give her a kiss. Since he didn't come back for a couple hours, Gloria fell asleep. When she woke up in the morning, she found Lucien asleep next to her.

Gloria picked up the telephone to order tea and noticed that the cord had been pulled out of the wall during the night. So she went downstairs and told the concierge, who bellowed, "Out, out, out! All of you are destroying my hotel!"

Lucien was furious when Gloria told him. He had already lost his passport and all his papers; he was convinced that there were narcotics agents in the hotel, conspiring against him, who had stolen his passport and gotten them thrown out. For weeks, the French had all been saying that the CIA was watching Lucien's friends. Ivan had even shown Gloria a hidden microphone that he had found in his apartment. He wouldn't remove the microphone, however, because he said he had nothing to hide. "For the past two months," he declared, "I have been living as though a movie camera were on me all the time. Even my gestures have been perfect."

Sylvia had given Lucien a check the night before, so they took off to get it cashed. Lucien wanted to buy a camera. When they got to the Metro, Lucien bought some holly since Christmas was approaching; and he gave a piece to every *clochard* he saw. There was a line of young girls in the Metro station with a teacher, and Lucien tried to give the little girls some holly. The teacher looked at him with his long ratty hair and wild eyes and told the girls, "Stay away, don't accept anything from strangers." The train came and the girls stayed on the platform. Just before the doors closed, Lucien threw some holly berries out to the girls, who scrambled for them as the teacher grimaced.

At the next station, Lucien knelt down in front of every beggar and kissed them on the forehead while putting a piece of holly in their buttonholes. The other passengers, rushing to catch their trains, were aghast, but the beggars just gave Lucien beatific smiles.

The same thing happened at the bank. It was the wrong bank; Lucien couldn't remember where they were going, and the manager threw them out. While they were out on the sidewalk, Lucien sat down on the curb, put his head in his hands,

and thought hard. Finally he said he remembered which bank they were going to. When they arrived at the bank, he pulled the same stunts, but they were a little nicer to them. It was Sylvia's bank. But it turned out that it was also a wrong bank. The manager knew Lucien, however, and told him which bank was his and that he had to *deposit* the check Sylvia had given him, since she had drawn a line through it.

In his own bank, Lucien got progressively worse and couldn't even manage to deposit the check. Nobody would wait on him. Gloria tried to help, but he got impatient, and they left.

She happened to have some travelers' checks with her, so he asked her to buy him the camera. She said, "Lucien, this is my last money."

"You and your shit money," he said.

She pouted in the street and refused to continue, so he apologized and gave her a kiss. That was sweet, so she took off the fuchsia Mexican woolen shawl he had given her in New York, and put it on him. It was about ten feet long and very heavy. He wrapped it around his neck and the fringe of the shawl swung back and forth as he walked down the street.

They needed a place to stay that night, so she called Denver Doogan, who invited them to use the boat, since he wouldn't be there that night. She told Lucien what it was like and where it was and he was very happy. "We will go, live with the nature," he said. They went to the Café Flore to eat something and, as usual, they met a lot of Lucien's friends, and had to sit down and eat with them. And Lucien had to get bored and get up and leave her with them, and she had to pay the bill.

Before he left, he gave her instructions to buy some bread, vichy water, butter, fruit, and cheese, and he invited his friends to dinner on the boat that night. "Don't forget to buy garlic," he reminded her. He had been eating garlic for the past couple days in an attempt to ward off the evil spirits. Gloria did all the shopping in St. Germain des Prés, and even bought a leg of lamb.

It took her an hour to get out to the boat in a taxi. The driver kept rapping about the standard of living in France and the unions and the fact that "When the average man gets a car, a refrigerator, and a television set, he doesn't want anything else, so how can there be progress?"

On the boat, about twelve assorted junkies and bums were sitting in the bedroom listening to Lucien talk about revolution. He had just come back from the university at Nanterre, where he had shown some of his films and given a lecture. The shawl was missing, he had given it to one of his fans. "France is the cradle of the revolution," he was saying. "We have to get all the young people in France and, from here, we can go on to revolutionize the world." Everyone was agreeing with him and Gloria went into the kitchen to cook the lamb. It took her about two hours to get the dinner ready, and nobody bothered to come to the table. They were so stoned. When she said, *"À table,"* they said they weren't hungry.

Eventually, though, everyone staggered to the table and ate, all except Lucien. He was still in the bedroom talking revolution and feeding garlic to the animal, Titti-Ca-Ca. Titti-Ca-Ca shit all over the bed that night. Gloria had to clean it up. The whole room was full of Lucien admirers, all looking at him with shining eyes and nodding *oui* at every prophecy. The smell of garlic was getting unbearable, so Gloria started eating it herself to drown out the odor. Titti-Ca-Ca was on Lucien's neck, and burying himself in his shirt, shoving his nose up Lucien's nostrils, and chewing on garlic.

It got later and later, and Gloria was exhausted; nobody would leave. Finally, she told Lucien she had to go to sleep, so he said they would all go dancing; at four o'clock in the morning. Gloria said, "Fine, go ahead, I'm staying here." She was so mad she couldn't even look at him. He walked out the door and walked up the ramp and sat on the bank of the river with his head in his hands. She watched the scene from a window of the darkened boat and cried herself to sleep.

The next day, Denver was coming back, so Gloria put all her things in a bag and left. She had no idea where Lucien was. That night at the Coupole at about three in the morning, he showed up. Wandering around in a daze, he walked in and out of the restaurant. She went up to him and said, "What's the matter, honey, where have you been?"

He said, "Let's go back to the boat."

She told him not to go, that Denver was back. He insisted, so she just left and went home. Denver called her the next day

and said that he was delighted to have Lucien on the boat and that he'd like to give a dinner that night, would she come out. So she went to the boat again, and helped Denver shop for the food.

He was just like a little old lady who was having guests for dinner. They had to go to four different shops in Neuilly to get just exactly the right things. They had decided to make a roast veal, spinach soufflé, and some other exotics. Denver had to have just the right wine and just the right eggs for the soufflé. They they had to go to a florist shop where Denver argued about poinsettias for ages and finally bought two pots of hydrangeas.

While Gloria was in the kitchen, Lucien kept coming in and confirming her with water, saying, *"Tu est sauvé"* and, *"Tu est un ange."* When they got dinner on the table, Lucien started throwing mashed potatoes.

There were about eight other people there, some awful woman that Denver worked with in the model agency and her awful boyfriend and a couple of awful girls, with their boyfriends. Lucien wouldn't say a *word* to anyone, just spoke in sign language. He moved his hands around like a priest at benediction and kept confirming everyone with mashed potatoes. Gloria tried to make him eat, but he refused. Denver was so disappointed that Lucien wasn't eating, since he had made his specialty, the spinach soufflé, just to impress him.

But Lucien seemed to get worse by the minute. The girls that were there stayed until five in the morning trying to seduce him because he was such a big star. He led them all on and kept coming from the bedroom to the living room with his pants down around his knees, showing his ass and his cock.

Two or three times, he ran out into the night and visited on other boats or threw their chains into the river. It seemed he was against chains. Then he put all the remaining food Denver had just bought, out on the deck of the boat.

"It's for the birds," he said, "and the fish." An entire Persian melon, two loaves of bread, fresh paté, and a bowl of fruit.

Finally, everyone decided to sleep on the boat for the night. It was almost dawn, and Lucien had passed out from exhaustion on Denver's bed. Which was *just* what Denver had been waiting

for. He got into bed with the unconscious Lucien, and, when Gloria was going to lie down on the other side of Lucien, he told her to "Get out! What are you doing! I'm sleeping with him!" She didn't know what to do; there was no room anywhere else on the boat because of all the other bodies strewn around sleeping. She didn't have any money, she had spent it on food with Denver. So she went into the living room and sat down and screamed through the whole boat, "WHO'S GOING TO GIVE ME TAXI FARE?" In two languages. Some boy from up in the loft came down and gave her some money.

She returned to Marylou's and learned that she had gone to Val-d'Isère for skiing. She was so depressed she couldn't sleep, so she started reading Marylou's letters from their family. She came across one from their sister Joanne which said, "Janet's movies are just *dirt, shit, disgusting, A* is filthy and so is Janet. Just talking to her for one hour makes you want to take a boiling hot bath to cleanse yourself from her dirty mind. She is fowl." That didn't help Gloria's depression any, but the fact that Joanne didn't know how to spell was encouraging. She wrote Joanne a postcard with a picture of a chicken in a bathtub and signed it "The water is foul."

The next day, Denver called and said he had thrown Lucien off the boat, he was so crazy.

"He destroyed my food and nearly killed my goldfish, feeding it tobacco," he said.

Gloria was horrified. Denver apologized for his treatment of her the night before. She couldn't believe his nerve. She accused him of being a fag and using Lucien for his own amusement until it got to be too inconvenient. Denver screamed at her saying that she was the *real* fag.

"You chase boys all over Europe," he said. She slammed down the phone, determined never to speak to him again.

Three days later, the police found Lucien unconscious in a ditch on the road to Nanterre. They put him in a state mental institution.

On Sunday Marylou returned and we went to the hospital. As we were walking through the gardens, someone said, "You must be looking for Lucien." It was one of the patients. We said yes, we

were, and he led us to the communal room where we found Lucien with his mother and another man.

"I think that's my brother, but I'm not sure," Lucien whispered to me. He was the darling of the ward, Lucien, and had a lot of friends there. The patients were all in better spirits than the nurses. Lucien's "brother" appeared to be retarded. Lucien kept lighting cigarettes and dropping the ash into his hands, juggling it in the palm of his hand until it burned out, and then pulling some of the paper off the cigarette, and finally smoking it for one or two puffs, putting it out and doing the same thing all over again with another cigarette.

"It's the paper that gives you cancer," he said, "not the tobacco."

"He's right, you know," Marylou muttered in my ear.

Some of Marie's girlfriends were there and gave him a lot of presents from Marie. She was in Rome. She had left a week before when he didn't come home.

Lucien kissed Marylou and me good-bye and acted like Jesus Christ. Marylou decided that he was completely sane.

We drove his mother home and his "brother" harassed us all the way into Paris. The taxi we had hired for the day became the private chariot of the "brother" and he kept ordering us to take him here and there all over Paris. Finally, Marylou said to me, "This is ridiculous, let him take a subway, who does he think he is?" He heard her and turned around and winked at me. That really infuriated Marylou and she said, "Let's make him get out of here."

Meanwhile, the mother was shoving Christmas presents at me: a lot of cards, with paintings on them, that had been given to her by Lucien. "You're such a nice girl, such an angel. That wife of Lucien is no good for him. Believe me, I know," she kept saying. "He told me all about you. He loves you a lot. He spoke about you since he left America. I know you'll take care of him. Oh, that wife! Lucien tells me everything, everything . . . he told me all about you. . . . That wife, she made him crazy, she's crazy herself."

That night, in the Coupole, Lucien's friends told us that the mystery person *was* Lucien's brother, but the mother pretends it isn't. She's ashamed of him. Also, they said, she had always hated Marie, just as Marie's mother had always hated Lucien. Each mother blamed the other's child for the madness of her own daughter or son. Both Lucien and the retarded brother were illegitimate and Lucien never knew who his father was. His mother told me that

she fell in love with an American sailor during the war, and he wanted to take her to California, but she was afraid to go. When I told her how beautiful it is in California and what a mistake she made, she became very unhappy.

XXIII

On New Year's Eve, Lucien walked in the house as Gloria was cooking a big dinner for everybody. He said they had decided he was cured and let him out of the hospital. He gave Gloria, to hold, his knock-out pills that he had to take to go to sleep and, just as they were beginning to eat, he ran out the door to visit all the hotel owners in the neighborhood to say Happy New Year. He said his first stop would be the hotel at the end of the street because they had a television set, and he wanted to hear the famous Zuzu sing. "You'd better follow him and give him his pills," said Ivan. Gloria stopped cooking and ran out the door up to the hotel.

Lucien was in the office of the hotel watching television. The owner and his family all greeted Gloria with a bottle of champagne and some paté and cheese and bread. Gloria shoved the pills into Lucien's hand. After Zuzu was finished singing, they trooped back down the street and Lucien insisted on stopping at the hotel next to Marylou's apartment to say, "Hello, God bless you, and Happy New Year." The owner of that hotel was overjoyed to see him and gave them another glass of champagne. Finally, they got home and ate dinner.

Lucien passed out on the bed from the pills after dinner and Gloria began to clean up the mess. Everybody left and Sylvia arrived and they sat around the living room floor, talking with Ivan and Anton. That group left about four A.M. and Gloria went back into the kitchen to scrub the floor which was full of

lettuce, grease and drippings. As she was scrubbing up the grease there was another knock on the door.

It was a tall beautiful young man who said his name was Angelo and that he was a friend of Lucien. Gloria told him to come in but to be quiet, that Lucien was sleeping; she asked him if he wanted anything to eat. Gloria gave him some yogurt and he sat down on the hall floor and ate it watching her scrub the kitchen floor. Then he left.

Lucien woke up the next morning about ten o'clock and asked for some tea. Gloria was exhausted and beginning to think she had a baby on her hands. All that was missing was the formula bottle. After he ate the bread and drank the tea, he built a shrine on the floor. First, he put down an Andy Warhol book of photographs and on top of that some photographs of John Lennon that he carried around with him in his straw bag; and he began to make drawings on the photos. Then, he put a dish on that and filled it with water, milk and pineapple juice. Into that, he put some pieces of pineapple and garlic. Then he balanced a candle in the mess and lit it. The wax and the juices were all dripping all over the book and the photographs and threatening to spill off to the carpet. Gloria went over to the shrine to put out the fire; by this time the wax in the dish, which was floating on the juice, was catching on fire and the whole thing was looking like a torch. "Don't touch it," yelled Lucien and then he pulled out a pile of miniature dictionaries from his straw bag—French-English, English-French, Italian-French, French-Italian, and a lot of pipes. He lined the pipes up on the windowsill, saying, "They're for you," and played with his miniature automobiles . . . He said he had to go out for a minute. As soon as the door closed on him, Gloria ran to the bathroom and poured the mess into the sink. Then all the wax hardened in the sink and she had to scrape it out with a knife. Lucien came back and said he had to go to his mother's for dinner and Gloria didn't have to come.

She insisted on going with him, so they went to a flower stand and bought some flowers for his mother. At his mother's house, his "brother" was there. The "brother" was the "guest of honor," said the mother, and she brought out a five course lunch. After lunch, she showed Gloria all the newspaper photos of Lucien and some old model photographs and ads of him

when he was much younger. She gave him a cap she had knitted and gave one to Gloria too. As they were leaving, she took him aside and told him he should marry Gloria. "I already have a wife," he told her.

That night they went to a theater to see some actor friends of his and, on the way, a drunk tried to pick them up by telling them what a beautiful couple they made. Lucien had to take him with them in the taxi to the Coupole. They stayed there for a while and, as they were getting ready to leave because the restaurant was kicking them out as they were closing, Lucien invited every bum, junkie, alcoholic and expatriate American to Marylou's apartment.

"He can't do that, Ivan," Gloria pleaded, "please stop him."

"Lucien," Ivan said, "Gloria has to sleep and so do you, you're not going to bring all these people back to Gloria's."

"Then I'll go to *their* house," said Lucien.

"Oh no you won't . . . you'll go right back to Gloria's and go to bed!"

"OK," agreed Lucien, "but first I have to go out to the sidewalk and talk to this guy for a minute."

"You'd better go after him, Gloria," said Ivan. So she went out to the sidewalk and found Lucien getting into a cab with three of the alcoholics.

"Lucien, get out of that taxi," she said and tried to pull him out.

"LEAVE ME ALONE!" he screamed. "STEP ON THE GAS, DRIVER." The driver did as he was told and Lucien pushed her out into the street where she landed on her ass.

Two days later, Lucien showed up at Anton's apartment, looking like an emaciated Buddhist monk, having gone completely without sleep or food since they last saw him. Gloria was at Marylou's and that beautiful young man, Angelo, from New Year's Eve, came over to get Lucien's sack and pills.

Angelo said he was collecting everything, that they were holding Lucien at Anton's place. Gloria started to put in the cars, pipes, autumn leaves, old subway tickets and dictionaries, and Angelo said, "Don't put in those things which make him crazy! Are you crazy? Do you want to remind him of his craziness? Just give me the pills and his clothes."

She felt really stupid and took out the cars and pipes and

dictionaries and dead leaves. Angelo gave her some grass and kissed her good-bye. "Meet us at Anton's in a couple of hours. We're going to try and get Lucien on a plane to Rome and put him in a private hospital, but we can't find his passport. I think he left it on the boat. Will you call that rat, Denver?" Angelo asked her as he left.

She called Denver, and all he had was Lucien's driving license. She met him and he gave it to her, looking embarrassed and red in the face. He apologized for having called her a faggot.

She took the license over to Anton's place. Angelo was there as was Ivan. "We have to keep him quiet until the plane leaves tomorrow," Angelo said. "Make some tea and we'll put the drops of largactyl in it.

She went into the kitchen. The place was like a nightmare, as the apartment was located above an Indian restaurant on the Rue de l'Echaudé, and not only the apartment, but the staircase, smelling like old curry powder, was full of cockroaches. They were even crawling along the walls of the staircase. That day the exterminators had been there, leaving a trail of dead roaches behind. The downstairs of the apartment where the kitchen was, was a big room, empty except for about twenty paintings, all exactly the same, white squares with a black circle in the middle. The odor was white house paint and roach bomb. She swept the dead roaches off the counter in the kitchen and turned on the gas. Suddenly, about two hundred cockroaches leaped out of the stove and headed for the living room.

She was filling Lucien's cup and had already put the drops in when Angelo came in the kitchen and shouted, "No, no, the cup is too full, he'll never drink it all, just put a little tea in the bottom of the cup!"

So she refilled the cup and gave it to Lucien. He threw it in the toilet.

The upstairs of the apartment was one room, empty except for two camp beds, a television set and a record player. It was beginning to fill up with Lucien's friends. He insisted on going out to give a lamp he had found, to Zuzu. Ivan, Anton, and Angelo tried to stop him, but he wouldn't listen. Since he had refused to drink the tea, he had a lot of energy. So he went; and

they spent the next hour calling Zuzu and others, making sure he would come back. Ivan ended up by going out to escort him back.

When he got back Gloria made another cup of tea and he drank it this time. "Now," said Ivan, "we'll all watch a Jerry Lewis movie on television, and then we'll go to the Coupole to eat, and then Sylvia will meet us there, and Gloria and Angelo and Sylvia will take Lucien to her psychiatrist, and then Lucien will come back here and go to bed."

They all agreed on the program and settled down on the two beds to watch Jerry Lewis. The French are great fans of Jerry Lewis and Gloria finally understood why. It wasn't hard to understand, but she had never seen a Jerry Lewis movie before.

Lucien was in a total Jesus Christ state by this time and kept staring at me during the movie like he was fucking me with his eyes. One look at him was enough to make you think you were on an acid trip. Whatever trip Lucien was on, it was contagious. It was hard to realize he was crazy at moments like this. He was making everybody in the room high. Ivan was sitting on the other side of me and Lucien kept hugging the two of us and smiling and giggling. We followed the program of Ivan and went to the Coupole. Lucien wouldn't eat. Then we went with Sylvia to the psychiatrist; it was two doctors, a husband and wife team.

They put out a spread for us on the floor. Nuts, apples, cheese, bread and wine. The apartment was large and full of statues and *objets d'art*. We didn't tell Lucien that they were psychiatrists. The idea was that they would observe him and tell us what was wrong with him. Lucien made his usual mess on the floor and began stuffing food into the mouths of the statues. The psychiatrists just smiled and didn't complain. Angelo sat on the floor next to Lucien, and Lucien kept putting his arm around Angelo and whispering in his ear. Angelo smiled and nodded and humored him. Then the wife went into her office and brought out some more pills for Lucien. She said there was a new energy drug and Angelo asked for it. So she gave him some pills and then told us that Lucien could be cured;

that he would eventually snap out of it. She liked me a lot and asked me to come back some evening for dinner. On the way out of the building, Angelo teased me about being a dyke. "She was in love with you," he kept saying, "you should go there for dinner, maybe you'll get your pussy sucked."

In the taxi on the way back home, Lucien put one arm around Angelo and the other around me and said that he was sleepy. He wanted to go to Ivan's room in the Hotel de Seine to sleep. Sylvia invited me to her parents' house for the night, but I wanted to stay with Lucien.

When we got to the hotel and to Ivan's room, Lucien said "Gloria, you sleep in the middle, and Ivan and I will sleep on each side, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Ivan rejected my part in the idea and I was beginning to think that they were all a bunch of faggots as Lucien and Ivan settled down in bed together for the night. I told Sylvia that I wanted to go home, and I went back to Rue de Verneuil.

The next morning I went over to Ivan's room. Lucien was on the bed and Marie was in the bathroom drying her hair in front of the mirror. Anton and Angelo were in the room too, along with Sylvia, and Marie came out. She was wearing white pants, a white Indian shirt, and a white fur coat. She looked fabulous and Lucien said "Marie, this is Gloria." Marie put a bottle of mineral water to her lips and took a big swallow. Over the bottle, she looked at me, put it down, and said, "*Bonjour.*" Then she left to go home and pack Lucien's bag. She had flown in from Rome the night before to pick up Lucien and take him back to Rome to put him in the hospital where she had been when Lucien filmed her. I went into the bathroom and Ivan followed me in.

"You should leave," said Ivan. "It's very tense in here with you and Lucien and Marie. He has enough problems as it is."

"Lucien and Marie don't seem the least bit tense. You're the only one who has a problem," I replied.

"You act like a *child!*" he shrieked at me.

I started to cry, as befits a child, and he apologized.

"Marie and Angelo are taking Lucien to Rome. You can follow them with Sylvia in a couple of days," he said.

I went back in the room to say good-bye to Lucien. He stood up and put his hands on my shoulders. "I love you," he said, and stared into my eyes for a minute. While he was looking into my

eyes, the room started to vibrate with white light. Just like an acid trip. I left, quickly.

Olga arrived in Paris a couple of days later. She asked Gloria to come over to the art gallery she was staying at. Gloria found her in a bedroom above the gallery. She had photographs of Jim Morrison all over the room with vigil lights burning under them. "I came to Cannes to be with my son," she said, "and I just left yesterday with him and brought him back to his grandparents in Paris."

Her son was six years old and his father was an international playboy. He had been living with his grandparents, the parents of the playboy, for the past two years, ever since his grandparents had come to New York to find him with Olga at the Dome, a nightclub run by *A*. They didn't like the idea of him staying up so late at night, so they brought him back to Paris and put him in school.

Olga asked about Lucien and said she wanted to see him. They went to the Coupole for lunch and, while there, Olga revealed that when Lucien had made his voyage to New York, Detroit, and Acapulco, he had stayed with her. She thought he was in love with her and she said to me, "Oooooh, I hope for your sake that I am not in love with him." We decided that we would both go with Sylvia to Rome the next day.

Sylvia was not too enthusiastic about bringing Olga; maybe Sylvia was in love with Lucien also. But she agreed and they had a good time that night before leaving. They all had dinner, of course again at the Coupole. Sylvia had the most fantastic red hair in the world, it was halfway down her back, curly, thick, and shining. She wore it squashed into a bun. Gloria convinced her not to try and tame it anymore so she wore it naturally for the first time that night. It stood out all over her head, almost obscuring her face. Gloria heard some straights say, "My, that woman certainly wears her wig comfortably."

At the airport in Rome, they grabbed a taxi to go to a little village outside the city. All of the French crew and actors from Lucien's last movie were living there in a big house, trying to

record the music and soundtrack for the film. The director was Gerard Garnel, a twenty-year-old wonder; Sylvia had financed the movie. The driver didn't know where the village was and Sylvia had to direct him. Being Italian, he knew exactly where it was, but seemed to want to take the long way around.

The sun started to go down and the landscape turned orange before they were anywhere near the village. Gloria was sitting in the front of the taxi, combing her hair, blond frizz in the sunset; Sylvia was in the back, combing her hair, red frizz in the sunset; and Olga was watching them, with straight strawberry hair: "Da tree graces," she growled.

It got dark and they still weren't there. The driver was becoming a total retard and acted like *he* was in a foreign country, didn't know a *thing* about the area. After asking directions about ten times, they located the road. An old Roman road, with stone walls on either side; but having found the road didn't mean that their troubles were over. They had to negotiate it at least three times before they found the right driveway. It said, CANE—PERICULOSO. Sure enough, when they pulled up at the gate, three dogs attacked the car. An old peasant couple came out and shooed them away.

The house was in the middle of farmlands and was big and dark. The living room was lit by candles, and all the French were sitting in chic London hippie clothes, smoking hash and opium and listening to some of the others play drums and guitars. Including children, there were about twenty people. The sound equipment was the best you could buy and the music was ear-splittingly loud. Nobody was too friendly.

The girls appeared in long Arabian dresses with kohl in their eyes. Some of the boys had kohl in their eyes too. Angelo was sitting in a corner smoking opium and he came over to Gloria right away and put his arm around her, which was a friendly thing to do, as the French girls were giving her the creeps.

Later, in the hall, Olga stopped her and said, "Vhat are we dooooo-ing here. . . . at least at da Plant, dey pay a lot of attention to you, isn't zat true?" Gloria had to agree with her. Then Olga slugged down a few glasses of wine. She was rapidly becoming an alcoholic, Gloria decided.

When dinner was ready, they all sat at a huge wooden table. All the French mocked Gloria's way of speaking French, but

she pretended not to understand what they were laughing at. Sylvia said, "Boy, you sure are dense." Angelo told her at dinner that Lucien had refused to stay at the clinic and had come to the house to live. While there he had set himself on fire.

"He had on a nylon djellaba. He was standing near the fire. All of a sudden he went up in flames like a torch. But the djellaba dropped right off him and fell to the floor. He wasn't hurt at all.

"One night we couldn't find him. We heard the dog barking outside. Lucien was out in the garden, naked. It was really cold, too. He was rolling in the soil and eating it.

"When he came here, he found his wife, Marie, sleeping with Gerard, the director. He used to go to their bed at night and make masochistic jokes about his best friend and his wife."

"No vonder he flipped out," said Olga. "I vould too if my wife was sleeping with my director."

Angelo was not to be interrupted. "Then he would come to dinner and spread the mashed potatoes and the vegetables all over the room. Gerard's son Jerome, who's only four, began to act just like Lucien. We had to separate them. We drove him back to the clinic."

Then Lauren, the girlfriend of Bernard, the co-star, told her version. "The boys were awful with Lucien. Nobody would give him a bed. He was exhausted. I brought him in our room and Bernard kicked him out. He was forced to sleep on the couch in the living room, right next to the amplifiers."

Angelo continued. "He told us that he took LSD every day while he was making the movie. He was playing St. John the Apostle and first they filmed in Normandy and then in Morocco. He took acid the whole time. Now he believes that he *is* St. John."

Angelo told Gloria that Lucien was having a sleep cure and nobody was allowed to see him. The doctor had decided to put him on the sleep cure because he couldn't eat or sleep and he needed to be de-intoxicated from all the acid he supposedly took.

After reciting this horror story, Angelo took Olga and Gloria to his hotel. There were so many people in the house that there wasn't room for any more. The hotel was a famous health spa and it was pretty empty during the winter. It had baths, and

tennis courts and plenty of hot water and a beautiful view of the farmlands. Gloria decided to call Slim O'Reilly to ask him about a hospital in Los Angeles which had a special wing for LSD freakout cases. She traced the last person who had seen Slim from LA to Mexico and placed another call, this time to Mexico, to find out where Slim was. While she was talking, Angelo came into the room, put his face in her lap, and started blowing hot air into her black velvet pants. This got her so excited she had to cut the conversation short. Within minutes, they were in bed together. Gloria suddenly realized that Angelo looked just like Grandpa O'Shaughnessy. She fell in love with him.

Gerard drove Olga and Gloria to Rome the next day. He took them to the hotel that Lucien always stayed in. The woman who owned it was named Amalia. When they had checked in, Amalia got excited and said, "Oh, are you the Gloria that Lucien talks about?"

"Yes," she said.

Amalia told her that Lucien talked about her all the time and said that he wanted to marry her and that Marie had called her from Paris a few months ago to weep and say that Lucien was leaving her for an American actress. "Do you love Lucien for himself or because he's a famous star?" she asked Gloria, crying at the same time over the plight of mad Lucien.

Gloria told her you couldn't ask a question like that because it didn't mean anything. If Lucien wasn't a star, he wouldn't be Lucien. Amalia wasn't satisfied with the answer, but she dropped the subject.

"You must have Lucien's room," she told her, and led Olga and Gloria out of the lobby, which had been a pretty depressing place, small, with sickly green walls, threadbare chairs, a desk and a telephone, and a calendar on the wall.

The stairs to the room were on the court, open to the wind and cold. The bedroom had no heat at all. "You can have a gas heater if you want it," said Amalia.

They said, of course, they wanted it. When it was lit, it blew

blue fire into the air. There wasn't any hot water or a bathroom. A sink in the room and a toilet in the freezing hall was all. The furniture, though, was very old and beautiful. Two shuttered windows opened onto a piazza below.

"I'm sleeping in Lucien's room with you," declared Olga to Gloria. "I'm not going to sleep alone in that awful room across the hall."

The following day, Gloria ran into Lennie Walter on the street. He had been in Italy for two months, visiting, with his wife and daughter. They had left for New York the day Gloria arrived in Rome, leaving Lennie behind to "find work." Gloria had been trying to find him since she had arrived in Paris and was so excited to meet him, just like that, on the street behind her hotel. She had gone out to find a bottle of wine for Olga, and there was Lennie.

Lennie told her that, when Lucien arrived in Rome with Angelo a few days before, he had refused to go to the hospital. He found Lennie and his wife and child in the same hotel and stayed in their room as much as he could. He tried to run away from Angelo and turned his head, whenever Angelo came into the room. So naturally he got Lennie on his side, and the whole circus started again. Whenever Angelo tried to get him to go to the clinic, he ran down to Lennie's room and complained about Angelo.

Finally, Lucien agreed to have a tranquilizer injection. The doctor came and Lucien pulled down his pants, stood against the wall, spread-eagled, with his palms flat on the wall, lowered his head, and made like Jesus Christ. Lennie appreciated the scene immensely, being an actor himself, even if Angelo didn't. Then Lucien passed out, and they carted him off to the clinic. Lennie moved to the hotel next door.

Lennie said that Angelo had told him not to tell Gloria where Lucien was. "She made him crazy, she'll just make him crazier," Lennie quoted. Gloria couldn't believe that Angelo had betrayed her like that and she said, "Are you sure it was Angelo?"

"Well," said Lennie, "like I said, I don't remember the guy's name, but he was French, and tall, and sort of blondish, and he was the only one who could speak any English. He seemed to be Lucien's guardian."

"That damn Angelo," Gloria fumed, "I'll never sleep with *him* again."

Then she went back to the hotel, with Olga's wine, and found Olga trying to trace down Rossellini on the phone. Olga finally located some producer she knew in the old days when she was a starlet. He and another producer invited them to dinner at the chic restaurant where all the movie people were going. Flavia, it was called. "Don't talk too much," Olga warned her. "They don't like girls who talk here."

They were pretty boring and old and it wasn't difficult for Gloria not to talk. Then one of them invited Gloria and Olga to his house so they went. He tried to get Olga to fuck him and she begged Gloria to protect her . . . eventually he got so drunk that it wasn't the issue. The other one told Gloria that he HAD to make love to her and she couldn't believe they were still that behind the times in Rome. They got out unscathed, however, and went back to the hotel. When the producers dropped them off, they said, "Oh, this is a famous whorehouse. We know it well, it's next door to the best restaurant in Rome."

Olga and Gloria steeled themselves for the night, jammed against each other for warmth, with the gas heater blowing flames in their faces.

The next day, when they came downstairs to go out for a coffee, Amalia told Gloria that "Angelo was here, he said he'll be back in an hour to get you."

"*Get me?* GET ME!" Gloria shrieked. "I never want to *see* him again!"

Lennie showed up from the hotel next door, and they all went to a café. To get to this café, it was necessary to go through a tunnel that had a shrine to the Virgin Mary on a shelf with a vigil light burning and iron gates at either end. Then you arrived in the Campo di Fiori, the square where Caesar was killed. The café was filled with Mafia, young Mafia, who parked their sports cars outside. They asked, "Oh, you a friend of Lucien's?" and "Lucien, where is he, how is he, we love Lucien!"

"Lucien," Lennie told them, "just threw two thousand dollars up in the air in this square the other day and everyone grabbed for it." He continued: "He gave another thousand to Amalia, told her to hold it a minute, then came back, took it out of her hands, and gave it to two people who were staying in the hotel, whom he had never seen before."

The Mafia made a date with Olga for later in the day to give her some speed and they all went back to the hotel. Angelo was there in a car and Gloria meekly got in the car. Olga and Lennie followed. "Wow," said Lennie, "that guy is really in love with you."

"How do you know?" Gloria asked him.

"Because look at the way he looks at you."

"Is he the one who told you not to tell me where Lucien is?" she demanded.

"Yeah, that's him," Lennie muttered.

"Why did you tell Lennie not to tell me where Lucien is?" Gloria asked Angelo.

"What! Are you crazy? I never say nothing about you to Lennie."

So they decided that Lennie had been lying.

Lennie insisted that they all go to Piazza Novona for lunch because, "There's a statue there that you HAVE to see, it looks just like me". . . . It did.

Olga left for her date with the Mafia and they all went back to the hotel. A couple of hours later she called and said, "My God, they brought me out to a deserted road in the country and took me into a café and told me to wait. I ran away. God, what will I do? It is raining and everything, my God."

"The cunt," Lennie yelled, "I told her she'd get in trouble if she went with those guys. Stupid cunt, serves her right, I hope she gets fucked in the ass *and* in the cunt."

"Aw, leave her there," said Angelo, "she's so stupid."

Meanwhile, she was asking Gloria on the phone, begging Gloria, to pick her up in the car.

"Aw, she's so stupid, tell her to take the bus," Angelo told Gloria.

"Olga, is there a bus stop there?"

"I am *at* the bus stop, Gloria."

"Well, take the bus. Nobody can come and get you."

She took the bus and arrived back at the whorehouse to tell them of her ordeal. *Then* she told them that she had made *another* date with the Mafia for tomorrow. "Maybe I was exaggerating," she pouted. "I really need those pills . . . I will meet them tomorrow in the café. You come with me, Lennie." They told Lennie it was his *duty* as a man to go with her.

That afternoon, Lennie came up to their room and Angelo was there too. Lennie started doing his "number," talking and acting out everything that had ever happened to him in his life, the same routine he had been doing for years, or, at least, ever since Gloria knew him; all to put on a show for Angelo, since Olga and Gloria had already seen it all many times in New York.

Olga got very upset and started reading Dante's *Inferno*.

Then the producer that they had been with the night before called again and invited them to dinner. Olga said she wouldn't go if Lennie came because he "embarrassed" her, but he had already gone next door to take a shower and get dressed for the dinner. At least his hotel had showers, even if they *were* cold. She left it up to Gloria to tell him that he couldn't come and Gloria was furious at her. She yelled next door some lie about why he couldn't come and he said he understood. So Angelo told her they would come only if they could take a bath there. Olga said she'd call back and ask. She did, and the producer said sure. So they went.

After dinner, Angelo and Gloria got into the bathtub immediately, only to find that there wasn't any more hot water. The producer had his houseboy heat water on the stove and fill the tub for them. The sight of them in the bathtub got him all horny and he tried to fuck Olga again. She would have none of it. So he told Gloria that he had something upstairs very special and would she please come upstairs with him. When they got there, he unlocked a little drawer and pulled out a silver box. He opened it up and there was a fine white powder in it. His already red eyes started bulging and she asked, "What is it?"

"Pure cocaine," he told her, "the most expensive you can buy." He took a big snort and held it up to her nose. She took a little snort and he suddenly threw his arms around her

and began grinding his pelvis against her. When he tried to shove his tongue down her throat, she rebelled and ran downstairs, laughing. "Angelo, you won't *believe* what just happened!" The producer was by this time back down in the living room and he told Angelo that he had something he had to see and brought him upstairs for the same trip.

They all went home laughing and went to bed, Olga, Angelo and Gloria, in Gloria's bed. Angelo tried to fuck both of them and Olga said, "Tell him, Gloria, that *I* don't fuck."

"She doesn't fuck, Angelo," Gloria said.

So he and Gloria had a very passionate evening by the shooting blue gas flames with Olga on the other side of the bed pretending to be asleep. Gloria felt Olga didn't think Angelo was enough of an artist to fuck her.

In the morning, Angelo and Gloria decided to make a movie together, with Lennie. They went to the big house in the village to ask Sylvia for the money. Angelo got hooked into driving everybody there to the airport. They were going to get a plane to London where they were going to buy more of the latest amplifiers for the sound for the movie they were making with Lucien, and also to buy clothes. They would only wear clothes from London or Morocco.

At the house Angelo told Gloria to ask Sylvia for some money to live on until they got the rest for the film. She was furious that he left her behind to do the asking, but she did it anyway. Sylvia didn't give her very much. She asked about the film, but there were so many interruptions, with everybody else asking her for money, that Gloria couldn't tell her anything.

Olga had said that she was going to take Gerard away from Marie because for Marie to be with Gerard just "wasn't right." She succeeded pretty well and took off for London with him. Marie settled for a plane to Paris. Sylvia stayed in the house. Angelo and Gloria spent the night in the health spa, fucking on opium, in front of an open window.

The next night, back in Rome, Gloria woke up in a steaming hot bed. Angelo was on fire with a fever. She couldn't believe it . . . she had never felt any skin that hot before in her life. She woke him up and put some clothes on him and made him

take aspirins and drink a lot of water. When he slept for a while, she woke him up again with water. This went on all night.

By daylight, all the blankets, pillow slips and sheets were soaked. When she removed them, she discovered that the pillows and mattress were soaked through too. She ran downstairs to find Amalia who started calling doctors then she went to the open market in Campo di Fiori and bought some long woolen underwear and a lot of fruit juices. She changed his clothes, and Amalia put clean sheets and blankets on the bed again. The doctor didn't come for hours and when he finally came he said he couldn't give Angelo a shot, but gave them a prescription for pills. Gloria had to go to the drugstore and buy the prescription antibiotic.

"Buy a cashmere sweater for me and a record player and two records and some chicken soup while you're out," Angelo said.

"Angelo, we can't afford it."

"My mother always bought me cashmere sweaters. It's just what I need while I'm sick, the warmest thing."

"Aw, let's buy him the cashmere," said Lennie, who had arrived by then. "After all, he *is* our director."

So Lennie and Gloria spent hours looking for the sweater. Then they had to spend fifty dollars for a little portable record player because, as Lennie said, "Might as well get the best for our director."

Then they had to go to the best restaurant in the area to get chicken soup and rice. When they asked for the soup, the waiters said, "Aren't you friends of Lucien?" and "How is he?"

Then, two days later, Angelo insisted on getting up for lunch. He was going to go to Paris right after lunch and get the rest of the money from Sylvia so he could finish the movie right away. He was so weak, but he managed to put on his new cashmere sweater and take a plane to Paris.

It was forbidden at that time to carry more than forty dollars in francs out of France, so, on the return trip, Angelo hid the money in his boot, just as he approached the inspectors. They searched him but didn't search his boot. So he came back with the money.

They moved into the Hotel Inghilliterra, into a two-room suite with a bathroom with hot water. Two weeks and ten reels

later they ran out of money and Gloria flew to Paris to get it from Sylvia.

Sylvia and Gloria met in a café and Sylvia handed Gloria two thousand dollars in francs and said that she wasn't giving any more money to Angelo because "I don't like him, I never did, and I think he's a phony." Then a couple of ragged bums came over to their table to tell Sylvia that she had to bail someone out of jail who was busted for drugs.

Later that night, Gloria had dinner with Sylvia, Ivan, Anton, and Marie and a French film boy who was detestable. They all sneered at her for making a movie with Angelo and they kept quoting his famous "stay cool" phrase, which he used to calm psychotics.

She left the table in disgust and went back to Marylou's apartment. The next morning, Gloria split for Rome.

On her way out to the airport she stopped at Susan Bromley's. Susan was now living with an American photographer in Paris, after the fiasco on the houseboat and they got Gloria so stoned that she could hardly walk. She carried off a piece of their hash to give Angelo and she had the two thousand dollars in her suitcase, to check on the airplane.

At the airport I expected to be searched any minute, and arrested for possession of narcotics and smuggling currency. I was so stoned that the airport seemed like a Kafka nightmare, a quagmire of red tape, and I never expected to arrive unmolested in Rome.

When I got to customs in Rome, I was the last person in line and I was so scared that they were going to search me. But they didn't.

I told Angelo that he couldn't expect any more money from Paris. He decided that the money would turn up and we shouldn't worry about it.

I decided to go and see Lucien. I called the doctor and he said it was OK, but that Marie would be there and would that be all right.

I said, "Sure, Marie and I get along fine," though I was wondering, *What the hell?* I had just seen her the night before in Paris.

The hospital was on the outskirts of the city, in the countryside. I

had to talk into a box to have the gate opened, and, when I got to the door, a very pretty secretary led me up the stairs. Lucien had a double room and bath and Marie was there, along with Sylvia and Anton and Ivan. They had all just flown in again from Paris.

Lucien was terribly groggy from the drugs they were giving him and could hardly talk, but he did manage to say, 'How is the film coming along, that you're making with Angelo?' He had a smirk on his face when he asked the question. Then he begged for some hash but no one would give him any. He started making flying gestures with his hands and flying noises with his mouth, while indicating that he would like a joint. Still, nobody would give him anything. His face was swollen from the drugs they were giving him, but his body was emaciated and full of sores, which wouldn't heal. When Marie left the room, he complained about his legs so I took off his socks and massaged his feet. While I was doing that, he fell asleep.

We all left together and Sylvia told me in the taxi that Marie was trying to get the doctor to let Lucien out of that hospital because Sylvia was sure they were giving him shock treatments and that the doctor was a liar. "Marie is twenty-one now," Sylvia said, "so they have to let him out in her care." Marie was still inside, and we were waiting in the taxi for her. When she came out, she said that the doctor didn't want to let Lucien go. I told Sylvia that I would call Slim in California definitely that night and speak to her in the morning.

When I got home and told the whole story to Angelo, he said, "You are all crazy! Leave Lucien where he is! You're all butting into something which isn't any of your business. He's fine where he is, just leave him alone!"

I decided Angelo was right. As the days wore on, I became more and more happy with Angelo until I was in a permanent state of euphoria. I wrote letters to everybody telling them how happy I was and then tore up all the letters. Angelo told me he fell in love with me because I was so good to him when he was sick. The day he recovered, he realized he could never leave me.

We were very busy with the movie, shooting almost every day and our funds were running low again.

Just as we ran out of money, I got a telegram from Adele Vargas to come to Hollywood to make a movie for her. I decided to go and to use the money I made to finish our movie in Rome. We all decided

that the best course of action was that I should go alone to Hollywood and leave Angelo in Rome with Lennie, as the transportation would be too expensive. All she offered me for making the movie was three thousand and two percent of the profit.

At the last minute, the night before I was to leave, I realized that I had been depressed for seven days because I was leaving Angelo behind. "Oh, Angelo," I whispered to him in a taxi cab, "you have to come with me, the hell with the money."

"OK, darling," he said, and snuggled up to me.

As we left Rome, it was snowing, the first snow in five years. On the way to the airport about five cars were standing empty, all up against a tree, the radiator of each car smacked into the tree's trunk. Apparently, Italians don't know anything about driving in the snow.

.... back in the U.S.A. .....

HOLLYWOOD

XXIV

Angelo and I arrived in Hollywood finally, after escaping certain demolition on the snowy roads of Rome and were met at the Hollywood airport by Adele Vargas with a big bouquet of flowers. Angelo smoked grass all the way to the house and Adele kept complaining about the smell. It was at that moment that I knew we were going to have trouble, and I was right.

"Here's your bedroom, the best room in the house," Adele said, as she led us into a big downstairs room with a bay window and a swimming pool right outside the window. "We're filming in this house and you and Angelo will live here."

It seemed great at first, but after the first day we realized that it was going to be hell. The office was directly overhead and the footsteps didn't die down until three A.M. only to be picked up again at seven A.M., which gave us four quiet hours of sleep.

The first day of shooting one of the actors, Groovy, walked off the set and said he was never coming back because I told him he was a lousy actor. I said that Adele should have followed my advice and let me bring in Lennie Walter from Rome to play his part and Angelo should have played the other male part that was being played by Hippie, co-author with Groovy of *Mustache*, a drug-oriented Broadway play, and lover of Groovy.

"I quit, Adele, I quit," he said, "I'm a professional actor and I wrote *Mustache;* I won't be insulted by Gloria!" I had to talk him into staying. I said, "Listen, Groovy, that's only my professional

technique. I'm trying to work up your adrenalin. That's how I ALWAYS work with actors. Don't take it personally."

He was dressed in the most outlandish getup anybody could dream up in their wildest nightmares. Dungarees with big bleached patches, suspenders, a stained tee-shirt with football letters on it, sneakers, a scarf tied around his forehead Indian fashion, and a lot of junk around his waist. He looked about thirty-five but claimed to be twenty-seven, which really knocked me out, being twenty-seven myself.

The name of the film was *Tigers Tremble*. To look more like a tiger, Adele wanted me to bleach my hair and cut it on top. Then it would match the hair of Groovy and Hippie, supposedly.

Under great misgivings I cut and bleached my hair and cried for two hours at the results. Angelo, to get my mind off it, said, "Let's go for a drive." So I took him to the mountains at the back of Malibu Beach. We had rented a car and on the way to the beach I kept looking in the side view mirror at my hair and crying. When we got to the mountain we drove halfway up and parked. We got out of the car, looked at the view, and the sunset, and necked against the side of the car and then decided to drive back. As I was backing up, I was looking in the side view mirror again at my hair, and I inadvertently backed right over a rock, which lifted the rear of the car up in the air and we couldn't get the car off it. Finally a station wagon full of hippies came along and pushed us off the rock. They ruined their station wagon in the process but didn't seem to give a shit. "Come on up to our house on top of the mountain," they said, "and we'll give you some tea." So up we went to the top of the mountain. The hippie girls all had such nice hair that I started crying again so one of the girls fixed my hair for me, but it looked worse. I ended up looking like Barbara Stanwyk in 1942.

"You look just like my teacher, except for the hair," said one of the children. That set me crying again but her mother talked me out of it. I looked around the house and saw about ten people who all looked under twenty-five. Then one of them told me she was the mother of all the children which really blew my mind. "We don't take drugs, drink, smoke or eat meat," she said. "We're always high naturally. The other day I smoked some pot for the first time in a year and it really brought me down."

The ten-year-old boy was the rebel against the hippie parents

and he said he hated to meditate; "It's so boring." The mother made some kind of a grain meal with carrots and told us that that particular grain was not only the cheapest you could buy but it also gave out the least violent vibrations. It turned out to be millet.

"We never have a fight," she said just as her rebel ten-year-old hit her in the face. "I don't want to eat this shit," he said, "I'm sick of it."

"I give you a kiss and you give me a hit," said his mother with a smile on her face. Angelo gave his camera to the rebel and showed him how to make a movie.

We took their phone number and left feeling lousy about the wreck of their car, as they needed it to carry firewood up the mountain but they told us not to worry as one of the men was a mechanic.

After a week of sleeping in the bedroom under the stomping feet and eating the Hollywood shit food I freaked out and ran screaming through the downstairs bedrooms, naked. I threw all the linen out of the linen closet down the stairs, smashed all the flower pots full of dirt, into the walls and tried to break the windows by throwing a tripod against them. Angelo filmed the whole thing and the last thing I did was scream up the stairs, "I'm quitting this fucking movie, I don't give a shit, my stomach aches and I can't get any fucking sleep. You can all go and fuck yourselves." Then I threw myself on the bed and violently sobbed again. Angelo said, "Come on get dressed. We'll go over and sleep at Rafe's house and Sarah will make you a good breakfast tomorrow." Rafe was an old friend, a movie producer, and Sarah was his wife.

That's just what we did and at eleven o'clock in the morning I called the masseur, Joe Bray who massages all the stars, and he came over and gave me a massage. Sarah made us a beautiful breakfast and Adele called and said, "When are you coming back?" I told her that I couldn't come back until she promised to put me in a hotel and feed me some decent food. She said yes to everything, so I sauntered over to the set about two in the afternoon for another grueling afternoon of working. I sneaked downstairs during a break and couldn't find any signs of the carnage of the night before. Apparently they had gotten it all cleaned up before Adele arrived in the morning. She had everybody afraid of her.

. . . . . visit with an artist

in Venice, Cal. . . . . .

XXV

Irving Painter

The first weekend that Gloria and Angelo are in Hollywood they decide to go out to Venice and visit a painter that Gloria knew in New York. They drove out in the car they rented on Sunset Boulevard.

ANGELO (To Gloria in car. Gloria is driving) How could you know where you are?

GLORIA I DON'T know where I am.

ANGELO Ya.

GLORIA No! I DO, I do, I do, I DO!

ANGELO How COULD you know where you are?

GLORIA Here it is! Right here! Isn't it fantastic that I found it?

ANGELO Recognize the door? Somebody there around? You think you could know somebody?

GLORIA There's a light on. I didn't remember all these one-way streets. What a drag.

ANGELO . . . could you . . . you can go to Venice though.

GLORIA This IS Venice!

ANGELO So why can't you find anybody there. Nobody's there?

GLORIA No, nobody's there.

ANGELO Could you call on the phone somebody? You want go back home, huh?

GLORIA No, nobody's home. Oh! There's Irving Painter. Shall we try him?

ANGELO Who is zat? Straight people?
GLORIA No. He's an artist. Do you want to try again? I'll call him.
ANGELO I don't know . . . ya . . . call him . . . and you know . . . just try to have . . .
GLORIA What a drag!
ANGELO How do you feel?
GLORIA OK.

They call him from a public phone booth and they drive to his studio.

GLORIA There's his studio, right there!
ANGELO He's all right? He's cool?
GLORIA Oh yes!
ANGELO Beautiful . . . beautifuuuuuul . . . You are a friend of Gloria's I love you mister . . . . hmmmmmm, music! This is the man you say has good music?
GLORIA Oh, no, that was Kurt Von Dryer.

knock knock

IRVING Hi!
ANGELO Hi!
GLORIA This is Angelo.
ANGELO Hello, how are you?

Gloria and Angelo look at the new paintings of Irving Painter. They are fiberglass disks with many layers of white paint on them.

GLORIA You changed your style.
IRVING What do you mean I changed my style? I change every day. It's ten years now.
ANGELO Are you working?
GLORIA Yeah, he's going to give a show.
IRVING Show time.
ANGELO I'm cold.
GLORIA I knew it would be cold. Here, put this on.
IRVING Sit in that chair right there. See that chair?

ANGELO Yeah.
IRVING Sit in that chair.
GLORIA Sit in that chair.
ANGELO Come here . . .
GLORIA Just think, we've driven all the way out here two nights in a row . . . and couldn't find the streets . . . I thought Lincoln was Pacific or whatever it is . . .

Television Commercial: "Grandma, there's the curly hair . . . I thought you said your fingers were getting old . . ."

"Oh, that's just when my arthritis kicks up and then my fingers feel stiff . . . well Julie that's where my friend Anacin comes in . . . It's wonderful the way it helps relieve my pain for hours."

"How do I look?"

"Anacin tablets have more of the pain reliever doctors prescribe most . . . for minor arthritis pains . . for more freedom of movement without pain . . . Anacin."

GLORIA You lead such a Spartan life!

Radio: "Isn't it great, that first golden morning you don't hear that coughing!"

IRVING I do?
GLORIA Yea.
IRVING Does that bother you?
GLORIA No.

Radio: "Post nasal drip? . . . nasal mist!"

GLORIA (Reading) Oh, DNA! I had dinner with him, Dr. James Watson! He discovered the DNA code and he asked me to play Rosie in the movie he's making of his book, The Double Helix.
IRVING Are you going to do it?
GLORIA Yeah, only I keep forgetting to write to him. I went to Europe for four months and I forget to do it.
IRVING How WAS that?

GLORIA *Well . . . Angelo and I made a movie in Rome. Rome was great. We're going back as soon as I finish here and then we're coming back to sell our movie.*

ANGELO *Are you well sit?*

GLORIA *Huh?*

ANGELO Bien Assis?

GLORIA Oui.

ANGELO *Who's Michael Polagni?*

IRVING *The man who wrote that article.*

GLORIA *Well, he wrote more than two articles . . . that you have . . . lots of articles, more than two.*

Irving hangs up a painting. He hangs it on a pipe that sticks out from the wall so the painting appears to be floating in space. You don't see the pipe. The painting is all white but when he turns the lights on it that are placed in the ceiling in front of the painting and on the floor, the painting becomes many colors, especially around the edge. Very subtle shades of violet. There is a dark strip across the middle of the disk. Big round shadows, about four of them, or maybe eight, play on the wall behind the disk.

GLORIA *Oh! Wow! Show me how you put that on again.*

ANGELO *Yeah.*

IRVING *You just stick it on that pipe.*

GLORIA *Oh, I thought those tapes in the middle were masking . . . . but they're supposed to be on there, right? . . . Oh, that's really fantastic!*

ANGELO *Ohohohohohooooooooooooo . . .*

GLORIA *He's on a trip. Took a THC trip. Oh, it's really beautiful, much better than last year's.*

IRVING *Thank you.*

GLORIA *A thousand times better . . . I mean really mysterious . . . really . . .*

ANGELO *Yeah, yeah, yeah.*

GLORIA *Really great, really fabulous, how long did it take you to. . . .*

IRVING *To get it to here?*

GLORIA *Yeah.*

IRVING *Oh, about a year and a half.*

GLORIA *How do they differ?*

IRVING *Well they're on plastic instead of on metal.*

GLORIA *No, I mean, how does each individual one differ?*

IRVING *NOW they don't differ that much. EARLIER they really differed a lot. I keep eliminating. That's my game, you know, until I get them all really the way I like them.*

GLORIA *Really fantastic. If I walk around them, does the image still float?*

IRVING *After half an hour they really get fabulous. They'll be much more fun after that.*

GLORIA *Oh yeah? Should we sit here for half an hour?*

IRVING *Ha ha. If you've got that much STAY!*

GLORIA *How much are they?*

IRVING *I have no idea of what price they're going to sell them at . . . I don't get involved in that.*

GLORIA *You need the whole special lighting for them right?*

IRVING *Yeah. But it's not that special. All you need is a plug.*

GLORIA *Yeah, and a blue light.*

IRVING *Well, this blue makes the pink a bit whiter.*

GLORIA *(Looking at light bulb) What is this?*

IRVING *Well, they're just light bulbs.*

ANGELO *Straight light.*

IRVING *They're of such low caliber.*

GLORIA *Straight light with a blue bulb.*

IRVING *There's supposed to be TWO blue bulbs, but one burned out.*

GLORIA *Oh, when I looked at it I thought it was fluorescent. It's that blue that makes it . . . wow . . . look at all these . . . oh I see! That middle stripe is completely transparent, huh?*

IRVING *Yeah, well, actually it WAS a tape in the middle. I just tried to make it LOOK transparent.*

GLORIA *REALLY, oooooh!*

IRVING *That's the trick!*

GLORIA *Oh, oooooh . . . . . oooo*OOOOOOOH!

ANGELO *Ohhh oooooooh ooooooooo*OOOH!

GLORIA *So you can't see what holds it, right?*

IRVING *Right!*

GLORIA *Also makes it rounder, right? Makes it more of a globe.*

IRVING No, I'm not particularly interested in the globe. The only thing I like to do physically is to appear to OCCUPY the space, rather than just be one dimensional or two dimensional.

GLORIA Well, you NEED all these shadows, then, and everything, right?

IRVING Yeah, but also this thing doesn't appear to be flat. It also appears to have a kind of a dimension.

GLORIA Right!

IRVING Moving it out of the wall gives it room to occupy the space because it gives it the space to occupy.

GLORIA It's really great!

ANGELO Yeah.

GLORIA oooooooooH . . . . . that didn't take me half an hour.

IRVING Is that right?

GLORIA I just got the whole effect!

ANGELO (Two long whistles)

GLORIA HaHa, sometimes the WHOLE THING disappears!

ANGELO What did you make before?

GLORIA It's just like the cosmic climax!

ANGELO The quoi? The what?

GLORIA It's just like that's the cosmic climax.

ANGELO Uhhuh . . .

IRVING Before, they were made of metal and had color, just a little bit on the outside edges.

ANGELO Yeah.

IRVING The outside edge. So that the center was empty.

ANGELO Uhuh . . .

IRVING And they worked very differently and that was not quite as far out. Actually I was trying to do the same thing for a long time.

GLORIA Oh, I was right when I said 2001.

ANGELO Ha!

GLORIA Because that strip in the middle becomes that slab in 2001!

IRVING Also, sometimes it feels like going through it.

GLORIA Yeah . . . right, right, wait a minute . . . go through what? You go through the white, via the strip, right? . . . That's the most subtle, best, uh, you know, trip thing I've ever seen, of anybody trying to put you on a trip. In this movie I keep talking about the cosmic climax. It's become like a joke. You know I

always say the same things over and over again. I have no variation. (sigh)

ANGELO *No. You make a beautiful movie.*

IRVING *She what?*

ANGELO *She making a beautiful movie, ya.*

IRVING *She made a couple of beautiful movies. Oh, she's become a stand-out in those movies, she really has.*

GLORIA *What?*

IRVING *In all those movies you've been in, you've turned out to be the stand-out in them. You stand right out. Like they're on one plane and you're on another one.*

GLORIA *Hahahaha . . .*

ANGELO *Hahahahah . . .*

IRVING *It's really true. You're the only one who really and completely does it the way the game is supposed to be played . . . . which is you just get in there and go . . . you know the rest of them have moments when they are . . . when they become totems.*

GLORIA *What?*

IRVING *Totems.*

GLORIA *Totos?*

IRVING *Totems!*

GLORIA *Totems?*

IRVING *Yeah! All of a sudden they know that you know that I know that they know that they're making a movie and . . . YOU don't get that . . . you're the only one that's completely oblivious that you're making a movie. Hahahahah which is the name of the game if you're in that game you know, and YOU really DO it!*

GLORIA *Oh, I never . . .*

IRVING *You, and that guy, what's his name?*

GLORIA *Taylor Mead?*

IRVING *Taylor Mead. I like him because he's got no bones in his body.*

GLORIA *Oh yeah.*

ANGELO *He's great.*

IRVING *He's great.*

ANGELO *He's great.*

IRVING *He's a great walker. He's the greatest walker I've ever seen.*

ANGELO Yeah, around the . . . . when he walks around the house, yeah.

IRVING When he walks around ANYTHING. 'Cause when he walks he doesn't walk. He goes . . . . he moves along like an inchworm moves.

GLORIA You know what you should try to eliminate? Do you think . . . . you see on the upper half on the right and the left. The light glints off a little strongly.

IRVING Yeah, that's because of the smallness, I mean the fact . . .

GLORIA The difference from the light to the edge?

IRVING Yeah. See these small paintings here, that I haven't finished? They don't glint at all.

GLORIA OOOOH . . .

IRVING And it has to do with the lights . . . . too . . . . . yah, I would like to eliminate that, too.

GLORIA And also, underneath, that reflection, does that bother you at all?

IRVING No. And it won't bother you after a while, either. When they're perfectly balanced in the room. This is just the working area. This is so I can figure out what I've done. Because when I'm working I can't see . . . so I have to bring them here to see what I did . . . . so I just go back and forth. Properly lit, this thing here won't be uneven and it'll be right about there.

GLORIA Oh . . .

IRVING And you can see more on top, too.

GLORIA Oh, that's nice, if it's right about there. But how do you know that it'll be like that?

IRVING What?

GLORIA When it's properly lit.

IRVING I'm only involved in them until the first two times they're shown. The first two times I show them. THAT'S THE WAY THEY WILL BE.

GLORIA Oh, but I mean, have you already experimented with the exact right lighting, but where do you do it? In here?

IRVING Well, I've got another room in there and also this one.

GLORIA Where's your other room? There's another room besides the one we were just in, and this one?

IRVING Yeah, there's one in the back which I'm tearing apart because I'm building it into a kiosk.

ANGELO *What is zat?*

IRVING *Uh, it's a space that has no point of identification so I have to totally turn it into a kiosk . . . . you take all the corners out and fill them in.*

GLORIA *We went to Larry's before we came here and then a cop stopped us and . . .*

IRVING *Oh, I'll tell you something. This is a neighborhood to be a little cautious around for some reason about two weeks ago they've been busting people all over the town . . . . they just stop 'EM.*

GLORIA *Maybe we should leave our grass here.*

ANGELO *I just throw it away.*

GLORIA *Where'd you throw it?*

ANGELO *I had a joint. I just throw it away. Because the cops . . . You know, he was looking at us so I just throw it away.*

IRVING *I don't know WHAT it is. I've been seeing it ALL over. And several people have told me that before they didn't . . . and now, all of a sudden, they're just stopping people all over, all the time.*

ANGELO *Yeah, you know the cops were looking very strange to us and you know I just opened the window and I just throw it away.*

GLORIA *They scared everybody. It was a smart move darling.*

ANGELO *Huh?*

GLORIA *It was a smart move darling, darling, honey, it was a smart move.*

IRVING *Now they're rousting everybody and everybody's holding so they're just going out and rousting everybody.*

GLORIA *What does rousting mean?*

IRVING *Well, you know, when you're just driving along in your car and not doing anything. . . .*

ANGELO *Oh yeah, you doesn't know what rousting mean? Do you speak English or what?*

IRVING *You know they must STOP you and check you out. So they've been doing it out here and they've been hitting every time.*

GLORIA *Every time huh?*

IRVING *Well not every time, but enough so they just keep right on doing it.*

GLORIA *The right edge of the band doesn't quite make it to the edge of the plastic.*

IRVING *THE RIGHT EDGE OF THE BAND DOESN'T MAKE IT TO THE EDGE OF THE PLASTIC?*

GLORIA *It looks a little white around the edge. See what I mean? On the left side it looks completely turned to the back . . . am I sitting exactly in the middle now? (Angelo and Gloria are sitting in chairs directly in front of the painting but about twenty feet away from it.)*

IRVING *Yeah.*

GLORIA *The left side curves more than the right side. The reason the right side doesn't curve . . . . .*

IRVING *It doesn't REALLY curve.*

GLORIA *Oh, it's just because of a mistake in the lighting, huh?*

IRVING *Possibly.*

GLORIA *Is it my eyes?*

IRVING *It might be your eyes. That's part of the problem of painting them. They change . . . like, I'll work on them tonight and then tomorrow morning they'll look very different . . . because . . . I mean I really don't know WHAT you're seeing now . . . because I, you know . . .*

GLORIA *I'm seeing a slight white edge, which . . .*

IRVING *I come in in the morning . . .*

GLORIA *. . . . which tends to flatten it out, to bring it forward, instead of curving it around the way the left . . . .*

IRVING *. . . I come in in the morning and look at it a couple of hours and my eye starts changing and as I go through the day . . . and I can really change and then . . . then it's different!*

GLORIA *Yeah, it must be hard.*

IRVING *It's not particularly hard.*

GLORIA *I mean, you could go crazy.*

ANGELO *Uhuh.*

GLORIA *I could. I could go crazy.*

IRVING *It takes patience.*

GLORIA *But I don't have any.*

IRVING *I know you don't.*

GLORIA *How do you know?*

IRVING *Because you've told me that several times.*

GLORIA *Oh, I have? Gee, I can't remember anything anymore.*

IRVING *I can't either . . . there isn't anything worth . . .*

GLORIA *. . . . anything worth remembering.*

IRVING *Is that tape going?*

GLORIA *It's always going.*

IRVING *Just in case, huh?*

GLORIA *Yeah, just in case there's anything worth remembering . . . . no, I'm only kidding . . . just to have something to do, . . . just to keep busy.*

ANGELO *You know it's hard to hold—I have to change battery every hour.*

IRVING *EVERY HOUR?*

ANGELO *Yeah, the fucking thing . . . the fucking thing . . . . every hour!*

GLORIA *You told me there was a new kind.*

ANGELO *Yeah, but I give it back because you didn't want to give me any money.*

IRVING *Is this a Sony?*

ANGELO *Yeah, the new one. It's not so bad.*

GLORIA *We keep spending all the money they give me.*

IRVING *Don't they have rechargeable batteries?*

GLORIA *We don't have enough money to buy one.*

IRVING *I thought you were making this movie because you'd make a lot of money. I was just going to ask you for a loan.*

ANGELO *OK, let's stop this conversation NOW. Not stop it from HERE (sotto voce into the mike) but from THERE!*

GLORIA *Let's see . . . they give me my expenses, and I give it to Angelo, and it's gone in five minutes.*

IRVING *Why? What does Angelo do with it?*

GLORIA *Tape recorders, tapes, films. . . .*

ANGELO *Batteries.*

GLORIA *Batteries.*

ANGELO *It's use three batteries for hour and the batteries are fifty cents so that make one dollar and fifty cents per hour. You know it's quite expensive.*

IRVING *You'll have to give up smoking.*

GLORIA *Smoking grass?*

IRVING *No, smoking is an . . .*

GLORIA *Oh, he doesn't smoke. He just smokes grass.*

IRVING . . . . is an expensive habit, so he has to be careful.

GLORIA He has to smoke grass all day long or he can't stand life.

IRVING Is that why his eyes are so clear?

ANGELO Maybe that's why.

GLORIA They have everything in California. He thinks she slipped him acid instead of THC because he's been up for so long.

IRVING Who's she?

GLORIA Well, this girl that we just call up and order anything we want.

IRVING Oh really?

ANGELO Yeah, it's really great.

IRVING Your eyes are really clear, too. What are you guys doing?

GLORIA Oh, I'm not on anything.

IRVING The only way I ever seen people get clear eyes is from clean living and I know neither one of you are doing that.

GLORIA Oh, yes, we're on macrobiotic food and we . . .

ANGELO You know we sleep in the same bed all the time.

GLORA We live very carefully.

IRVING What do you eat?

GLORIA We just eat things like fresh salads, vegetables, fresh, rice, and rare meat.

IRVING They have a special plate at the Help restaurant, just vegetables . . .

ANGELO We missed it.

GLORIA That's all I wanted to eat.

ANGELO Me too, but, we went there tonight . . . but I can't stand because all the people came here and it was ugh, ugh, awful!

GLORIA Well, I was feeling so bad and throwing up, throwing up once a week, really throwing up. I had a terrible pain in my back and everybody told me that pain in your back comes from your gall bladder and your stomach so I started eating brown rice and I feel fine now . . . . after two helpings of rice and soy sauce with sesame salt I was OK . . . . that was all I needed.

ANGELO Yeah, it's true.

IRVING Where do you get it?

GLORIA There's three or four places you can get it in LA.

IRVING Do you have to cook it yourself?

GLORIA No, you can go to a health food restaurant. We went to Help tonight but we didn't like the atmosphere so we left and went to the Old World instead.

ANGELO We just freak out in the Old World.

GLORIA YOU were awful.

ANGELO Did I?

GLORIA You were awful, you just freaked out and said we had to leave . . no, I hate the food in the Old World . . . . but Help was worse.

IRVING I know, like everybody's sackcloth and ashes.

GLORIA And they were all looking at us.

IRVING Sackcloth and ashes.

GLORIA Yeah, yeah, sackcloth and ashes, you know sackcloth and ashes Angelo?

ANGELO I don't know, but that's all right . . . because I get it in the magnetaphone . . . I can read . . I can look in a dictionary and keep going.

IRVING That's the whore who wore sackcloth and ashes. It's not as much, though it is at times. People in the Art World wore it like sackcloth and ashes.

GLORIA Uh, like Lucien, Lucien, sackcloth and ashes. C'est les gens qui portent les choses que se fait de le material reche and prennent les . . . . comment-on dit ashes?

IRVING Cendres.

GLORIA Cendres, comme dans les jours de bible.

ANGELO Oui, oui.

GLORIA On dit les gens . . les . . . les . . .

IRVING And everybody knew they were making it because they were all suffering.

GLORIA Oui, les gens sentaient . . . .

IRVING Where did you learn how to speak that, uh, language?

ANGELO Yeah, she speak very good French now. It's like me, because I didn't met her in France.

IRVING But you don't speak very good French.

ANGELO No, I don't speak very good French.

IRVING Where did you learn it?

GLORIA I studied it at the Sorbonne a few years ago.

IRVING And you've been able to speak it since then?

GLORIA Yeah, because everybody sent me their French artists in

New York and . . . uh . . . I've always been the . . uh . French courtesan.

ANGELO *Did you say that You speak better French than I speak?*

GLORIA *I said that. Mine's just more classic than yours.*

ANGELO *More classic than mine?*

GLORIA Oui . . . quelqu'un m'a dit que je parle comme le bible.

ANGELO WHO? WHO?

GLORIA Un français.

ANGELO UN français?

GLORIA Oui, que j'ai rencontré dans un boîte de nuit que Barney Wilen m'ai apporté . . um . . . um . . . de jazz.

ANGELO De jazz?

GLORIA Oui, mais j'ai oublié le nom.

ANGELO "Boeuf sur le toit"?

GLORIA "Boeuf sur le toit"? Non . . . *can't remember, it's right off. . . .*

ANGELO *She know Jean La Fonce now.*

IRVING *Does Jean know her?*

ANGELO *Yeah, they get together and they're friends. They think each other that they are great. . . .*

IRVING *Did Jean know you?*

ANGELO *They just see them, each other on the movie.*

GLORIA *She thinks I'm a genius.*

IRVING *Does she really?*

GLORIA *She and Robert . . . they told Fred Morris . . . so they called me up and said I'm fantastic and I said I think you're fantastic too.*

IRVING *You're a sweetheart. That was nice of you to do that.*

GLORIA *No, I did, I really think she's terrific. . . . I like her body.*

ANGELO *Yeah, I mean, it's a sexual . . . .*

GLORIA *I did an imitation of her in this movie.*

ANGELO *. . . . sexual relation, but it's good.*

GLORIA *Let's see, Irving's reading "An Introduction to Something Gurism," by Doctor D. T. Suzuki, "Information Processing in Human Visual Systems."*

IRVING *You'd be interested in some of the games I'm playing now. I'll invite you to play some of my games with me.*

GLORIA *Oh, wait a minute, Angelo has to look at these dirty photographs here.*

IRVING Where's a dirty photograph? . . . . there's another experiment we just did in which we . . . have you . . . give you some kind of a soup, let's say like a beer and then you're sitting in a space, I give you the beer and then I put a tone into the room that's almost subliminal, you almost can't hear it, and, uh, when you taste, when I give you the tone, the beer tastes incredible. If I change the tone, just slightly, left or right, it tastes like dishwater, and if I take the tone away it tastes just like beer.

GLORIA Really? Can you do it right now?

IRVING No, I have to have the whole thing set up. . . . I got a whole thing going on sensory deprivation.

GLORIA Really, do you think sensory deprivation is good?

IRVING No, it isn't that. Well, I'll tell you something, YOU'D like it!

GLORIA Huh?

IRVING You'd like it if I put you in my chamber and let you just sit there for half an hour . . . and you'd come out, and I would say when you walk down the street . . . . for half an hour with nothing other than just sitting alone in the chamber . . . . you'll feel as if you'd just been . . . . as if you're on a trip, 'cause the whole world looks a little different.

GLORIA REALLY?

IRVING From just that.

GLORIA For just a half an hour?

IRVING I guarantee ya, first time around . . . . haha . . . I knew you'd dig it! right now we won't be using it until later.

GLORIA He tells me all these great things and then he says "not right now."

IRVING We're getting ready to build it. It costs fifty thousand dollars to build it.

GLORIA Is there one at UCLA?

IRVING Yeah. I can't build it until I know exactly what I want to build.

GLORIA There's no light, no sound?

IRVING That's all. Just those two things. And we put you in it so you don't know where you are. Everybody does it differently. So that you feel you're in space.

GLORIA That's what Lennie Walter's always talking about . . . space . . . . he says, the thing about A is he gives you so much SPACE to work in.

IRVING Yeah.

GLORIA SPACE . . . . SPACE . . . . . "LETS YOU CREATE YOUR OWN SPACE!"

IRVING WELL . . . . everybody carries one around with them.

GLORIA What do you mean? physical space?

IRVING Well, everybody actually carries . . . . everybody's different . . . some people spend hours . . . and one of the things that they won't let you do . . . at least that's what they think; they won't let you touch them or get near them because you start . . . . there's a point where you invade their space.

GLORIA A won't let you touch him if you're a girl. If you're a boy you can touch him.

IRVING Touching is something else. But it's a matter of space. Some people are more aware of theirs than other people. Also another thing that we're into is . . . . we can actually assist you to . . . uh . . . uh . . . to get up in outer space. To project alpha rhythms.

GLORIA To project alpha rhythms, what are they?

IRVING Well, when somebody meditates what they do is actually go into an alpha state. The mind actually goes to about ten or eleven cycles and they actually project, which can actually be . . .

GLORIA Oh, oh, oh, the cycles of the mind!

IRVING Yeah.

GLORIA I was just reading something about that today. This guy developed this sex kit. He got the idea from going into . . .

ANGELO Ah! ya, ya, ya . . .

IRVING What? What? What? Who's the guy?

GLORIA Oh, we have to get . . . what magazine were we reading last night? A man's magazine?

ANGELO Oh, yeah!

GLORIA Oh shit! We left it in the restaurant. . . .

ANGELO Only For Men.

GLORIA . . On Santa Monica Pier.

IRVING What was it?

ANGELO Only For Men.

GLORIA Anyway it was this doctor who developed a sex kit. He got the idea by going into a psychedelic nightclub . . . where the sound pulsates at the rate of brain waves per second . . . which is what? Omega?

IRVING Well, it depends, it's probably about fourteen or fifteen.
GLORIA But, what do they call it? They don't call it alpha, they call it . . .
IRVING There's delta, alpha, theta, theta rhythm, I'm not sure which one the normal one is . . . I know that, uh . . .
GLORIA I think it was, uh . . .
IRVING Couldn't be alpha . .
GLORIA Well, anyway, he has this kit, where he has all the stuff he disguises in shaving brushes and everything. SOUND beat throbs throughout the room and it gets . . .
IRVING This is not fiction?
GLORIA No, it's REAL. It costs four hundred dollars to send away for the kit . . .
IRVING Get me that magazine!
GLORIA . . . and also . . . .
IRVING GET ME THAT MAGAZINE!
GLORIA ALSO, LISTEN, listen, all right, listen . . . . also with images of erotic things, you know, they get more erotic and then it has "female phase, excitation phase, tension phase, orgasmic phase, resolution phase," and the images change with each phase . . . . you check your partner to see if she's getting the skin flush, and the third . . . .
IRVING COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!
GLORIA Right? and then you go into the next phase . . .
IRVING ALL RIGHT!
GLORIA And it has . . . .
IRVING What is . . . WHAT IS THE MAGAZINE?
GLORIA . . . an automatic incense burner, and it pushes the incense to a muskier scent when they start reaching orgasm you know . . .
IRVING WELL, WHERE DO I GET IT? COME ON, GIVE ME THE NAME!
GLORIA Where did you buy the magazine, Angelo? We left it at Santa Monica Pier in a restaurant called Sinbad.
ANGELO I can find another one.
IRVING What were you doing at Sinbad's? Do you remember what it looks like?
ANGELO We have to go to Sinbad's and I can find the magazine. I get it, you know, the name was Only For Men *. . . . . .*
IRVING WHAT WAS THE NAME?

ANGELO . . . . . so I get it, you know, I buy it.
IRVING WHAT WAS THE NAME OF IT?
ANGELO Only For Men.
GLORIA Only For Men.
ANGELO So I just went there. . . . I get it. . . .
IRVING Where did you buy it?
GLORIA In a drugstore.
ANGELO In a drugstore.
IRVING WHERE?
GLORIA Oh, here, in the drugstore, here!
ANGELO Let's go there now.
GLORIA The shopping center near Venice, where the apartments go out in the water and they all have their own docks, you know!
IRVING Oh, the marina! It's called For Men Only?
ANGELO I don't know the name exactly but I can find it. Could we go now? Is it too late? Is it shut?
GLORIA It's eleven thirty.
IRVING THE MAGAZINE STAND!
ANGELO . . . . . the life in Los Angeles . . .
GLORIA OK, let's go.
ANGELO Let's try to get it, yeah, I think it's very important!
GLORIA Oh, yeah, it's fabulous.
ANGELO Yeah.
GLORIA Anyway it told about how it saved all those marriages!
ANGELO Haha . . .

They all leave.

GLORIA We have a car.
ANGELO You have the key?
GLORIA No, you must have the key.
ANGELO Me, why?
GLORIA Don't you have the key?
IRVING Mine's easier.
ANGELO Yeah, yeah, take yours, I don't have the key. I was not driving.
GLORIA Did you leave the key in the car?
ANGELO I was not driving.
GLORIA Did you leave the key in the car?

ANGELO I was not driving.
GLORIA Did WE leave it in the car?
ANGELO Oh, you got it.
GLORIA No, I don't, I don't have a POCKET!
ANGELO Maybe you leave it in the car.

They get in Irving's car.

GLORIA Everytime I drive we have these fights . . . except Angelo is on THC . . . . but when HE drives in Europe it's like being on the SUICIDE run . . . I've never SEEN anybody drive so recklessly in my life. He's AFRAID of driving in LA . . . . . OK, turn the music off so you can tell me about the alpha waves. How do you get into the alpha wave state?
IRVING First of all when people . . . . . well you have to do it yourself, but there's a way of helping you to do it. When anyone meditates what they have to do is put themself into another frame of mind which actually can be recorded in the sense that the lower alpha, excuse me, it's the lower frequency output of waves, you get down to a 10 or 11 so and it, like, say whenever all those people that talk about outer body experiences, you know, well actually they've taken these people and done EEG's on them and when they are actually doing the outer body thing their brain frequency is around 9. . . . 8 or 9, in other words, a slow alpha. And then when they do it on Zen monks, they've actually gotten some Zen monks that have gotten down to 6 or 7 and that's high, really high.
GLORIA Well tell me about the people that talk about outer bodily experiences.
IRVING What do you want me to tell you about them?
GLORIA I mean, what do they talk about? I don't really know.
IRVING The most common outer bodily thing is when someone lays in bed and they slowly rise out of their body.
GLORIA Oh, I've never done that.
IRVING Are you sure?
GLORIA Yeah. The closest I came to it was when I was about seven or eight. I used to have these terrible hallucinations that the bed was getting bigger and bigger and bigger and the room was getting bigger and I'd call my mother and she'd come in and as she'd walk away from me and get farther away, her

voice was like it was on a train just going farther and farther away.

IRVING That's cause you had a fever.

GLORIA But I didn't . . . I wasn't sick, I was just normal.

ANGELO When it was?

GLORIA When I was young, it used to happen to me often.

IRVING A LOT OF people, when they have fevers, they get really small and the world gets huge.

GLORIA Maybe I had a fever and I didn't know it.

IRVING Maybe.

GLORIA But, at the same time my aunt's face used to be contorted into two masks of comedy and tragedy above the bed, looking down at me, cackling away like that . . . . yahahayahayahhh . . .

IRVING You liked your aunt, huh?

GLORIA I really liked her, I mean I still do, no, I really dug her. She was my godmother too . . . . now . . . I think we take a right here.

ANGELO Are you driving?

IRVING Yeah.

ANGELO No, but I mean she's driving you!

IRVING I think I know.

GLORIA We took a right here.

ANGELO You know the name? Sinbad.

GLORIA No, we're not going to Sinbad's. We're going to the shopping center. Isn't it down there?

IRVING No, it's up there.

GLORIA Are you sure?

ANGELO I think we go too far, no?

When we first started to work, Angelo discovered that Groovy and Hippie almost NEVER turned on. And here they were promulgating drugs as though they invented them. So Angelo gave them something different every day. He had this connection, a girl named Valley High, where all he had to do was call up and order the

drugs over the telephone. He got her name from a big Hollywood producer. Being French, there were some drugs that he had never heard of before, like psilocybin, the magic mushroom from Mexico. Angelo called it "silver sibin" and gave it first to Groovy and Hippie to test it.

In the beginning of the film I told Groovy that he was only truly liberated if he could jerk off in front of the camera. He didn't believe me but Angelo's drug tests convinced him. The day Angelo gave him the psilocybin he disappeared for a while. "Where's Groovy?" Adele kept shouting as the cameras were ready to roll and Groovy was nowhere to be found. "Where's Groovy?" Everybody took up the cry. Finally he appeared at the front door stark naked. He had been out in the streets. "Goddamnit!" he howled, "Adele, I KNOW you've got cameras hidden in the bathroom. Christ, there's cameras all over this place, I can't even take a PISS without it being filmed." "Groovy," said Adele, "you're imagining things, there are no cameras in the bathroom. We only have three cameras and they're all right here in this room."

"It's all a plot," he howled, "I don't believe any of you." Hippie tried to calm him down but it didn't work. So Hippie decided to get as high as Groovy. We all got stoned and whenever Adele asked us to do something we didn't like we just gave her a blank stare and then started giggling.

"I can't talk to any of you," she complained. "You don't HEAR me."

..... meet the local dealers .....

XXVI

While Gloria was working on the movie, Angelo would drive around picking up girls in the car he and Gloria had rented, and drive the girls up and down Sunset Strip. Or he would look for drugs. "You can find anything you want in Hollywood," he was fond of saying, "all you have to do is pick up the phone."

He picked up the phone one day to call Valley High, and she said "Come right over Angelo, there's someone here I want you to meet." Angelo drove over to Valley's house, which wasn't far away from the set. It was in a courtyard, surrounded by other houses just like it. Lark, a skinny, frizzy-haired rather effeminate blond boy, was rapping about his mother.

LARK She was sick when I arrived. She stayed out all last week from school. She came down here because I was sick too. She couldn't handle it there. I couldn't either really, so I decided, "Well, let's GO somewhere!" And we've done this many times before when things have been unpleasant. We've packed up a suitcase and gotten in the car and gone to San Francisco or wherever.

OH! I'm going to Mexico this summer. We talked about inheritance, my parents and I, when I was home. And I came up with the suggestion, instead of waiting until they're dead, and I'm dying, before I can spend a lot of money, let's spend it NOW, TOGETHER!

So, that's what we're doing.

I've got a free trip to Mexico, 'cause that's the first vacation

she can take, and I got my trip up there and back, paid for, and eighty dollars, which is enough to get me back from here 'cause somebody TOOK me to the airport . . . I didn't have a way to get back from here . . . which was GROOVY . . . but while I was up there . . .

It was at my FATHER'S . . . he's an alcoholic and HAS been, ever since I've KNOWN him, which has been ten years . . . and we've never had two decent words to say to one another. Oh, really we have, we've never had THREE . . . two occasionally we could squeeze through, but THREE . . . . NEVER!

Anyway, when I was there, I just really laid it on the line. You know, "You're BIG enough to be NICE or I'm going to split, and I, if you meant me to stay, GROOVY, be NICE, otherwise, bye!" And the last time, he caught on . . . because the last time I was home was nine months ago and I'd just finished brain surgery . . . and I had all those bandages over my head. Well, my father, in a state of rage and panic, CRASHES me on the head!

VALLEY WOW! GOSH!

LARK So, next day, I, of course, left town and came back to Los Angeles. It's groovier to walk the streets DYING than to stay home and be KILLED! Soooo . . . . my father and I got along GROOVY for two days and he just couldn't believe it . . . and my MOTHER and I were having a good time just tripping away. My mother's been a pill freak all her life. She had a hysterectomy when she was . . . probably twenty years ago . . and I don't . . . you know, that was her first introduction to drugs. She just LOVED 'em. You know, as long as you're spaced out of your mind it's just groovy. She has a prescription for everything in the world you can think of . . . EVERYTHING!

Well, my mother's been turning on. She's really a groovy woman. She's well educated and she READS all the time. And she doesn't read grandma stories, she reads the newspapers and magazines and what's happening today. And she read a lot, so she covers EVERYTHING! So she's got a pretty open mind on what's happening in the world today. And it's so groovy to be able to talk to somebody you know, that you LOVE and TRUST and be able to trust them so much more because what's

coming out of their head is honest and you can RELATE to it, you know. Because now I'm an adult, and my parents are adults . . . we are assuming . . . they're AGREEING . . . so we're getting along as ADULTS get along, instead of, you know, "You tell me, and I'll tell you." Now we can tell ONE ANOTHER what to do and show ONE ANOTHER you know . . . happier and easier ways of doing and of getting along GREAT. Life has never been so good as now!

And then you come, and the streets are out, and THE ROOF HAS FALLEN IN AGAIN!

VALLEY Where the hell is it?

LARK Colorado Hills is a suburb of Sacramento and it's BEAUTIFUL! My mother has the grooviest house, so groovy, and I painted it, which I did 'cause I dig anything CREATIVE, and painting, you can pick out the color and do it. Well, I did it and she DIGS it, so really, my mother's beautiful.

I got back last night at midnight and Geoffrey and Fred, my friends, were telling me how BAD I was and what a BAD situation I had put things in. Geoffrey had been over taking care of Fred . . . nursemaiding him like an old mother hen, and I guess that's GROOVY, if you're an . . . EGG . . . so I let him say what he wanted to say and then I excused myself and left the house. And then I returned and went upstairs to talk to Fred and . . . excused myself AGAIN . . . and left the house and Geoffrey finally left and I went home and went to bed and this morning got up and FACED things as honestly in a real world as I can, seeing, living, always in an unreal world. . . . . What sign are you?

ANGELO Capricorn.

LARK It's nice to meet you.

ANGELO Yeah, what sign are you?

LARK Gemini. I know one other Frenchman named Angelo and I can't remember his sign but I remember he was nice. So you've got a . . . . . foot in the door.

ANGELO Just have to be nice, huh?

LARK Right . . . . we all do. I have to be nicer to YOU than you're being to ME or you won't want to come back again.

ANGELO I will come back.

LARK GOOD . . . GOOD!

VALLEY Did you try those little pink pills, or did your friend try them?

ANGELO I don't know. I don't know. I give it to him. I give it to Hippie.

LARK I don't think they work. Do you have a Lucky Strike? Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Do a lot of people hear the commercials?

VALLEY I don't know. I run into a lot of people who smoke them.

LARK That's 'cause you're more aware of them, really. When you're driving a Volkswagen you pick up on the idea that more people drive Volkswagens . . . . when they really don't any more than you do. Only, you know, more people do because you just bought one.

VALLEY So you're thinking of moving?

LARK Well, I have a friend who's a friend of both mine and Fred's, Geoffrey; and it was suggested that he move in with us. It would help us expense-wise and . . . . in helping two people to get along, a third is always nice, because, he becomes then, a referee. He's liked by both and he can explain both sides from a third side. It's easy for me because I can talk to people intellectually without becoming involved emotionally. During a conversation Fred CAN'T! He is emotional about his entire being. He's emotional and he loves Geoffrey and that will mean he will TRUST Geoffrey.

Lark leaves and, a little later, Fred comes in.

FRED Oh, is that your bird? Hi!

VALLEY When we let him out we just throw all the cats out and we lock all the windows. Were you and Geoffrey having a "thing" going?

FRED No, we didn't have a "thing" going, we were DOING A THING . . . . but we weren't having a "thing" GOING then . . . haven't been since. We WORK together well. When we're together we can be CREATIVE. This is what I want to do but I'm at the threshold of . . . like I want to be CREATIVE in life, and Lark, doesn't LEND himself to that . . . to me being MYSELF . . . he just lends himself to he being HIMSELF . . . you know . . . . just a HANDLE . . . and I don't NEED a handle . . . I'm

physically not FIT to have a handle . . . and I want to DO things.

VALLEY I don't understand. What's the handle?

FRED NOWHERE, nowhere, do we get together on any way, any ideas of living. He wants to live in a CLINIC all his life and I don't want to do that. I don't want to be told how to wash my feet. I don't want to be TOLD those things by anybody. I'm not . . . sloppy . . . . but I like to LIVE!

I put things . . . you know if I had a place like this I would load it from wall to ceiling with that material I have. I'd LOOK at it . . . . all day long . . . and get IDEAS . . . . instead of STACKING it up in nice neat PILES . . it doesn't DO anything. It needs to be USED! That radio station, they just play the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, that's all.

ANGELO Oh really? Maintenant?

VALLEY All night I think.

ANGELO You can get it everywhere?

VALLEY I think so, I don't know. I just put it on. They have everything.

ANGELO That's great because I always like to hear the same record.

VALLEY I've got the willies today.

FRED Huh?

VALLEY I've got the WILLIES today. Hahahaha . . . I don't know . . .

ANNOUNCER THAT WAS THE BEATLES.

VALLEY That's all he EVER says!

FRED That's all they HAVE.

VALLEY That's all they ever say "THAT WAS THE BEATLES" in the same tone of voice, twenty-four hours a day.

FRED It'll be interesting to see how long it goes. They must be doing it to try to BURN YOU OUT on the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. You can read ANYTHING two ways, and they COULD BE because they are a big ABC network station. It's kind of hard to think that they would be doing anything good. ABC is having to try harder . . . being third . . . if they want to be second, but they're really tired of being at the end of the line.

VALLEY What was first?

FRED NBC. NBC is the old RCA station.

VALLEY Radio Corporation of America.

FRED ABC television is almost thinking of going . . . . . totally discounting the news report at six o'clock it's not doing so well so they're going to come up with some new ideas. If they can put together some Smothers Brothers type uncensored good shows they can do it . . . . but they keep doing Doris Day.

ANGELO What's this? (looking at television without sound)

VALLEY It's one of the advertisements. Something really weird is going to come on . . .

Announcer (radio): This is ABC FM.

VALLEY . . . . during or after it or something . . . . is that ABC? They just said it, didn't they?

FRED They say too much. The A is really a straight stick. Like Pan Am.

VALLEY Everybody look at the table. Good God! There's a ghost in this house.

FRED I'd feel it if there was. Let me tell you all I know about 'em.

Announcer If you were wondering what we were playing, it was none other than the BEATLES . . . . ABC FM . . .

ANGELO It's a nice radio station. It's in the car I've got here.

VALLEY You've got an FM in the car?

ANGELO I don't know. I don't know what I've got. But the other radio, when I put it on with the key . . . . the radio goes on. There is the radio somewhere.

VALLEY What kind of car?

ANGELO I don't know. American . . . I don't have even my license. I don't have American license.

VALLEY You mean you put on the key and the radio goes on and you don't know where the radio is?

ANGELO Yeah, the radio is somewhere on the black board. But I never know . . . . I never look at that. But maybe you can change it, no?

VALLEY Oh, sure.

ANGELO Yeah?

VALLEY Oh sure.

ANGELO Because I can't stop it if I want stop it. I don't know how it do it. Could you stop it? Yeah? Really?

FRED If she can find it.

ANGELO Yeah, that's the trouble. Sometimes it's really boring

. . . because the fucking thing . . . you know, when you're driving. . . .

VALLEY I'll change it.

ANGELO See if you can get the Beatles Station. Do you think you can get some THC for me tomorrow . . . because these people who play in Mustache want it.

VALLEY Yeah, sure.

The next day, Gloria called Joe Bray again and he arrived with all his equipment; the red heat lamp, the vibrator, and the wintergreen rubbing oil. Angelo decided to film the procedure and whipped out his sixteen millimeter camera. The camera had no view finder so Angelo just walked around Gloria's supine body and pointed the camera at it. Adele's producer, Jax Trabb, walked into the room, and, seeing Angelo with his camera, got jealous and went upstairs to get his own super eight camera and film the body himself.

Gloria, furious at this invasion of her privacy, but unable to do anything about it, as Jax Trabb was the producer, was very happy to hear the telephone ring, interrupting this voyeuristic session. She answered it herself.

It was Jean La Fonce, the famous American movie star, who was married to a French director who was really a Russian, called Robert.

"Gloria," she said, "I saw your movie *Creepy Cowboys* three times. I loved you so much in it; and I want you and Angelo to come out to my house Sunday for lunch."

Gloria, flattered that Jean had even HEARD OF the movie, let alone SEEN it THREE times, immediately agreed.

"Angelo," she said, "now you can see how a 'real' American movie star lives . . . . let's go."

The La Fonce family lived in a house on Monica Beach. It was set in a colony of actors and directors and the main complaint of the populace was the oil that was lapping up on their beach due to another leaking ship or leaking oil pipe, you never

really knew. Sergio Bourgigion, an expatriate French director came into the house, flopped down on the floor with two blond starlets, and said "OUR beach . . . . they've polluted OUR beach!"

"Relax, Sergio," said Jean, "and come down the beach with us to Tex Rider's house. He has a Japanese whirlpool bath."

Tex was the star of a "family" television series called *My Sweet Wife.*

They all tromped down the beach to Tex Rider's house and the whirlpool bath. Nobody wanted to be the first to take off his clothes and get into the bath. Everybody looked at Gloria, expecting her to initiate the move, as she had made so many nude movies.

"I'll be damned if I'm going to give them a show," Gloria whispered to Angelo and he said "Of course not Darling".

After the failure of the whirlpool bath episode Tex started rolling joints and passing them out to his wife and kids and the rest of the troop. Everybody was puffing away when a figure appeared on the beach in front of the house.

"Hide your joints," cried Tex, "the judge is coming to pay us a visit." Everyone hid their joints under the couch as the judge walked in. He stayed for a while and right after he left all the joints were retrieved and everyone resumed smoking. When they were sufficiently high they picked up some flagpoles and began marching up the beach, chanting and freaking out as they went. Robert filmed the procession with his sixteen millimeter telescopic lens and Jean invited Gloria and Angelo back to the house for dinner the following Saturday night. "There will be only four of us," she whispered to Gloria.

The procession was reaching the level of total absurdity when Angelo remarked to Gloria, "Zey are really crazy. Zey only smoke pot on ze weekend. It completely freak zem out."

XXVII

In a green satin Catholic bishop's robe decorated with gold embroidery, Jean La Fonce was sitting on the floor. Pushing a vibrator toward her wide open legs, she told Gloria that the robe had come from the prop department at MGM. Gloria told her that it was used for High Mass and that the color green was a symbol of hope.

Jean was naked underneath the robe and as the vibrator went "Zzzzzzzzz" it got closer and closer to Jean's crotch until finally it reached its goal and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Gloria and Angelo were late for dinner as the car radiator had exploded on the way to the beach. When they got there Jean had given them some cake, saying, "Be careful and don't eat too much. It has hashish in it."

Gregor Lavitsky, the Russian director, was there, along with his wife, Ellie. Gregor was sound asleep on the couch.

"He only smoked two puffs of a joint," Jean said, "and then he passed out."

"He didn't eat anything," said Robert, "apparently he can't take drugs."

Angelo and Gloria were ravenous and ate all the left-over dinner and a lot of the cake. Gloria, unfortunately, overdid it, and her teeth were chattering uncontrollably as she watched Angelo crawl under the coffee table where Jean was now hiding, with her vibrator.

Robert, seeing Gloria's predicament, piled all the coats in the house on top of her lap and, as he put the telephone on top

of the pile, said "There . . . . do you feel more secure now?"

"Gloria," asked Ellie, "do you want something to drink?" Gloria followed the beautiful blond Ellie into the kitchen and watched as Ellie poured her a coke. She gave Gloria such a sweet smile that her teeth stopped chattering, but when Angelo and Jean came into the kitchen and started kissing, her teeth began rattling again. She ran into the living room and crawled back under the pile of coats.

When Angelo and Jean came back in the room and joined Robert, who was sitting on the floor all alone, Gloria decided to crawl out from under the coats. Angelo turned the record player up to full volume . . Leonard Cohen was singing "Suzanne takes you with her. . . ."

I looked at Jean in her bishop's robe and saw that she was the Virgin Mary. We were sitting in a Church in a heavenly circle. I began singing *"So long Marianne, it's time that we began. . . ."* Angelo put the tape recorder up to my mouth. It had a microphone hidden inside it, and it was very small.

"Where did that come from?" Robert demanded.

"Oh, it's nothing, just something we carry around with us all the time," Angelo reassured him.

". . . I forgot to pray for the angels and then the angels forgot to pray for us. . . ."

Now I KNEW we were in heaven.

When I heard *"Yes . . . many loved before us . . ."* and *"I'm not looking for another as I wander in my time,"* I knew that this was a gathering to celebrate the fact that I had given up all my other lovers to stay forever with Angelo.

As the song went on the situation assumed the character of *The Exterminating Angel.* Gloria was convinced that not only Angelo and she, but also Gregor and Ellie and Jean and Robert would always be united together. If they allowed themselves to stay in that house they would never get out . . . . it would be the true paradise.

Then I noticed the two fires burning at either end of the room, and all the candles burning and instead of seeing the room as

paradise I saw it as a possible hell. Jean came over to me and said, "I have this vibrator that's like a rubber finger . . ."

"You already told me that," I interrupted.

"Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water . . ."

I looked at Angelo and I knew he was Jesus Christ.

"If I listen only to Angelo, I can't go wrong . . ." I decided.

"Do you want to go upstairs and lie down on my bed?" Jean asked me.

"Whatever Angelo says."

Angelo carried me upstairs and laid me down on the bed. Jean followed and lay down next to me. Angelo lay down on the other side of me. Jean put her mouth to my left breast. I decided that there was no danger. Suddenly Robert appeared at the top of the stairs. He slowly approached the bed. I pushed Jean away.

Jean looked at Robert as if to say . . . . "Imagine that! She pushed me away!" Angelo told me later. I was too insane to notice.

Jean and Robert left the room. "I love you darling, we get married tomorrow," Angelo whispered to me. He carried me downstairs.

"Maybe you should go home," Jean said as we got to the bottom of the stairs. "You don't look too well. Are you all right?"

"Whatever Angelo says."

"We go home," said Angelo.

When the front door opened I knew it was a miracle. When we got out to the garage and the car I thought it was another miracle.

At last, I thought, *out of hell.*

The garage was right on the highway. The highway loomed up as yet another hell.

"Damn it, I forgot the mescaline," muttered Angelo as he turned the car key in the lock, "we have to back in the house."

I went with him. I couldn't stay on the highway alone.

"I put it in a drawer upstairs," Robert told us when we got back inside the house and asked for the mescaline.

Oh God, back upstairs, . . . we'll never get out of this house.

Everyone was looking at me as though I were crazy.

I followed Angelo and Robert upstairs. Robert gave Angelo the mescaline. I followed them back downstairs like a pet dog, trailing after Angelo. The door opened miraculously again. We were back outdoors. We started driving.

"I love you, darling, we go to Las Vegas and get married to-

morrow," Angelo repeated as the car radiator exploded again. We had no idea where we were.

There was a Mexican restaurant nearby. We went inside. Mexicans started filing into the restaurant so I thought we must be in Acapulco.

"How did we get here?" I wondered.

"OK, Marlene," the waitress bellowed, "what do you want?"

I realized she was talking to me. Then I thought, *Oh, no, just paranoia.*

"She thinks she's Marlene Dietrich and he thinks he's one of the Beatles," I heard her say to the chef. By now all eyes on the place were fixated on us.

"Darling, I'm going to call a cab. You wait here," Angelo told me as he got up from the booth. I stared back at the Mexicans. After what seemed like hours Angelo came back.

"It's coming," he said, "but I think we will have too much trouble moving all our stuff from the car to the taxi. We'd better send him back when he comes and call Rafe instead to come and pick us up."

"Anything you say, darling," I told him, and went back with him to the phone booth to call Rafe. It was two o'clock in the morning. I thought it was another miracle when he answered the phone and said, "Where are you? I'll be right there."

We asked our friendly waitress where we were and she told us Santa Monica and gave us the address. I kept my eyes on the clock. An hour passed which seemed like five and finally Rafe showed up. He came into the restaurant and said, "Let's get out of here in a hurry."

With the waitress staring at us we went out to the car. Rafe's wife, Sarah, was in it and there was also a bearded half-Negro boy carrying a Moroccan pocketbook and wearing a white djellaba. After a half hour of driving I looked out the window and saw that we were surrounded by oil tanks.

Why is he taking us to these oil tanks? I wondered, but was afraid to ask because I thought that the oil tanks might have a secret significance.

"God I'm stoned," Rafe said, thus dispelling my fear of another conspiracy. "I don't know where we are!"

"I have to pee," Gloria told him.

"We'll have to find you a good place to pee," he said.

"Any old oil tank will do," Gloria said, but he insisted on driving on.

Finally he pulled up to a nightclub. "Go in there and pee," he told her. She got out of the car. The nightclub was painted a hideous pink and black. There were a lot of hideous people going into it. She looked above the door and saw a sign proclaiming it THE CLIMAX.

This must be where people go to have a climax, she thought as she searched for the toilet. Not finding it she asked the coat check man where the toilet was.

"Right there," he replied, pointing to a blank wall. Everyone was staring at her. She ran out the door and jumped into the car saying, "I can't pee in there."

"Of course you can't pee in there; I should have realized that," Rafe said. "We have to find just the right spot for you, not just any place will do." Relieved that he understood the complexities of taking a piss, Gloria relaxed.

Finally he pulled up to an Esso station and parked the car right in front of the two doors marked WOMEN and MEN.

"I have to pee too," Angelo said, and Gloria breathed another sigh of relief as she realized that she wouldn't have to get out of the car alone.

"We won't have a problem this time," she told him, "because the car is right in front of the two doors. We can't get lost." Angelo went into the men's toilet to pee and Gloria went into the women's. As Gloria was pulling up her pants Angelo burst into the room and said, "The car is gone!"

"GONE!" shrieked Gloria, "GONE! . . . . . HOW COULD IT BE GONE?"

They looked and looked and couldn't find the car. Finally it turned up on the other side of the gas station, parked near the curb.

"What are you doing here?" Gloria asked Rafe.

"Just trying to find the way to get out of here," he answered.

They managed to get out of the gas station and began driving toward Hollywood. Rafe's wife finally spoke up.

"Well," she said "that will teach you to hang out with the OTHER Hollywood crowd!"

"Hmmmmm" mulled Gloria, "there is a clue to this mystery, if only I could read it!"

While she was still thinking about the clue the car stopped in front of her hotel.

"Here you are," said Rafe, "Hahahaha . . . . . sleep well!"

"At least we know they're not trying to take advantage of us in our state. We know they're not interested in having an orgy," Gloria remarked to Angelo. "In these times that's saying a lot."

XXVIII

"That's saying a lot," Gloria repeated to herself as she climbed the stairs to their room.

Angelo was acting like nothing out of the ordinary had happened and when they got into bed he said, "Gloria, let's go back to Jean's tomorrow and get some more of that cake and borrow some money and go to Las Vegas to get married."

Gloria, happy that he still wanted to marry her, snuggled down contentedly on his shoulder for the night.

The next morning they drove to the beach and found Jean's brother Johnny there, and they both gave Angelo some money. Johnny wasn't too enthusiastic about the prospect of the marriage.

"I think," he said, "that the only way for people to get married is for them to invite all their friends to a big field and give everybody grass and food and bells and drums and put the prospective couple on opposite ends of the field. If they can get together and meet in the middle of the field by the end of the day, then they are married . . . . no ceremony needed . . . man . . . that's it!"

Gloria tried to stave off this nouveau hippie approach to the whole thing with a beatific smile, hoping that would shut him up so he wouldn't repeat the idea to Angelo but it didn't work.

"Hey . . . . . man . . . ." he said to Angelo, "dig this idea . . . ." and he repeated the whole thing again.

"Yeah man" Angelo replied, "yeah. . . ."

"We'd better leave, Angelo . . . ." called Gloria, "before it gets too dark. Do you want to drive in the dark?"

"No, darling, of course I don't want to drive in the dark. Do you know where I can find any film Johnny?"

"Yeah, man, I think my assistant can dig some up for you. What kind do you want?"

"High-speed Kodachrome, so we can film the wedding."

Johnny started calling people for film, which took up another hour, only to find nothing.

The telephone rang and Johnny picked it up. It was for Gloria.

"Gloria, we've decided to work tomorrow," said Adele.

"Oh, no," cried Gloria, "I'm on my way to Las Vegas to get married."

"You'll have to put it off because the crew has all been called and the other actors will be here tomorrow. You've got to come."

Gloria sighed and said "OK." Then she went to find Angelo and tell him the news.

When she told him he said, "Gloria, if you can't take one day off that film to marry me then let's call the whole thing off. If I'm not more important to you than Adele, then you shouldn't marry me."

Gloria couldn't believe that he was pulling a stunt like that on her and she just sat there with her mouth open looking at him.

"I mean it, Gloria," he repeated.

"OK, Angelo, I'll call her back."

It took three more phone calls to Adele and still she wouldn't agree, so Gloria hung up on her saying, "I'm getting married tomorrow, good-bye."

They drove away and headed for Las Vegas. Nobody had come up with any film so they decided to find it there.

"There must be high-speed film in a place like Las Vegas," said Angelo, "they have everything else."

"I doubt it," pouted Gloria.

"You crazy again, Gloria? Why shouldn't they have high-speed film?"

She just murmured "I doubt it" again.

Angelo decided to leave her alone and then changed his mind and decided to be nice so he pulled her head down on his lap

while he drove. After a few hours the batteries started to go dead. They managed to find an open gas station and had to stay and wait an hour for a recharge.

The attendant told them all about the dangers of marriage while he recharged the batteries. By this time, they were, of course, out in the desert in Nevada. The sky was clear and starry and there was nothing around but the gas station and the sound of the attendant's voice as he warned Angelo about the pitfalls of marriage.

That fucking Johnny talked about a field full of friends proving something . . . idiot . . . . strangers are even more dangerous . . . . if this keeps up we may never get married . . . why did the battery have to go dead? Why does it take so long to get there . . . something tells me we'll never get married . . . . Gloria thought to herself while biting her nails.

At about two in the morning Angelo got tired so they stopped at a motel.

"Our last night together before we get married," he sighed.

Early in the morning they woke up and Gloria stepped outside.

"Oh my God," she shrieked, "I'm BLINDED by the sun. We can't possibly go out there without dark glasses."

"Don't worry, Darling. I buy you some glasses right now. Stay inside." He took the car and drove to the shopping center across the highway and came back with glasses. "Here put these on, make you feel better."

All along the highway there were signs proclaiming . . . LUCKY CHAPEL, WEDDINGS; QUICK WEDDINGS, QUICKSILVER CHAPEL; RECORDINGS, PICTURES, LUCKY STRIKE CHAPEL . . . . . in the middle of the desert. Gloria took out the Polaroid and made a lot of pictures of the posters.

When they arrived in Las Vegas they went to the first big hotel they saw. They were turned down. "Did you make a reservation?" asked the man behind the desk, looking at their clothes. Gloria was wearing black satin pajamas and a chiffon fringed, antique scarf which was full of holes, around her waist, and Angelo was wearing his only clothes, bright green velvet pants and a striped green, red and blue cowboy shirt.

"I think they're against us," said Gloria. "Let's try the one I stayed at the last time I was here." They went to The Sahara

and got the same treatment. Gloria went into the telephone booth and called Caesar's Palace.

"Hello," she drawled, "may I speak to the manager, this is Jean La Fonce." "Certainly, Miss La Fonce, just a moment."

"Well hello . . . . . Jean," said the next voice on the phone, "what can I do for you?" Gloria quickly thought about disguising her voice but decided against it as she was afraid she could never imitate Jean's distinctive boarding school accent, having been brought up in parochial schools all her life.

"Well, I'll tell you what . . . my good friends, the actress, Gloria, and her boyfriend Angelo are on their way to Las Vegas to get married, and they want to stay at your hotel."

"Oh, that's wonderful, we'll welcome them with open arms."

"Thank you so much, I knew you would."

"Where are you now, Jean?"

"Oh, I'm in Hollywood, at the beach. I'm making a movie."

"When do you think we'll be seeing you again. Soon?"

"Hahahahah, well, one never knows."

"I remember you when you were here last time. Got married here yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes I did. Well, I've got to get back to the baby. Bye."

"Bye Jean, come and see us soon."

Gloria hung up the telephone and told Angelo that they finally had a hotel to stay in. They drove over to Caesar's Palace and the manager looked at them as though he was sorry he had let them in and said: "Oh yes, you're Miss La Fonce's friends, aren't you? . . . . step this way please."

He led them to the desk, registered them, and then took them up the elevator to a really sumptuous room overlooking the swimming pool. The sun was setting and the room was bathed in a gorgeous red light.

Gloria and Angelo immediately took off their clothes and began taking polaroids.

"Let's make one for my mother," said Angelo.

They posed in the mirror, naked, and Angelo snapped the shutter. The picture came out a little blurred.

"My mother will be very upset when she sees this," said Angelo.

"I wouldn't DARE send that to MY mother," Gloria told him.

They got into bed and started sending telegrams and making phone calls. They called Rafe, in Hollywood, and he told them to send the hotel bill to Columbia Pictures.

"That's a wedding present," he said, "and don't call me again until you're MARRIED!"

Everyone they called asked, "Married yet?" and "Oh, you won't really do it!"

They called Jean and she said, "Do you realize how many people go to Las Vegas to get married and never do it? Probably more people than the ones that actually get married!"

Gloria realized how precarious the situation really was, she was beginning to despair.

"Let's get married tonight," she said to Angelo.

"TONIGHT!" Angelo bellowed, "we can't! We've got to get the film first. Remember darling, you ask me to marry you in the movie we made. Now we have to have the wedding scene in the movie. That's the only reason we get married."

Gloria called Rafe back.

"Do you know where we can get any film?"

"FILM! . . . I thought I told you not to call back until you were married. Can't you at least get *married* without filming it? Good God! I should think that would be the ONE thing you would want to do in your life without filming it. Don't you want any private life at all? Don't call me back until you're married, and DO IT TONIGHT!"

For the next three days they looked for film without success. They telephoned the television stations and all the newscasters, but no one would either give or sell any film. They drove from store to store to no avail. Finally they went to a department store and bought a super eight camera and some super eight film.

"I will blow it up to thirty-five millimeter," Angelo said, "it will be beautiful. Now we have to buy a floodlight." They went to about four stores before they found the light. Gloria was getting really tired. In front of the fourth store some hippies invited them to a Buddhist ceremony.

Gloria and Angelo got back into the car and started fighting. Angelo hit her on the mouth and she began crying and her mascara dripped down her face. They drove off to look for a chapel. "Stop here," Angelo said, "and ask them if they have

enough electricity for the floodlights." Gloria went up the stairs into a wooden frame house that had a sign on it calling it the LILY OF THE VALLEY CHAPEL. There were two old ladies inside. The tables were covered with lace doilies and there were chintz draperies on the windows. The two old ladies assured Gloria that theirs was the only chapel to get married in. However they didn't have enough electricity.

Next Angelo took her to the Hitching Post. "That's the church where Jean got married," he said, "ask them about their electricity." Gloria did as she was told but the man inside didn't enlighten her very much about the electricity. She came out to the car knowing nothing. "Let's try the one that says 'Recordings,' Gloria, maybe they have electricity."

Gloria trudged up the stairs again. The man inside told her he had everything she needed but he'd have to turn off the tape recorder in order to plug in her lights.

"That's OK," said Angelo, "but let's do it tomorrow. Now we have to buy a tape for our recorder. Since they can't record it with the lights plugged in at the same time, we'll have to do it ourselves."

"What's the matter?" he asked as he looked at Gloria's face. "We'll get married tomorrow, I promise you."

Early the next morning they started the rounds again, looking for tapes. After they found them, Angelo made Gloria go into the City Hall to ask directions for the marriage bureau, instructing her to keep the tapes going at all times. She recorded her footsteps, her questions to the girls behind the counter and their answers. Finally they arrived at the right building. Gloria went inside and began taping. "Will you give me a wedding license?" After she filled out the form the woman said, "But where is your fiancé?"

Gloria made another tour of the building and finally found Angelo, filming exteriors. "If you want to get married you have to go inside and fill out the form." "There must be another door," he said, "I don't like the people you have to walk by to get to the bureau." Gloria found him a back door and he went in with her and filled out the form. When they got back to the car he filmed the three dollars the license cost, next to the license, the tape recorder, the two bottles of coke they just drank and the telegram from Adele and the crew that they

found waiting for them at the license bureau saying, CONGRATULATIONS, WE FORGIVE YOU.

"All it takes to get married in America. Fantastic!" said Angelo. "All on record. Super eight."

On the way to the chapel they had another fight. By this time it was night again and Gloria was getting tired. Angelo slapped her when she kicked him so she was crying again. They had decided to get married at the chapel that advertised "Recordings" . . . Gloria's face was black with dripping mascara and she decided to get married with a black face as long as they were filming it.

The manager of the chapel had a Mexican wife and she looked at Gloria and said, "Come on into the bathroom honey and wash your face." The manager took Angelo into the kitchen for a glass of water while Gloria washed her face. The wife, Ruth, was very concerned and kept bringing Gloria soap and towels and cologne, all the while telling her the story of her life. Gloria kept the tape recorder running. The minister came in and Angelo told him that the film in the camera only lasted for three minutes and they wanted to film the whole wedding.

"Then we'll have a three minute ceremony," he said. Gloria put the tape recorder on the altar and Angelo rearranged the chairs so that Ruth could film the wedding without tripping over anything. They plugged in the lights and Angelo instructed Ruth on how to run the camera.

When everything was ready, Angelo and Gloria stood in front of the minister and he pronounced the vows. When it came time for the ring Angelo pulled his old ring off his finger and put it on Gloria. It was three times too big. It slipped off once and fell on the floor and Angelo retrieved it.

When it was all over, Angelo said, "Ruth really knows how to film, did you see her moving around, getting everything? What a good movie we have, darling, blow up in thirty-five millimeter, it will be fantastic."

After the minister left, the manager said, "Now to get down to some beer drinkin', seein' as the minister's gone." He went to the kitchen and returned with four cans of beer. His wife sat opposite him in a small chair, her fat legs bulging out of their garters, and gave him a dirty look.

"We been on the run for a year," she said, "heroin . . . he

spends all our money on dope." "Now you know that ain't true honey," her husband complained, "I been off the stuff for a long time—I'm really on the run for a murder rap," he confided, "Shot a guy in a bar when I was eighteen. They put me in the pen for nine years, I'm out on parole, but I skipped the state. Yup, the county jail for two years and the pen for nine. Tell ya somepin, yer better off in the pen than ya are in those county jails, county jails ya don't know when you'll EVER git out, but the pen, at least ya got a chance." This reasoning had something to do with the availability of lawyers.

"My wife," he continued, "can't even use her married name, got to use her maiden name. She's a hostess at the Moonlight Inn and she gotta have a police card ta work, well she can't git no police card under my name. They lookin' for me all over."

They gave him a tip and thanked him for the wedding. Then they got into the car and put down the camera.

"Great film, great film," said Angelo again. Then he looked at the camera. "SHIT, the film didn't go through the camera." He almost cried. "We don't have ONE frame."

. . . they go back to New York and telephone Jean . . .

XXIX

J. Yes?
G. Hi, it's Gloria, calling from New York.
J. How are you, Gloria?
G. Good, how are you?
J. Hahaha, fine—I'm looking at your picture which is still glued on the window.
G. Ohohoh . . . . Really?
J. Yeah—I disguised myself as you in the movie the other day. . . .
G. Oh! cause in our movie I did a takeoff on you, too . . .
J. Well, that's not very easy. . .
G. It was just two words!
J. Oh . . . oh . . . haha . . . . What?
G. "Goodness Gracious!"
J. Hahahaha. . . .
G. How'd you disguise yourself as me?
J. I got, I got . . . uh, my hair done to look like yours . . . and I kind of . . . I didn't really do it . . . I . . . just, as a matter of fact, I wanted to kind of look like you without acting like you. And everybody said it was very successful . . . I came out of the studio and Robert said, "Oh, you look just like Gloria." But how are you? . . . Are you still married?
G. Yeah, we're still married.
J. Good!
G. And we're still in New York, trying to get out.

J. You mean you're lacking funds?
G. Yeah, I've been fighting with A on the phone all day.
J. Why? . . . he doesn't pay you, you mean?
G. He doesn't want to give me any more money.
J. Is he going to come out here to do that picture?
G. Yeah . . . now they're going out there to do it . . . but they're doing it in sixteen millimeter . . . just the way he does his films here. . . . This is the story they told me . . . which is probably a lie. . . .
J. How's Angelo?
G. He's um . . . sitting right here on the bed, cutting out polaroids. . . . We just took some speed. . . . We're writing a book.
J. You are?
G. Yeah!
J. Oh, God. . . . Well, what is it about?
G. Well, it's all about sex, of course.
J. God, you're going to turn into a Henry Sutton!
G. Who's he?
J. The guy that wrote The Exhibitionist . . . I think you'd write a fantastic book actually.
G. Did you read Portnoy's Complaint?
J. Yeah.
G. Well, I keep hearing about this great chapter where Portnoy talks about masturbating in the family's liver.
J. Yeah, did you read it?
G. No, I just looked through a couple of pages when I was in a bookstore.
J. It's hysterically funny . . . he takes the raw liver out of the icebox and jerks off in it, and sitting at the table . . . . hahaha, he says, "I fucked the family's dinner."
G. Did you ever wish you were a man, so you'd know what it was like to jerk off in the family's liver, for example . . . . like, for two days . . . . have a prick for two days?
J. Sometimes I feel like I do . . . but a big one that can't fit inside . . . . it walks out ahead as I come in a room . . . . it enters a room three feet before me . . . . hahahaha.
G. Do you still have hashish cake?
J. Yeah, the same one, as a matter of fact.
G. The same one?

J. People are getting smarter and they're taking it by littler and littler doses. . . .

G. Hahaha.

J. Oh God, I heard how you got into the hotel in Las Vegas!

G. Ahahaha, I forgot to tell you. I called and said I was you . . . . it was very funny . . . . . they said "Oh, Jean, how are you? You were just here a little while ago." I said "yeah, yeah, yeah" then, when they saw us, they were sorry they let us in . . .

J. I'm surprised that it worked, because . . . umm . . . they weren't too happy with us when we left either.

G. Were you at Caesar's Palace?

J. Yeah.

G. Oh, I didn't even know that! I just picked it out at random.

J. We were . . . . were at a freaky wedding at Caesar's Palace.

G. And I didn't even try to imitate your voice or anything.

J. Well, they don't know me that well. . . . We were just there once. . . .

G. I didn't even know you were there . . . . so when he said you were here a little while ago, I said, "yeah, umum" . . . and I, "Well, my friend Gloria is coming to get married. . . . ."

J. Oh God!

G. "When will they be here?" he said, and I said, "In about an hour." "Oh great, send them right over, we'll welcome them with open arms!"

J. And they gave you a room?

G. Yeah.

J. Oh that's fantastic!

G. The only way we could get one.

J. You don't sound like you're on speed . . .

G. Well, we didn't take too much because Dolores gave it to us and we took it about an hour ago and she said it was . . . . . it was the best crystal . . . . . the best crystal you could get . . . . . it was like God!

J. Oh!

G. The way it sparkled . . . . . so she came up and passed out on the bed . . . completely out . . . oh, that was when we had mescaline . . . . the other night . . . . and we just fucked all night in the other bed . . . with Dolores passed out on this bed.

J. Oh, mmmmm . . . . . is that what speed does to you? I've never taken it.

G. Oh well, speed . . . . we haven't been fucking tonight on the speed . . . . . it's great to fuck on but I'll tell you what happens . . . . remember when I told you about how I jerked off for five hours and I couldn't come?

J. Yeah.

G. That's 'cause I was going down on speed . . . . . you have to fuck right away when you take speed . . . . oh it's fantastic for fucking . . . . . it's the best . . . it's the best thing. . . .

J. Oh yeah?

G. Yeah, you come for hours!

J. And you crash?

G. Yeah, you crash, but you can take a sleeping pill before you crash . . . I'll tell you what . . . . You don't even have to . . . you don't . . . you just come without even getting your clit sucked or anything.

J. Haha . . .

G. You just come . . from fucking . . for . . like ten minutes . . . this guy . . . I took some speed one night, I thought it was cocaine, so I took tons; I sniffed tons, and it turned out it was speed . . . . and I went home with this guy I never saw before in my life . . . and it was just fantastic! I was coming for ten minutes and he got so scared . . . . because I was coming so fantastically . . . . he thought I was madly in love with him . . . . that he said "OK, I gotta split" . . . right in the middle of it!

J. Does it have this effect on everybody?

G. I don't know, does it have that effect on you, Angelo?

A. What?

G. Speed.

A. Oh sure, it make me have a very good hardon . . . . very good hardon . . . . look at this . . . . lookit darling!

J. Hey . . . . well . . . . except I get really kind of suicidal when I take uppers and come down.

G. Well, you have to come down on a sleeping pill. I get suicidal too; in fact I was suicidal this afternoon; that's why I took it.

J. Well, I think I'll try it. I feel like an old ten minute come.

G. A what?

J. An old ten minute come.
G. An old hen that had come?
J. An old ten minute come! . . . . a come of about ten minutes.
G. Angelo says he's got a hardon right now, I have to look at it.
J. What is he doing with it?
G. Nothing. He's cutting out polaroids.
J. It's wasted then, girl!
G. Well, we've been trying to work all night. That's why we took it. We'll have to take some more and fuck.
J. You mean you're working on your novel?
G. Yeah!
J. Hey, you're not gonna be in New York, like the end of May, are you?
G. Well, this guy wants me to do a movie in May with some folk singer, but he's not offering me enough money, so I'm not doing it.
J. Right, that's the way, Gloria! Don't let them have you for nothing!
G. Right, I'd rather starve . . . . he said . . . . I said, "How much?" He's the writer and director . . . and he said, "Two or three thousand for six weeks" . . . and I said I wouldn't even think about it!
J. Oh, Jesus Christ!
G. Can you imagine! So he said, "Well, I can't talk to you about money, get your agent to call the producer."
J. Who's your agent?
G. Well, I had an agent . . . this woman . . . but I don't want her anymore . . . and I don't know who to get 'cause she's no good.
J. Considering the fact that you don't want to do any kind of normal things, it's kind of hard to advise you about who to get for an agent.
G. No, I'd do normal things if they paid me well.
J. You would??
G. Yeah, of course . . . of course . . . . Wanna be my agent?
J. Listen, really, if somebody could get you . . . like . . . fifty thousand dollars to do a normal movie . . . .
G. I'd do it in a minute! We need so much money you can't believe it. That just what we need—fifty thousand. We're completely broke.

J. OK, let me find out if I can get you an agent.

G. OK, great. Find out if you can get me an agent and I'll do a normal movie for fifty thousand.

J. OK.

G. So normal it would make you sick.

J. I think you should do the Sex Change movie, as I told you before.

G. I thought Elizabeth Taylor was doing it.

J. No, she's not doing it anymore. They're thinking of using a real transvestite.

G. Oh, it'll be so boring . . . transvestite???

J. Yeah.

G. Ooooh, I'd love to do Sex Change.

J. OK, I'll find out about that.

G. Listen, we'll send you some speed if you send us some hashish cake.

J. Oh . . . all right, yeah; but how can I send it in the mail? Don't they open those kind of things, I mean, you know, this is a free country.

G. No, they don't open it. Just don't put any return address on it, though.

J. OK . . . wait a minute . . . yeah, but I mean . . . . OK, tell me what your address is.

G. 69 East 76th Street.

J. Hey, Robert, est-ce que tu peut marquer . . . 69 East 76.

G. Care of Christine Berlioz . . . . oh, wait a minute . . . oh, Jean?

J. Yes?

G. Send it to Gloria, c/o Christine Berlioz, express, because her mail goes to the post office—she's not here. Oh, I'll leave a note on the mail box. . . . And wait a minute, let me make sure I've your address, to send you the speed. I've got to tell you how to take it too.

J. It's 249468 . . . .

G. Yeah. . . .

J. Monica Road.

G. You have to snort it. You take about as much as, umm, a pinch. . . . We'll make a design on the thing to show how much to take. Robert will get a really good hardon.

J. OK, and I'll send the cake to Gloria, c/o Christine Keeler?

G. Berlioz! B E R L I O Z. Her father is the president of a public relations company.

J. Oh, that's nice. Did she give you any money?

G. No . . . we can just use her phone.

J. Oh Jesus, no . . . you mean she's paying for this?? I was just going to say, if you're broke, you should call collect.

G. She has an inheritance from a friend of her father for a hundred thousand.

J. That's not very much.

G. No, it's not, it's nothing. Her father doesn't give her anything.

J. Wait'll he dies.

G. Cause all his daughters are junkies. She's the only one who isn't. In fact, her sister, Dolores, is the one who gave us the speed.

J. I've heard about Dolores. Oh, yes.

G. Yeah, she's really great. We made a movie of her and it's so great. She's an artist now, and she went into this gallery . . . She cut out these little photographs of cocks, dropped them in the northwest corner of every art gallery in New York. Then she dropped the leftovers on the northwest corner of 57th and 5th, and an art critic picked them up and wrote a whole article about Dolores' art. . . . And now she's coming up with her vibrator.

J. What's her vibrator like? Have you seen her vibrator?

G. I just saw . . . she just got a new one cause the old one broke. I haven't seen it yet. Her mother gave her twenty dollars for Easter, so she went out and bought a new vibrator.

J. (Laugh)

G. I'm so mad at myself, that I didn't use your vibrator that night.

J. Oh, it's just a regular old banal one, I mean it's nothing special. That night I was really on a bummer that night!

G. Yeah, but for a while I was on a religious tangent, and I, I had you pictured as the Virgin Mary.

J. The Virgin Mary?? Ave Maria in an orgasm?

G. Ave Maria? You know, I get this thing on hash that if you come, you really have this fantastic come like you're going to explode . . . then you're in heaven and you just stay there forever . . . wherever you are when you have the come . . . then you just stay there forever and you have to be sure . . . that

that's where you want to be for the rest of your life . . . at the moment . . . cause you'll always be there . . . until your next trip, when you end up in another incarnation.

J. Mmmm.

G. But you do get a little nervous on speed.

J. What kind of sleeping pills do you take for a down and how much?

G. I'd say just take one tuanol, when you feel you're coming down. Like once, when I was on this three day orgy, the first time I was ever on . . . was ever fucking with more than one person, these people were giving me speed and sleeping pills alternately. I didn't know it and they were putting them in my drinks. And I never came down, I mean, I never knew I was coming down cause I always fell asleep before I came down. (ahem) But speed is definitely erotic.

J. I must say, this is all turning me on, the whole thing.

G. Yeah, me too . . . . . Oh! You know what I did the other day?

J. What?

G. Fred Morris called me up and said I had to go be photographed for the cover of some big magazine nude and in an embrace and I said, "OK, I'll do it with Angelo," then he said "No, you have to do it with Slim Jim . . . you and Angelo would look like two lesbians," so we had a big fight over it and we went to the studio and Slim Jim was so upset. I felt so sorry for him and I said, "All right, I'll do it with you," so we did this whole hour of photography and now they're not using it. It looked just like the cover of True *magazine.*

J. And what were you doing, just kissing?

G. Just kissing. It was supposed to be from the hips up.

J. What is he? Have you ever done a movie with him—Slim Jim?

G. Well, yeah. Just the cowboy movie . . . oh, and the surfing movie too. But I never did a sex scene with him.

J. You didn't? I was just going to ask you. . . .

G. Well, I'll tell you. When we were doing the cowboy movie, A put Slim Jim in my cabin one night. He said, "I just left you with a good fuck, big prick, big dick, good fuck." Slim Jim said, "Can I sleep here because it's next to the kitchen?" And does he love to fuck.

J. Yeah?

G. Yeah, we fucked all night.

J. *Is he any good?*

G. *Pretty good, pretty good . . . as far as I can remember. . . . But not the greatest. . . .*

J. *You're turning me on, I must say again.*

G. *Listen, Jean, everybody turns you on.*

J. *No . . . oh no.*

G. *No?*

J. *No.*

G. *I heard a story about you and Susan Bromley.*

J. *Susan Bromley, who's that??*

G. *Another of A's stars—from the early days. . . .*

J. *I've never even met her.*

G. *The Cannes Festival about three years ago? She was with A.*

J. *Yeah?*

G. *Oh, I heard that you and Susan really dug each other.*

J. *I've never even met her!*

G. *Beautiful, fantastic, beautiful girl. She had long black hair . . . she was about seventeen years old then.*

J. *I've never met her, but I've been to the Cannes Film Festival.*

G. *Then it was all made up?*

J. *Lousy rumors. . . . Wait! I . . . she was living with. . . . Now I know who she is . . . but I've never met her. I've heard a lot about her, though.*

G. *Yeah. She did some things in a few straight movies. And you never met her?*
(aside to Angelo, hand over phone) *Fred Morris said Jean was really in love with Susan Bromley.*

A. *I remember, I remember, he said that.*

G. *Yeah, yeah! And she never met her.*

J. *What are you saying there? Oh, God!* Ce n'est pas vrai!

G. *My dear, you're getting such a reputation!*

J. *Oh, it's . . . it's such . . . Jesus Christ!*

G. *Your reputation will be worse than mine.*

J. *But I don't even do anything!*

G. *Neither do I* (laughing). . . . *I'm sure you do more than I do.*

J. *At least not on film!*

G. *The only movie I ever did where I really fucked was the fuck movie with Lennie.*

J. *Really?*

G. *Really. All the others were fake fucks.*

J. *Oh, shit.*

G. *Yeah, but you'd dig the fuck movie.*

J. *I know I'd dig that. . . . Hey, listen, I've got to get going because I'm writing a script and if I don't do it now I'll never make it.*

G. *OK. Write me . . . write me into your next movie.*

J. *Yes, I'll write you into the movie and I'll see what I can do about* Sex Change *and I'll send you the cake.*

G. *Tell them I'm very expensive.*

J. *Yeah, OK.*

G. *OK, and we'll send you the speed. You'll be in New York at the end of May, huh?*

J. *Yeah. . . . Just a second.* (Silence while Jean leaves the phone) *Hey, there's a possibility that Robert . . . they've proposed, uh, they're kind of tentatively sidling around Robert for the idea of his directing* Sex Change.

G. *Oh, yeah?*

J. *If he did it, would you do it with him?*

G. *Oh, yeah, I'd love to. Yeah, I like his movies.*

J. *Oh, lots of people like them.*

G. *I mean, you know, the people that I hang around with didn't think your last one with him was so great, but I went to see it with David, this guy who was the boyfriend of Susan Bromley, and we both really dug it. But a lot of people didn't like it because it was so pop right, because the sets looked fake, but they were supposed to, right?*

J. *Yeah.*

G. *No, I definitely think Robert's a really good director. I love his movies. Everybody looks great in them, too.*

J. *Yeah, that would be fantastic . . . . for you to do* Sex Change *with him.*

G. *Are you going to be in it?*

J. *Uh, no.*

G. *Can't you do a cameo role?*

J. *No, there aren't really any cameo roles. . . . I can play a. . . . No, no.*

G. *Play a schoolgirl at a boarding school. And you and I could have a love scene.*

J. *Oh God. . . . Maybe. . . . Why not? What the hell! Hahaha.*

G. *Why don't you do* Sex Change?

J. *Cause I'm not right for it, that's why.*

G. *You look too much like a girl?*

J. *No, I'm just too straight, that's all.*

G. *Really? . . . Yeah, I think I'd be very good for it—I can look like a man.*

J. *No, that's not the idea. . . . It has nothing to do with looking like a man or not, it's just that you're . . . well, it's just a thing . . . I don't know, it's sort of . . . sort of a camp thing. . . .*

G. *Yeah.*

J. *. . . And everything, so. . . .*

G. *Yeah, I get it.*

J. *OK. I'll send you the cake. . . .*

G. *OK.*

J. *. . . and you send me the speed, and maybe I'll see you at the end of May.*

G. *OK. Well, keep in touch . . . . we'll get together in May.*

J. *Bye.*

.....Gloria and Angelo try to keep busy.....

XXX

your mouth is so sweet and soft like a cushion
you're the only man in the world i want to be with
i just couldn't imagine being with anybody but you your hair feels so nice and your face and your shoulders
you feel so warm and so sweet
like an angel like a warm hot angel oh you want me to tell you what it feels like

um

starting to get warm through the whole insides through my whole everyplace inside thighs stomach

i love your cunt it's just like i kiss your mouth

really?

do you want i give you a kiss on your lips?
oh yes, right there right there oh
it feels like the tip of a pin getting hard
i like it when your tongue goes around
a little bit softer yes right there with the tongue yes oh yes oh yes yes put your finger in my cunt um sssssss mm-mmmmm oh mmmmmm mm uh

i want you to tell me when you come

i might not be able to . with this speed

doesn't matter

what do you want me to do?

come or just be happy

i'm happy you make me happy

do you feel it like that?

oh i really feel it yes i really feel it

is it the best way to do? just tell me

no i feel your beard a little too much like that
i just oh ah aha aha sssssssssss
oh will you suck on it like pretend it's a
oh yes like that it's so good
yes like that
oh it's really great
pinch this

tell me this way if it's not good
tell me what you want

suck suck suck on my clitoris right on the point

uh? like that?

yes move your finger around oh you don't have to kiss it so hard just just keep your mouth down on it and sort of pull in with your tongue like that
oh yes that's the best um um yeah um
just like you do it just like you like you feel it just like you want to
oh yes darling yes like
oh will you put two fingers inside?

did i hurt you?

no no too deep in my cunt that's all

oh put your fingers in my cunt right behind your tongue where your tong . . . you know from the inside

there?

no against this wall and oh

you like here?

um ummmmm yeah oh yeah ummmm
sssssssssss

pinch nipple
huh (exhale)

long silence
heavy breathing
crash

can you make it wetter?

huh?

can you make it wetter?

more wet?

oh yes that's it that's it

Doorbell rings

that's Dolores you'd better push the buzzer

Doorbell rings again

oh please push the buzzer

Angelo pushes the buzzer. Dolores enters with an article from the *West Village Other* on Walter De Maria. There is a photograph of a sculpture of his which is a bed of metal spikes. Superimposed on the spikes are photographs of Dolores' latest art, clear plastic squares with photographs of cocks and balls on them. They seem to be floating down on the spikes, about to be stabbed.

Dolores had dropped the squares in the northwest corner of every uptown art gallery in town the day before. Since she was too tired to continue to the downtown galleries she dropped those remaining at the northwest corner of 57th Street and 5th Avenue. Jil Licard, an artist and art critic, had found them there and then wrote this article and had the photograph made. Gloria had accompanied Dolores on her cock-dropping trip, and had watched in horror as Dolores dropped the rest of them in the gutter.

"How could you do that Dolores," she complained, "after all the work you put into it?"

DOLORES *there's the newspaper article and here's what i did to it!*

Dolores had changed all the photographs of her cocks into pills.

DOLORES *I tried to get NONE of my cocks in it, but it was impossible. I wanted to send it to Walter De Maria, just his spikes with the round pills around them instead of cocks, and NONE of mine, but one just happened to get in there.*
GLORIA *will you put your finger up me, Angelo?*
DOLORES *where's my movie camera?*
ANGELO *here's the bottle, Gloria*
GLORIA *will you put your finger up me, Angelo?*
DOLORES *where's the movie camera?*
GLORIA *there's wine in it*
DOLORES *oh well, I have to paint it.*
ANGELO *PAINT? WHERE? WHY?*
GLORIA *can you really take the bottle out so it doesn't hemorrhage me?*
GLORIA *Angelo claims he can remove it so it doesn't harm me*
DOLORES *one time I almost pulled my insides out*
GLORIA *really? what happened?*
DOLORES *i caught it in time*
ANGELO *where?*
D. *in boarding school, in Switzerland*
G. *where's the coke bottle? on the floor?*
D. *there's one, but it's full*
G. *oh, drink it, shit that vibrator would've been so great*
A. *can't get a hardon with this speed just like for you to fuck*
G. *me neither*
D. *do you know what are the best? sweet potatoes i had a great grocery store when I was married and they just saved me the right shape*
G. *i have a cucumber in there*
D. *sweet potatoes are even better*
G. *really?*
A. *cucumbers*

G. *the bottles are the best because of the suction*
D. *can't he get it hard? . . . . yeah, but it's too cold*
G. *she's gonna drink it his cock? no he can't get his cock hard*
D. *why?*
G. *it's the speed*
A. *getting hard but i have to concentrate i can when i was kissing. . . . i got a big hardon*
G. *when you were what?*
A. *when i was kissing your pussy*
G. *yeah oh ummmmmm*
D. *i was very stupid not to show up at Gauschenberg's i ran into A and he said i was stupid not to show up at Gauschenberg's for those pictures*
G. *what do you mean? what pictures?*
D. *Gauschenberg wanted me nude for silk screens and god knows what he wanted to . . .*
G. *why didn't you let him do it?*
D. *i started putting makeup on my stretch marks and i got freaked out.*
A. *really?*
G. *but he was gonna silk screen it though*
D. *no, he was going to photograph me*
G. *yeah, and then silk screen the photographs your stretch marks wouldn't have shown*
D. *that wasn't it i didn't want HIM to see them*
G. *that's what i thought well well, that's all right*
D. *let's call Jean you should tell her she should get two ounces that way i know i'll have amphetamine when i get to California oh no , she's busy*
G. *i think i should just send her a letter*
A. *she never take it she doesn't know what it is she never heard of it*
D. *she's never heard of it?*
A. *yeah, yeah, i mean she knew about it but she never use it*
D. *why don't you use a corkscrew? this is divine you pour the rest of the coke. . . .*
G. *do you promise i won't get a hemorrhage?*
A. *i don't know darling*
G. *oh, "i don't KNOW darling!"*
D. *well, isn't there some other phallic symbol around here?*

G. *no, i like the suction in it.*
D. *i'll get the dildo, the vibrator. . . .*
G. *look at the spikes! (TV)*
D. *do you have any polaroid film left?*
A. *only one one more photo if you go down you can buy some*
G. *buy some? at three in the morning?*
D. *could we do a whole muscle magazine pictures with a black patch on my eye? with a holster and a gun?*
A. *yeah, with you? yeah*
G. *how can we warm this bottle up?*
A. *just sit on it under the pillow*
G. *i got it on my mind got my cunt on my mind if i could get it off my mind. . . .*
A. *that's all right it's no problem*
D. *eat it! why don't you eat her pussy? eat her clit!*
A. *i just do it for fifty minutes*
D. *that's why the vitabath is by the bed?*
G. *the vitabath?*
D. *that bottle*
G. *what does that have to do with it? oh, no, i didn't even know it was there*
D. *the shape of the bottle. . . .*
G. *yeah, he was just doing it and just as I was starting to come, you rang the doorbell*
D. *well, you know what you should get? a rubber arm with false fingernails, that'd be divine!*
D. *i'm going to paint this*
A. *paint what?*
D. *got to have some color in this collage*
G. *i saw a movie like that with cocks and balls in baskets of eggs.*
D. *you know what would be divine? what would be a good shot? to get a pair of tweezers and lie there and take the pubic hair above the cock and just start lifting them up and tweeze them, like plucking eyebrows*
G. *we've all found our true medium, pornography.*
A. *what is zat?*
D. *listen, that's my dildo*
G. *she just found that*
D. *and i have a little something. . . . one of those french ticklers*

with a bell on it and i'm going to put it up there and it's gonna ring.

G. *french tickler?*

A. *a what?*

D. *i've never seen them in my whole life and mostly everybody i know . . . . they've never seen a french tickler, have you?*

G. *uhuh what is a french tickler?*

D. *i don't know . . . . in the* East Village Other *. . . . . use these paint tubes*

G. *oh no they're too pointy*

D. *well, you can fix that*

G. *no, no, i love my bottle*

A. *did you warm it already? is it cold?*

G. *probably it still has some coke in it . . . . so cold!*

D. *did you tell Jean what you were doing? shall i call her up? and talk to her on the phone? and tell her what's going on?*

A. *yeah yeah, wait*

D. *right now Gloria has a face on her like she's about to take the biggest, fattest, shit in New York City*

A. *yeah, yeah, just call her, and you know what? she's going to jerk off on the phone, Jean*

D. *is she a lesbian?*

A. *yeah, yeah, sure you want call her? let's call her, again darling*

D. *i think i'd better go downtown again and get the dildo*

G. *will you suck my tit?*

D. *why don't you suck her cunt?*

A. *just, i just do it for a half hour just give me a relax now*

G. *will you suck my tit?*

D. *just put your nose under the tip of it, like a bunny rabbit, it's easter! . . . . . let's make prints that gets you very sexy*

G. *mmmmmmmm*

D. *explain to me what's happening between you two. Angelo i have to instruct you in how to do it*

A. *yeah, yeah, yeah, show me*

D. *i'll just give you a lesson i'll be the master to get me all worked up you have to start talking about Barbara Goldsmith and then i could direct the whole thing from here. i could get my sister on the phone, start painting, and shouting about the money*

she owes me have you ever done it this is divine use this paintbrush

Dolores is rubbing a paintbrush back and forth over her cunt

G. *oh really? it hurts*
D. *i'll get a sable brush*
G. *oh*
A. *mmmm*
G. *mmmmm*
D. *can i have the polaroid where is it?*
A. *under the table just push it you have to be . . . let me see . . . you have to be four feet from us . . . no you're not in . . . i'm sure . . . get her tits they are so high*
D *i've got them*

click

D. *look at my picture*

rip

D. *do you want some more coke?*
G. *no, we have some wine, want some wine?*
D. *have you ever put brandy on your clit?*
G. *no what if i put some speed on my clit?*
A. *what did you say?*
D. *Courvoisier*
A. *Courvoisier . . it's going to burn her, no?*
D. *no . . . a tiny bit, I mean. Ben-Gay is terrible. You can't use it it really hurts . . . . but a little speck of brandy . . .*
A. *speck of brandy?*
D. *it's fabulous*
G. *now i'm losing it darling*
A. *yeah?*
G. *um*
D. *what time did you come last?*
G. *not today, two days ago*
D. *did you come when he was on this bed?*
G. *no, oh, over there? well no, it was very hard for me to come.*

D. it is?

G. my clitoris is so hidden it's so down under it's hard for me to come

D. I can come in two minutes!

G. i'm so sick i love to put cold cream on my clit

D. oh, cold cream i think is the best i don't care what anyone says . . . . Pond's Cold Cream

G. yeah, but i don't have Pond's i have some pink Happy Face it's called it's in the bathroom.

D. vaginal jelly is just like rubber cement

G. cold cream's the best

D. only Pond's

G. the cold part of it is great

D. this is BEAUTIFUL my dear

G. really?

D. eye remover cream let me put it on you

POLAROID

D. this is beautiful

A. it look like a straight pornographic picture

D. what other things are there here? . . . . that electric comb . . . . .

G. oh yeah, that's up in the first shelf above the books in the linen closet

D. what about the hair dryer?

A. no no

D. yes, it's fabulous it's got the end

A. it doesn't work it's 220v european current

D. oh i've got it my dear, I don't believe it, this is the number (she finds some kind of a machine)

G. no i'm really doing all right with this

A. we can make a picture of that last one

G. wait a minute i'm practically coming and you're disturbing me

A. relax darling

G. i'm all right i'm all right oh i've got just the right spot if you'd just suck my right tit!

A. zis one?

G. that one

breathing, sighing, sucking, etc.

A. *take a picture*
D. *do I have to turn anything?*
A. *no, nothing to do just push button . . . . four feet*

click clack

G. *higher higher*

Gloria coming sighing

D. *lie down lower lie down with your head on the floor*
G. *(laughing) who me?*
D. *yes lie backwards with your head down it's fantastic*
A. *it's too bad we don't have any more pictures*
D. *put your head down put it . . . . it really is . . . . put your head down put your head down open your legs*

Gloria groaning all the time

A. *my god!*

Gloria laughing

A. *put my finger in your ass?*
G. *no no no yes yes yes*
D. *put your legs around him*
A. *i'm so dry wow*
G. *it's that fucking methadrine (laughing)*
A. *it's one hour i'm making it now*
G. *YOU POOR DARLING i know it YOU POOR BABY you're so sweet to me.*
A. *i love you darling*
D. *you know what would be fabulous? we could get a piece of paper and put a hole in it and just get it right on the clit and have the clit coming through the hole . . . . .*
G. *oh, what a great idea . . . . . .*
D. *see, if we could FIND the clit . . .*
G. *the sharp edges of the paper might hurt it*
D. *oh, my dear! about those sharp edges . . . . just try to make a print of your cunt . . . . listen, i tried for two weeks . . i used twenty pounds of Strathmore paper . . . you have to fold them . . . there's no possible way you can do it without wrinkling the paper*
G. *isn't that strange? does methadrine do this to everybody?*

A. *look at my prick it's the biggest prick*
D. *it's got to be painted . . . . drawn . . .*

she paints it

G. *you know Reynard Jergeson could never get a hardon with methadrine?*
A. *who?*
G. *Reynard Jergeson*
D. *could never what?*
G. *could never get a hardon with methadrine*
D. *it's all in people's heads*
G. *really?*
D. *uhuh, because you've heard that*
G. *do you know what we said to Jean?*
A. *. . . . that she have to give a big sniff of methadrine to Robert so he can get a hardon*
D. *is he awful looking?*
A. *no, he has a lot of charm slav charm Gloria you're so beautiful*
G. *i've seen enlarged drawings of clitoris' in medical books and they look just like pricks*
A. *i've seen really big clitoris*
D. *your painting of an iris, Gloria*
G. *i heard about a clit that was so big it used to blop back and forth . . . . yeah? . . . . who had a big one, Angelo?*
A. *a girl i fuck in Paris, it's really big she get a hardon, but really three centimeters in size it's crazy*
D. *wow*
A. *and when she's not hard it's a piece of flesh like. . . .*
D. *relax Gloria*
A. *yeah, you don't relax*
D. *you don't get it that way . . . i'd better take you over to the hospital . . . Lenox Hill . . . i'll call up the interns and say "Gloria's having trouble jacking off. Give us some ideas." my dears, we call the emergency room. "She's just at that point and she can't make it . . and we've tried those rubber dolls and it's getting to the point where we might even have to call for help." I could make another scene . . . you're down too far . . . . you don't get the right spot*
G. *i've got this finger here and the other finger up my cunt*

D. you shouldn't do it up your cunt
A. do it, Dolores, do it
G. why not?
D. because that's not the right way to do it
G. i've got one up the cunt and one on the clit
D. yeah, but you don't NEED one on the cunt, it's not important
G. it helps . . . after a certain point
A. yeah, you know, she feel like it's a prick
G. you don't have the right . . . you're on a BONE
D. mine sticks right out i can see it in the mirror
A. your clitoris is very difficult to find, darling
G. i know you lost it you know now you got it you're doing it too hard
A. me?
D. no, Dolores
A. want some saliva?
D. you've gotta turn off!
G. i know
D. have you used the one with the tube? the duo massage? i'll go to get it
G. take a taxi and tell the driver to wait
A. where'd you put the money?
G. it's in my pants pocket right pocket
A. your pants must be somewhere around

Dolores returns Gloria still in same position for the past half hour since Dolores left

D. have you ever known such speed?
G. quick plug it in
D. have i ever been faster?
G. oh, i thought you meant methadrine
D. where's the plug?
A. (laughing) down here there
D. put it on pulsation, definitely, for quick coming there's the cold cream . . . get some of that on your cunt
G. do you think i should take the bottle out?
D. oh, definitely
A. maybe she like it . . . it's a question of taste
D. i'll show you on this . . . the right way

G. *i really dig bottles*
D. *oh, but you don't*
G. *it's the suction*
A. *she still like pricks she's not completely out of pricks*
D. *oh, those two speeds . . . . now, you put it in, first.*
G. *i know, isn't the flat one better?*
D. *no, wait a minute*
G. *not so hard!*
D. *now, get your legs at a distance.*
G. *but it hurts! you're in the wrong place!*
D. *but you've gotta get the part . . . not that flat part, it's too wide*
G. *ok, turn it on*
D. *lie up further, so you've got more cord room . . . don't you have an extension? I want you to come quickly . . . i've got to get out of here.*
G. *i think it's too fast.*
D. *you can put it lower but wait . . . . wait*
G. *no, it's better the other way*
D. *want to get fucked with this? (she pulls out a plastic dildo) you get a vibrator inside*
G. *well how do you turn it on? well, that's not bad i'm beginning to dig this. . . .*
D. *i've got the head right*
G. *you put the vibrator inside that?*
D. *of course, it's enormous . . . it's a big prick, big dick . . A put it between his legs and i sucked it . . . i can't even get it in!*
G. *it's too big*
D. *no, it isn't*
G. *just the vibrator, without the cock*
D. *yeah, i know . . . . you don't need the cock*
G. *no, i mean, the cock that's in the vibrator*
D. *ok, turn it on the fastest speed just get up there and don't go in the hole. just go back and forth until you can't stand it anymore and then stick it in just keep doing it like that but then you're going to have to stick it in the hole . . . . but don't . . . . . don't . . . . .*
G. *no i like to just hold it on the clit*

D. . . . but then, all of a sudden, you've got to stick it in

G. maybe you should do it for me if you've got it perfected the last one i had was much better . . .

A. you got the polaroid, darling?

D. oh no, just wait till this warms up a bit there's nothing like it! the living fucking end! it's the new one, you can't stop until . . . don't let it make that noise . . . let me see . . . . .

G. the edge hurts you know you can get a callous on your clitoris if you use this too much . . . yes, i know of a girl whose clitoris got so calloused she couldn't come anymore

D. there's a callous attachment!

G. what?

D. there's a callous attachment . . . like a pumice stone

G. she got, you know her clitoris got such a hard skin on it . . . like a callous on your toe . . . that she just couldn't come anymore

D. there's a callous thing . . . there's a pumice stone strip you put over it and you get the callous right on it . . . you don't have it exactly right . . . you see, this should fit closer to your legs . . . it shouldn't make that kind of a noise it should be nice and quiet that noise can turn you off i don't like a bit of noise

A. it's like work it's like work outside on the street did you get the polaroid?

G. i think i need more cold cream

D. do you want a little KY?

G. i'm sure i'd like this better because it doesn't have such a hard edge

D. you wouldn't . . . . i'll tell you why . . . i swear to god it's too wide. It's too wide for me my dear, it's going to be too wide for you

G. all right . . . jelly it up!

D. that is the thing and once the machine gets hot . . . loook you're not doing it right!

G. yes i am!

D. i don't make a sound!

G. yeah, but you aren't as sensitive as i am

D. oh yes i am my dear, i can come in two split seconds!

G. it takes me two hours

A. darling, give me ze polaroid

D. *here's the receipt it came to four dollars*

G. *you know there's a vibrator you can attach on your hand too, so that your hand vibrates*

D. *but i have this contraption fixed so i don't have to hold it i've done this in every position i lie down on the floor and i get the vibrator standing straight up and i tilt on the floor, or i put my legs . . . i lay on the floor with my legs flat up with my ass and my legs against the bed, and i have my vibrator stuck between the mattress and you see, you never know that that's what i'm really up to at home. i haven't done a water color in four months . . . isn't it fabulous?*

A. *is it good now, huh?*

D. *i'm going to try to stick this in i almost kill myself everytime i put this dildo in it hurts so much i'm going to stick the other end up . . . . (Dolores has a rubber dildo shaped just like a real prick, but the base of it is a square piece of rubber with snaps on the corners) well, we dedicate this night to . . . what we were raised for . . . from fine families you know in publishing, fascists, what i have to say . . . . . this is really camp, i wear it like a prick*

A. *huh?*

G. *she puts it inside of herself and wears it like a prick*

A. *oh, really?*

D. *oh, i've tried it, i can't stand it but for one split second*

A. *could you walk with it?*

D. *sometimes i can do you know what i did? i walked to 76th street and 5th avenue with it on and had to keep sitting on a park bench and rearranging it and i had to take the tampax out . . . do you feel it? Jean better take a plane here . . . tell her to take the next flight*

G. *i told her to*

D. *ohhhh oooh oooww it's in, almost . . .*

G. *ow, my hair! you're gonna . . . are you sure you're not going to hurt yourself?*

D. *do i need some first aid! ow! i gotta get it out . . . it's in wrong . . .*

A. *you put it in the wrong place*

D. *ooooooooow!*

G. *she puts that whole square inside of her cunt!*

A. *A square inside of her cunt?*

D. oooooooow!
G. and it has a metal snap on it too
A. yeah, i know, yeah, you're going to hurt you!
D. ooooooooow!
G. you're gonna cut yourself
D. oh, that NOISE! that turns me off when it does that all of a sudden
G. you know, it's really too strong for you
D. i should fuck Angelo in the ass!
G. i think i have to have it on low speed it's too strong for me it gets to be too much so i can't come
D. touch yourself with this for a while just stick it in (Dolores gives Gloria the dildo)
G. it won't do anything all right . . . give it to me . . . i couldn't get it in . . . . you want the vibrator?
D. just for a second
G. oh, no no!
D. i can come in a minute with it it only takes me a second, i mean . . .
G. i think i've got it now!
A. oh oh haha you're going to fight! hahaha
D. i can't stand it haha shall we fuck Angelo in the ass?
A. it make too much noise
D. oh wait! don't take it yet!
G. it's too violent for me
A. let me suck your cunt
G. i started to come and i can't finish coming. It's too much too strong i have to stop i'm afraid it will kill me did you bring a poke?
A. Dolores, give me a poke . . . . but please, not too strong . . i don't like too strong
D. oh you know he's incredible . . . oh i did it! . . . i've got it! . . . . give you a poke?
A. just in the ass
G. really, in the ass?
A. yeah
D. it's not gonna be in the ARM!
G. the first of your life?
A. yeah, you know it's GOT to be by Dolores!

D. but don't ever tell a soul! if Fred Morris hears about it, or A, or anybody. . . .
G. why should he tell Fred Morris?
D. because i'm against doing it in the first place! I don't want to do it
G. yeah, the flat side's much better for me
D. i might as well take a quickie myself . . .
G. it feels good inside too?
D. oh, well . . . . i have it down! you're not masturbating . . . oh, i just CAN'T wait!
A. don't give me too much . . . can you make a polaroid? my first shot?
D. i don't want a picture
A. not now? ok
D. it's hysterical . . . what a night! . . . what'd i do with my penis?
A. i have to relax . . . because i hate . . .
D. well, you WON'T feel it!
A. really?
G. yeah, he really hates shots

Dolores gives Angelo a poke

A. oh, she's SO good!
G. really? shall i get one too? the same needle you stuck in yourself? what if you have hepatitis?
D. i don't anymore
A. oh, it's just only . . . . ah!
D. you can't feel pokes
A. ummmm . . . . it's really good! . . . i'm so afraid of a poke you know
D. taste it?
A. you just did it very well
D. i do these things well

Dolores slaps Angelo's ass

A. what a night!
G. if i don't satisfy myself in five minutes, i'll give it to you
D. well, i go into shrieks! i get goose pimples!
G. forceful . . . . oh no, it's on high speed isn't it?

A. *you never seem to come darling, maybe she can make you get a hardon*

G. *oh well, i've been coming but you know, just mechanical . . . i don't feel it all down through my legs and arms and everything . . . . i just have contractions . . . . i don't feel that nice flash that i like . . .*

D. *is this . . .*

G. *more*

D. *look at this, the doorknob . . . . just the right height to put the cock on . . .*

A. *want to call Marcus?*

D. no

G. *no . . . . we have to send Jean a good-bye. . . .*

D. *pulsation*

G. *put it on pulsation*

D. *well, that's what i had it on . . . . vibration, pulsation . .*

G. *put it on pulsation*

D. *pulsation is what you've had it on . . . that vibration's terrible . . . . i never use it!*

G. *vibration's the real low one*

D. *now stick it in your cunt with vibration and just . . .*

G. *vibration or pulsation?*

D. *pulsation . . . . just stick . . . . go on the pulsation . . . . stick it in . . . . get it inside the hole . . . . just lie there . . . don't move it . . . isn't it nice? . . . it just needs practice a little bit!*

G. *we're going to have a fight over the vibrator*

D. *oh, but i really feel it . . . i mean afterward i'm worn out*

G. *wouldn't it be fabulous if we could go to . . . if we could have a really fabulous orgy with everybody we really dug . . . but it would never happen . . . . Angelo's so funny . . . so funny. . . .*

D. *you know when your clitoris gets sort of like burning . . because you've been playing with it so long?*

A. *you want call him? he can come here*

G. *swing it down more*

A. *like that?*

G. no

A. *like that?*

G. *no, straighter*

A. like that?
G. yeah, that's about right . . . . don't let me get a hemorrhage uh oh huhu (whisper) i'm afraid of the bottle
A. don't be . . . just . . . that's all right you're really afraid? you don't feel good?
G. yes, i feel it fabulous . . . but i'm afraid of it sucking my insides out
A. that's all right no it's not very wide you know it's dangerous when it's here in the middle you got a lot of air between (whisper) you have a good cunt you didn't come?
G. yeah, yes yes but i need some more
A. you need such a job!
G. yes but it sort of hurt
A. hurt your little tits?
G. oh oh oh it's just . . . that was sort of . . . that was sort of . . . oh i can't explain it if i had your cock in me it would have been fabulous
A. i'm going to try to make me . . . up with some you know what?
G. what?
A. i really feel . . . like i mean . . . i feel to fuck you know . . i just have good feelings in my cock but it's so small first time in my life . . .
G. i know, that's how my clitoris is
A. it's maybe because i think of it you know it's just a question of . . .
G. i think it's the speed
A. you think really it is?
G. yeah, i really do
A. oh crazy
G. oh, Dolores, will you bring me a cucumber? out of the refrigerator ya, with a cucumber i won't be afraid i can really fuck on the cucumber
A. we are walking in the . . . . . happiness
G. you're so sweet i can't believe it you're just so sweet did you bring me the cucumber, Dolores?
D. i don't know where it is
G. all right i'll let you have the vibrator
A. Dolores, Dolores, you know what? i want tell you something go to wash your pussy and i kiss your pussy i want i want

to get a hardon i want really to get a hardon, ok? go to wash your pussy go to wash your pussy darling shut ze door. . . .

G. *she always has a clean pussy*

A. *right now you have it?*

D. *i'm turned off, Gloria*

G. *she's turned . . . . .*

D. *where's the fucking vibrator?*

G. *ok here . . . . oh god i have a cramp in my hand . . . need a fuck*

A. *darling go to wash your pussy and i'm going to kiss your pussy*

G. *who? me?*

A. *yeah but wash it take off this cream*

D. *oh the cream there's nothing on it but cold cream*

A. *yeah, cold cream did you eat cold cream?*

G. *have you ever eaten cold cream? oh i have to watch . . . Dolores, come!*

A. *ha, wash your pussy wash your pussy i'm going to kiss you right now will you take a picture?*

D. *listen, she didn't do it right*

A. *huh? do you have it inside you, huh? how do you turn that on?*

G. *you just turn . . . . maybe there's no batteries*

A. *is zere is battery in zat zat vibrator? it's not working? give me ze vibrator maybe i am going to get hardon let me try if i can*

G. *my whole body is vibrating . . . my hands are vibrating . . . it's really like a vibrator inside . . . . you know what that means? that means you're really relaxed when you feel electricity running through yourself . . . . i thought you could come in two seconds*

D. *now i'm tied in knots leave me alone for a second with the Johnson's baby cream . . . now leave me alone for a minute . . . put a plug in the door . . . i don't want those fags next door to hear me . . . hahaha i don't believe this*

G. *want me to suck your tits, huh?*

D. *sure (Gloria sucks Dolores' tits) now i'll just never come tonight i just know it when you called up i was just doing it . . . i can't concentrate i start thinking about something else . . . this afternoon it was brand new . . . it's probably been*

used . . . there's a guarantee, haha i lost it once too . . . it was awful. . it went right up there

G. *the rubber went up? . . . . my hands are really vibrating*

D. *that's all right . . . oh . . . . oh my legs!*

long silence with noise of vibrator

D. *can you imagine doing this all night?*

G. *did you come yet?*

D. *almost . . . . not yet i did for a second almost but then i lost it . . . the golf ball just almost in the putting green . . . i think i'll make it in a quick hole-in-one with a seven iron. . . Fred should come up here and make a movie tell him i've gotten over my sensitivity . . . hahaha Con Edison. . . i used to jerk off into a brassiere i found. . would you believe it? . . . in the vestry of the boarding school . . . Betty Gorden's, who had the biggest tits in the school . . . i'd lock myself up in the bathtubs . . . ow . . ow. . i think i did it all afternoon . . . what time did i go to mother's? two o'clock and i came back and i did it from two thirty until six o'clock without stopping and then the phone would ring it would be A and then it would be somebody else and i'd still have it in to get up to answer the phone . . . now i just have to laugh*

G. *i thought you could come in two minutes?*

D. *it's going to take . . . i didn't have it for two days after it broke i missed it so much that's when i went and spent the twenty dollars on it down at Drake's i couldn't stand it without it i got so used to it*

G. *darling it hurts. . . a little lighter . . . fabulous fabulous fabulous great*

A. *you coming darling?*

D. *oh no not yet it'll be hours i don't like that noise*

A. *ummm yeah a lot of noise you can change ze speed, huh?*

D. nous nous savons

Gloria is now reading *The Book* by Alan Watts . . . she just found it in the bookshelf

G. *so this is what that kid was talking about!*

D. *what kid?*

G. *when A and i were on the college tour, a kid came up to me*

at one of the colleges, as i was getting into the car, and said "my girlfriend and i were making love and we were on acid and we felt like our bodies were like . . . . . two clams or something or two serpents twisted together out of the sea" and i said "oh yeah, yeah, sure" and he said "you know what I'm talking about? oh fantastic, you're the only other person i've told this to" either one of the Beatles, or someone he had called, from the midwest to London and asked them what it meant and the person he called said "read The Book" *and the kid wanted to know what book he was talking about i told* A *the whole story and he didn't say a word, then months later when i was talking about it again* A *said "oh, of course* The Book *by Alan Watts, I've got it at home" now* A *heard the kid say* The Book *and he didn't say a word*

D. *he reads?*

G. *all he does is read*

A. *he do what?*

G. *read*

A. *really? does he read a lot?*

D. *if it's about him and you he'd be sure of going to run and look for it, wouldn't he?*

G. *gee, this book says that each . . . that you are god . . . when i took that hash trip at Jean's i wanted to say "i am god" but i didn't want to be a fool so i didn't say it*

A. *yeah?*

G. *Alan Watts says you are god*

D. *oh, everybody's god*

G. *right*

A. *yeah*

D. *a part of god i believe that god always was always will be and always remains the same i believe that Adam and Eve. . . .*

G. *oh shut up*

D. *i really do believe it*

G. *i don't want to hear the catechism*

D. *did you study the Baltimore catechism?*

G. *i studied everything that was Baltimore*

D. *was it grey?*

G. *"one might say that if religion is the opiate of the people the Hindus have the inside dope"*

D. big prick . . . big dick i walk around in circles i don't know what i'm doing
A. relax darling
G. relax darling

.....Angelo meets Willow and listens and she continues with her problems.....

XXXI

W. This is just between you and me and Angelo, but I went down to William's, and I used to sniff heroin in the beginning when I met him, I knew there was something he could offer, I didn't know what it was, but I knew there was SOMETHING . . . could you possibly feel that's true about him? So right after I finished the commercial I went straight to William's and he didn't know me at all, you know and some kids came over, lower east side kids, the ones you read about in stories, like Malcolm X's autobiography, like those type kids . . . . really I'm not kidding you, they're nice kids, they have nothing to do with being a hippie or anything like that, they're just kids who are real poor, whose parents are prostitutes and pushers, and that type of kid, you know . . . or illegitimate children . . . really, I've never seen kids like that before, you know, I mean, you've HEARD about them but you've never SEEN them. . .

G. I wonder why he hangs around with them?

W. Well, they're so NICE, they're so . . . kind of EASY, and they have no pretensions and no greed, because they've like, given up on everything a long time ago. So it's like they have no ambition, it makes them nice people. You know that girl, that cheap looking girl, with the blond hair? She's very NICE . . . but it's like their mind is blown, like their intelligence is ruined, ... and so these kids came with heroin, and before they took it they were so EXCITED! Like the girl, when she found out that

she was going to get some, she was so EXCITED . . . . she cleaned up all the dishes, and she made dinner for everybody . . . and she went around the table singing, she was really HAPPY!

G. *Well, did they shoot it or sniff it?*

W. *They shot it and then they all took this thing and tied it around here and then they shot it . . . and so I took some, and nothing happened, it just felt like a heat wave or just like, hot . . . . it flashed or something . . . . and so they gave me some more and then I REALLY GOT OFF . . . and I really felt good, like you do when you're a child . . . because even though you're sexual when you're a child, it's so sort of . . . . . unconscious, so I guess this was closer to a child's state . . . . . desexual . . . probably since you can't take away sex, probably all that heroin does is make it completely as unconscious as it can be . . . or if you want to call it unconscious . . . . right? . . . don't you think so? And I got up on the swing that William has, you know, the great swing, where his kids used to swing, and he gave me some beads, and the beads were really nice, and they came way down, you know, I don't know, everything was just NICE . . . . oh, William has told me some WEIRD stories about his life, he's had a WEIRD life, boy!*

G. *I know, he's fucked everything, dogs, etc. . . . .*

W. *I'm going to ask him for some stuff. . . . . .*

she tries to call him

G. *Be careful. . .*

W. *Why?*

G. *You might end up spending all your money on heroin.*

W. *I'm not spending any money on it.*

G. *Well you might end up really into it.*

A. *. . . Don't shoot it, that's all . . . it's better if you shoot it but don't shoot it.*

G. *She's already shot it.*

A. *. . . Oh yeah, yeah, it's good.*

W. *Well I'll tell you something . . . did you have it?*

A. *Shoot? No never, I sniff, but I mean I don't really need the chemical uh feeling, it's good because it really take you off all the bad work in your brain, it make really your brain clear, so*

you can start on another road, but I don't care about the sensual feeling . . .

W. *There's no sensual feeling.*

A. *I mean it just makes you a body feeling, I mean uh, sensual, uh, sensitive.*

W. *Yeah, yeah, right, you can't even fuck on it.*

Olga's record is on the stero

W. *Is that a girl's voice on the record, Gloria?*

G. *Yeah, it's Olga.*

W. *Boy, does she have, like a man's voice . . . what is she? a contralto?*

G. *Her voice isn't anything, except it's real deep, is contralto deep?*

W. *I don't know, I don't know anything. There's baritone, what are they? Men are baritone and tenor and women are contralto and soprano. Contralto is deep and there are all those different versions.*

G. *It must be contralto. Her last record is really weird.*

W. *Does she make a lot of money?*

G. *No.*

W. *I mean her records don't sell? That's strange.*

G. *This one seems to be selling well in London. She's so pretty, don't you think?*

W. *I don't know her. I've just seen her, sitting in Max's. She always looks so kind of unemotional.*

G. *Yeah, it's kind of a drag. She's into mysticism now.*

W. *Isn't that boring?*

G. *So boring, yes.*

W. *Is that her again? I can't get over that it's a girl, so incredible!*

G. *Here's what she does . . . she leads men on and then refuses to fuck them on mystical grounds, unless they're real young boys and they're really sick . . . . then she digs them . . . and if she thinks they've got some kind of a talent.*

W. *Yeah, I've seen her at the Mall, looking for young boys.*

G. *At the Mall?*

W. *You know, in Central Park.*

G. *That's fabulous! Olga cruising in the Mall!*

W. *Yeah, she does. Have you ever done it?*

G. *Yeah, I've done it.*
W. *On the street?*
G. *No, not on the street . . . . I've just done it, like, at Max's.*
W. *I've cruised on the street.*
G. *Did you ever pick anybody up? How was it? A lot?*
W. *It was lousy, it was a lousy fuck. The guy was a junkie, they can't fuck, those junkies.*
G. *I know it . . . they really can't fuck*
W. *You can just forget about those junkies, boy, but I didn't know he was a junkie . . .*
G. *Well after, you can tell by the eyes.*
W. *How do you like a guy that's like, all excited and he really wants to fuck you . . . and then when he's about to fuck . . . like he's trying so hard he's like a dog . . . licking, and breathing hard and going crazy . . . and then HIS PRICK ISN'T HARD!*

. . . Dolores enters and pokes a needle through her jeans . . .

D. *I went to the Colony for lunch the other day with one tit hanging out.*
W. *Did you really do that?*
D. *Of course, Willow, I. . .*
W. *What happened when you did it?*
D. *They said I could have a table but Gloria had to leave because she was in pants!*
W. *Oh, you're kidding! Is it true?*
D. *Didn't you read in the papers the other day where Gene, the owner of the Colony, said that women could finally wear pants?*
G. *The guy that Infra-Red and I did in on television, on the New Yorker Show, for not letting women wear pants . . . so they finally changed the rule, oooooh. . . . . .*
W. *Let me see your polaroids, Dolores.*
D. *There's one you can't see . . . . oh, yes you can, because everyone who sees it says that it's the most beautiful one of me.*
W. *Which one?*
D. *The fat one*

The "fat one" is a picture of Dolores wearing a plastic prick

W. Wow! Does that look real!

Dolores shows another picture to Willow

D. Well how do you like him? How would you like that inside of you?
W. Is it real?
D. It's a photograph! I wouldn't let Fred Morris see it . . . I said it was only for people that like sex!
W. I thought it was a mushroom between his legs!
D. I told Fred it wasn't for people who use their bathtub to store paintings in! . . . . . Now, this vibrator is in perfect working condition, and . . . dammit . . . . . it's . . . NO COLD CREAM ANYMORE . . . . the drugstore told me it was the cold cream that made it make that noise!
W. You're so incredibly consistent!
D. That's why it took me so long to get here . . . . I had to plug it in for a few minutes.
W. Oh, you had to charge it up?
D. To make it hot! It's the only time it really feels good, when it's hot . . . then you can come in a second! Is that marijuana?
W. That's marijuana. . .
D. I hate it, I don't take drugs, darling Willow, I'm high on things like that (a polaroid of a man with his prick sticking out as he stands over a toilet)
G. That's our producer, Jax Trabb.
D. Oh, and I brought you something sexy to read, while we jack off. . . . now, you're going to get very horny . . . do you want to hear the horniest thing you've ever heard?
W. Yeah.
D. Be prepared! . . . . cause this is really. . . .

> Dear Uncle Fudge,
>
> I am going to Europe this summer and I expect to have many sexual encounters. I have piles, and it's beginning to affect my sex life. . . .

W. What is piles?
G. Louie had them.
D. Oh! I had my streaks done today!
W. Who did you go to, Kenneth?

D. I go to Donnie, my dear, I go where I can get a few good PHOTOGRAPHS!

. . . I met this magnificent Turk from Ankara . . . actually, on the ski run . . .

W. Is this a girl speaking?
D. No, it's a boy

. . . . on the ski run while adjusting a boot and after the initial skirmishes we came to a mutual agreement on the eternal verities of the Baroque. I must not let this man escape me.

Dear Dangling,
And all you others out there with similar hanging problems . . . . . use it as a lubricant . . .

D. Now really listen.
G. I used to use Nupercainal for my itching crotch during hay fever season.
D. Now, I'm reading this especially for you, Angelo, and remember, I'm going to read it slowly, so you can understand it.
A. OK, darling.
W. Is it for both men and women?
D. Well, yes, you can apply it to both, Willow. . . . Now, really THINK!

Notice that the root of your cock ends where your anus begins . . . well, just above it, inside and to front of the colon . . . is your prostate gland . . .

Now we KNOW that, don't we? Well, now, WAIT . . . . will you listen to the end of it?

. . . assuming you've got a healthy firm prostate, you're in perfect shape for taking it up the ass, and should enjoy it. . . .

I'm going to skip a little bit, because I'm going on to the dildo . . . oh. . .

. . . bananas, corn cobs, cucumbers, COKE BOTTLES. . . . The rectum is wonderfully elastic, but don't go overboard

I hope those fags aren't listening over there.

W. *Where?*

D. *Across the hall.*

W. *How much are you reading?*

D. *Well, uh, just, it gets boring. . .*

W. *Did this book inspire you to do your cock book, Dolores?*

D. *No, I was into my cock book long before . . . we used to . . . we beat . . . we BEAT MONA UP! Gloria and I lay on the floor nude, and we got Danny Leatherpants, and we'd have him beat her . . . . and we told her to lie on the floor and we said that we weren't going to beat her anymore until she begged us . . . and then finally she just SQUIRMED for it and Danny would get up and bang her on, oh, it was something else! We told her we were going to deliver her to the floor of A's door, nude . . . . and then we got scared . . . . I wonder if they give everybody a dildo when they go to prison for life? . . . . well, you're obviously bored by this book . . . . Willow, you're so innocent, how did your parents let you out?*

W. *While I lived with my aunt and uncle I wrote to Eileen Wagner and asked her if I could be a model and she said "yes" and my mother thought that was nice, and she met Eileen and everything . . . so they let me stay here because . . . .*

D. *Does your mother know you're living with Zack?*

W. *Well, I asked her what I should get him for a birthday present and she said, "Don't get him anything personal, unless you're engaged" . . .*

D. *That's fabulous!*

W. *And I said "Mother, we live as if we were married" and my mother went, "mhph" like that . . . like, "the poor kid, she's so . . ."*

D. *That's better than Alfred!*

W. *Who's Alfred?*

D. *Oh, Alfred, when he looked over at the table at Angelo and said, "Maybe you'd be OK if your hair were short" . . . and I pulled it up and said, "I cut it last night, Alfred," and Alfred*

said, "Well, what's that bracelet doing on your arm?" to Angelo, and I said, "That's just a napkin ring". . .

W. *Huh?*

G. *Ahahahahahahahah Alfred's my father . . .*

D. *And do you know what Alfred DID? . . . He went out and bought a ten thousand dollar silver Cadillac, get that!*

G. *Limousine. . .*

D. *. . . and he sat in Stark's and took us to lunch and he kept getting up to see if the Cadillac was still there. I told him that I had to get to Tiffany's by four o'clock to get them both a wedding present because I was itching him on to give them something, and I said, "I've gotten them each a pair of rosary beads, a big pair of beads for Angelo and little ones for Gloria with their names on the crosses" . . . you know, I was trying to suggest that at least since he's gone out and picked himself up a new silver Cadillac, that at least he could buy a . . .*

W. *Did he just meet Angelo?*

D. *Listen, he gave her three hundred dollars . . . when I got married I got two hundred to buy underwear . . . . but I married a staple gun queen . . . . so . . . .*

W. *What do you mean?*

D. *Well, he was JUST THAT! He won Mayor Wagner's "Salute to Spring" award for the best windows on 5th Avenue.*

W. *And what did you just call him?*

D. *A staple gun Queen.*

W. *What did you do with your staple gun queen? Huh, Dolores?*

G. *He was a window decorator and he used staple guns and he was a fag. Dolores, why did you marry him?*

D. *Because he wore pin-striped suits. Listen when I used to sleep with him if I touched his peter he'd slap my hand. . . . You always get the bed so tangled up that I never can get in . . . now you see how you mess up this place? Who did all that nonsense over here? You're a fucking slob Angelo. The maid didn't take the adhesive tapes off the wall. I suppose she was a drug person too and thought it was a vibration.*

W. *Dolores, you look just like your mother in this photograph.*

D. *Oh, yes, that's a compliment, mother CARRYING me, perhaps! Don't take any more pictures of me please, I want to get into the habit.*

W. What habit?

D. The nun's habit . . . Willow will you get into a habit too and we could be sis . . . I mean now I could show people the picture and tell people I've gotten another person to join my order.

W. I, I'll take it if you want me too.

D. Well that's all I do is take it. I called up Marymount you know and I asked them if I could enter the convent because I wanted to kick the habit . . .

D. But listen: with the staple gun queen I spent a fortune . . . oh, it was one hundred thousand, no, it was . . . it came . . . about ninety-six thou actually . . . I mean Daddy wanted to invest it for me, but I said I wanted it in a lump sum, so I went to the bank and opened a checking account and I had all the checks printed with my own name and all I did was write checks. I thought it was so much fun. I was an alcoholique, I drank two quarts of Majorska a day. Well, I didn't start drinking Majorska until after the hundred thou was gone. I mean I was drinking the best then. Filet mignon, also, wrapped in bacon. I gave dinner parties you just didn't believe. I had a maid come every day . . . every single day. . . . Food in my icebox? I had to have thirty-two Coca-Colas on ice when I woke up. I haven't had an Alka Seltzer since I stopped drinking, that's all I ever liked. My favorite drink was Alka Seltzer in the morning with ice in it.

And then my husband . . . you see he left me once because I ate all the fattening foods . . . way up on top of the cabinets in the kitchen I had Sara Lee, Mrs. Paul, Betty Crocker, everybody stashed up there, ice cream. When I wanted him to help me chop the onions because I was having some other window decorators for dinner, Larry Morgan, Henri Calibre, Jerry Partridge, Miss Partridge . . . that was in the days when we called everybody "Miss." Pink and orange was the color combination in those days, pink and orange, lamé moire, oh those colors . . . blue and orange, they came after pink and orange, right? Because before that pink and red was the beginning of putting these colors. . . . Pink and red never went together when we were children, remember? That was the beginning of it, pink and red, then pink and orange, then green and blue. . . . But then, my dear, when my husband found all that fattening food . . . you see, I'd go out to get the newspapers but I'd go up to

Oscar's Fish House and then I'd have a whole scallop dinner and I'd come back twenty minutes later and I wasn't hungry to eat my dinner that I'd been cooking all night. I'd just had one up there when I went out to get the papers. . . . And he found all this fattening food when he reached up to get the . . . he said, "What do you need me to chop the onions for, you've got an electric chopper up there." So he got up on the ladder and he found more than an electric chopper, dear . . . Schrafft's penuche fudge, food from the women's exchange, found it all, threw it on my head and threatened to leave me . . . I was beginning to gain the pounds in those days, my dear. Well, he went to San Francisco, he just took off that night, I got so drunk, he ripped the pearls off my neck, and I said, "Ha!" I wake up, I passed out, I wake up and he's gone, his attaché case is gone and his good cuff links that I'd given him, his hand-twisted gold numbers, his striped suit, it was all gone, so I said, "Ha! he's gone, I mean he's gone to L.A." I called up Tony Stafford, my best friend . . . he came over, I said, "Tony, he's gone to L.A., I'm going to San Francisco." I got on the eleven o'clock plane that day. A week later, I called L.A., I said, "Hi Morris, how are you"? He thinks I'm in New York, he said, "Oh, how's everything in the apartment, I'm just looking for some free lance." Have you ever heard . . . have you heard that word since those days? Free lance? Free lancing? And I said, "Oh, I'm not in New York, I'm in San Francisco with my old lover." And then he told me to come down, and he and his lover met me at the plane at the airport in L.A. and they had my bed covered with gardenias; on the mattress: from the bottom to top; and Morris and I both slept on them and our two bodies were just outlined. In the morning, there were still white flowers, but our two bodies were just brown . . . with the white flowers around them . . . you know, the imprints of our bodies. That's where I first learned imprinting . . . well, I never realized then it was art. . . . Well, I thought, you know what I thought was art? Art was the greatest dessert I had the night I arrived in L.A. It was great big strawberries that the lover had put in a bowl of ice and got them very cold; then he took sour cream and mixed it with cinnamon; then he had smashed poppycock, you know, like popcorn all mixed with those nuts and everything, smashed into bitty pieces. You take the strawberry and you dip it

into the sour cream and then you dip it into the crushed poppycock . . . what a dessert! That was art! Blew my mind!

When Morris left me for real, he took all the wedding presents. He left me over a woman . . . he thought I was fucking Ruby Tareyton when I came home early from Fire Island. He wanted to stay out at our house, I had a house in Cherry Grove, and when I came home . . . he wanted to stay out there because he wanted to paint . . . when the weather got nice and he was alone, when I wanted to come into town before Labor Day because I was getting so sick of fucking Fire Island . . . because I had just gone with my first woman, who was forty-five. I had such a crush on her that I stole the wreath off her door on her town house, and I had that hanging over the bed. My dear, I came home one night after going. . . . I was getting down to pawning everything then, I started to sell the furniture, I pawned my wedding ring to take her to Coney Island just because I wanted to pay. . . . And she had all this money. She had a thing for playing "Fascination". . . that was a game on Broadway in Times Square where you put the money in a slot and you win things. Well, we'd been to Coney Island and then we wanted to go to Sheepshead Bay for dinner and I just came home to change; I couldn't get the key really right in the door. . . . I get in and there's Morris, standing there stark raving in the nude. I said, "Listen, I've got a date, I'll be right back." He took me in the bedroom, he laid me down on the bed . . . first he got me in the closet with a rolling pin. I couldn't go any further back in the closet, I was really cornered, I couldn't go back any further . . . he got me on the bed and he took the little ballroom chair that was on the side of the room and he sat there and he said, "I'm going to make your life miserable for the rest of your life, I'm never going to leave you," and he started to. . . . There was an electric drill plugged into the wall where he had taken all the doorknobs off . . . we were changing from metal doorknobs to china ones, so we had all holes for a while . . . but the electric drill was plugged in, well, he drove that into my

arms! That was one of the things he did . . . and then he beat me so hard with the rolling pin that the handle came off. Finally, he just let me go and I went and cried. The part where I was beaten and drilled was bloody and everything, but I just wanted to see Ruby, I just wanted to get out of that apartment. . . . But what I really bitched about later was . . . I called him up and I gave him hell for wrecking the nelly little blue and white what-do-you-call-it, opera chair that he banged me with a few times.

Well, he said, "When I married you, it was one thing, down in Virginia, when you were bitten by a bee" . . . I sat on a bee and it stung me . . . . I got married in a dress with strawberries all over in a Baptist church in Onacock, Virginia. And Morris didn't know how to drive and I didn't have a license and stole Daddy's car and I drove all the way from Westchester to Virginia Beach, my dear, in the pouring rain . . . I was drunk, I wouldn't stop. I didn't get any tickets, I just drove, but I remember we almost drove over a cliff, and I got up to his house, and the Nanny came to the door and said, "Hey, Mistah Morris, how y'all, this heah yoah lovely wife?" And his family all met me and, oh my god, six months later his father died and I had to go to the funeral. I was living in the Windsor Hotel, Morris was with his ailing father, but then he called and said his father died. . . Someone was in my bed having an abortion, I took the bus down. Well, now I'm a widowed woman . . . I haven't seen him in four years, but we were never divorced or separated . . . it's the longest marriage going though only about a year and half I was with him. When he had tricks, these guys from right off the street, my dear, he even dared to bring one home in the living room . . . in my own house! Then I decided I was in love with this guy they all called Cruddy Cruiser. I went to bed with Cruddy once, and we had to sleep on a split-level bed, like two single beds, but one would be under the other; you'd push it out; but one was a little higher, it was never really a double bed. I laid in bed with Cruddy, he always had his underpants on . . . I thought he was asleep and I reached over and I tried to play with

his cock . . . and all of a sudden there was a slap on my hand. . . . I gave Cruddy his first poke of speed . . . he was on the telephone and he was straining grass, all he used to do was strain grass, play with it in his strainer. . . . I walked by him and he was on the phone, and just shoved the needle right into his fanny and he loved it. Then I had to give him one bottle of liquid a week; I didn't take powder; I didn't know what it was! Liquid, thirty-three cc's a week I gave him, and I was living with him then—when he was working for that fabric place on Third Avenue. He'd get up and he'd put his fanny out so I could give him a poke . . . and all his friends would come over before they went to work. Cruddy would walk around with seven thousand pieces of material all over him, imitating Maria Callas, he'd put Maria on the stereo. . . . And it would be, ". . . dolce la tuba pagliacci. . . ." Then Cruddy, before he'd go to work, would say, "Don't you like . . . I like Callas' new Tosca, better than the old Tosca." Then I would start cleaning, Cruddy would come home . . . he didn't like the way I cleaned. . . . He'd clean with his underpants, with the bloodstains on them from his poke. I never could understand it, he'd ruin everything. . . . You see, and what Cruddy Cruiser would do with his money, he'd buy eggs, and eggs, eggs, and throw them out the window . . . and when we didn't have any money for eggs, he'd throw toilet paper, soaked in water, out the window. . . . I gave him the name "Cruddy" because he painted the elevator in his apartment building silver. And all he ever ate was tasty-cakes and pizza. . . . That's why he has no teeth anymore . . . he takes the nerve out himself when he gets a toothache . . . he sticks something up there. . . .

Yesterday the drugstore called me up . . . the guy behind the counter, you know my drugstore in the hotel, and he asked me if I'd come down and eat there to make it look as though there were a lot of people eating there every day because he was selling the drugstore and the man who was buying it was coming to see it and I said, "Well, I've got curlers in my hair," and he said, "That's all right," and he'd pay for the lunch, so I went downstairs and ordered a sandwich and in walks this very cute boy holding hands with a monkey that came up to about his thighs. The monkey had on a red snowsuit jacket, brown

Oxfords and white fleece leggings and a tee shirt . . . it blew my mind.

I tried to be serious . . . I tried to keep drawing and finally I got up and I went over to him and I said, "Listen, my name is Dolores . . . I work with A—has the monkey ever been in movies?" He said, "Well, he's been offered a lot of money but all the people that have offered him the money for the movies want to train him." I said, "Well listen, we don't use scripts." I said, "I'm sure that if I just walked off the elevator holding hands with the monkey A would just flip." I told A on the phone about him and A said, "Did he have a big prick . . . big dick?" and then he said "Are you sure it isn't a Puerto Rican?" And then he tells me, the monkey's owner, that he's from the restaurant next door. I said, "The good table?" I said, "Dino owns this place, I've known him for ten years. I helped him lay the rug. Where does the monkey sleep?" He said, "In Dino's bed." I practically flipped. I've never really looked at a monkey that hard. Let me tell you I believe in evolution . . . now then my dear, get this.

I asked the monkey to do a trip in my trip book, not in the cock book, I knew that he didn't have intelligence so I didn't want to trust him cause I just knew that he wouldn't draw a cock you know and the guy said that he was going to try him very soon with fingerpaints at home. But I gave him a ballpoint pen because I don't carry art supplies anymore; you know artists just don't. Anyway I had my ballpoint pen so I handed the monkey the ballpoint pen and he puts his tongue down on the paper, just his head and like, thinks for a minute. Then he gets up and doesn't do a thing with the ballpoint pen but just holds it in a funny way. Then all of a sudden he puts it down on the paper and makes a funny, like a Taylor Mead drawing is what it looks like, and I couldn't ask the poor monkey to sign it. I didn't want to talk to the monkey because I thought he understood what I was saying. When I started laughing I thought he thought I was laughing at him and not with him. It was frightening.

Then the guy from next door, after I finished my lunch, I'm bursting out in hysterics . . . I know that my druggist, today was the day I have to pay for my pills you know, and I always have to pay for the pills like around one and then I get them around four thirty. So I paid for them ahead and he gave them to me right then the first time it's ever happened so I said,

"Aren't you mad at me for laughing and carrying on like this? Did you plan it, to have the monkey come in when you're gonna sell the place? Who in the hell would want to buy a fountain concession where a monkey has lunch?" The monkey has lunch there every day and I've never met him before and I told David D., and some people at Max's about him and they said, "Oh we've seen that monkey on roller skates before." I never laughed so hard, I was in tears.

I went next door and had coffee with him; he goes inside the door. You don't even have to hold his hands on the street; he knows when to cross on the green and he went in the restaurant and he lies down flat on his back on a chair and takes off his own snowsuit jacket and he gets frantic to get his pants off and then he . . . and I had all the trip books on top of a table . . . and he just started . . . then he climbed up on me and he crawled around my legs and then I got a little nervous and I said, "I've got to get out of here, I've got to go to Grove Press."

I get to Grove Press, I pick up these books; and I had Arnold really in hysterics. He had to leave for the rest of the afternoon. Three secretaries came in and they thought I was another one of those jerks coming to try and have a book published and there I'm sitting talking about having lunch with a Monkey.

I can't wait for David to meet him because of the circus . . . his wife is a circus performer . . . the other night I was out with David and we were alone together sitting in the Longview . . . Oh, let me tell you it was the night he got very stoned and you wouldn't believe what he went through. He was talking about the money for the Dutch Schultz movie and I said, "Oh, shit! I don't want to hear anything about Dutch Schultz." I have a file on him for David.

Anyway we got to Max's and Gauschenberg came in and he was so stoned and David said, "Boooooooob, do you think I ever should have been a painter? Do you think I'm a good painter?" I said, "Ohohoh," and then he said, "Bob, do you think I ever should have been an artist?" and Bob said, "Well who am I to say that you should have been an artist or who should be an artist?"

Well you know the last time I saw him he was sitting next to Chamberlain and Gloria and I heard him say, "John can I go home with you?" Remember that night? I tell you . . . and you

know he wants to do something in that cock trip book but he doesn't want to do it unless I bring it to his studio. I am going to count the pubic hairs that are in it before I take it up there because you never know who might mop with a pubic hair.

Dolores takes out her needle and starts to stick it in . . .

G. Dolores, you've ALREADY poked yourself.
D. I know, I like to do it a couple of times.
W. I like the needle part of it . . . I like that part of it, I wish you . . .
D. That's the best. Do you want one?
W. No, not one of those.
D. One of what?
W. One of . . . of . . . horse.
D. Of what? Of a horse?
W. HEROIN.
D. Willow!
W. Yeah?
D. I want to have a talk with you . . . did I hear uh . . .
W. Yeah . . . I've just taken it a few times . . .
D. You know something? Look at me! Don't e v e r take it again! EVER! NEVER! and I'm serious . . .

Angelo laughs

D. . . . I will never speak to you again . . . Gloria will never speak to you again if you ever take that again. . . . .
A. Hahahahahaha
W. Well, you know Serge: At Casanova's? He takes it . . . . once in a while . . . . whenever he feels like it.
D. Sure, whenever he feels like it . . . . you want me to tell you how that happens? People take heroin once in a while maybe for five or six years, whenever they feel like it, sometimes just to get relaxed, to come down, so they can sleep, and not feel anything . . . . nobody really likes it the first time they take it, the second time they take it they don't like it either, but they EXPECT they're going to like it, so they keep taking it because they can't wait to get that feeling that everybody talks about.
W. Umhuh.
D. And all of a sudden you're hooked on it and you've got to

have it, you take it to just get straight and to feel like you did without it. . . .

W. Yeah, I know what you mean, really. . . .

D. Get it?

W. Yeah.

D. Coming out of YOUR mouth . . . you like that needle scene and you want a little horse . . . mixed up with just everything else that you've been talking about . . . . "what's that, what's that?" . . . . "oh really?" . . . . . you know to hear THAT come out of your mouth . . . . it's like a rehearsal out of one of John Vacarro's plays!

W. Who's John Vacarro?

D. A little HORSE! . . . . I mean, I'm really shocked! Did you have any horse tonight before you came here?

W. No . . . . why? Do I act like it?

D. No . . . . . but I don't know sometimes . . . . when Olga is the way she is . . . what she's had. And that SERGE! He has a lot of charming friends.

W. He does? Whaddya mean? Sarcastically?

D. YES SARCASTICALLY! HORSE . . . . . you'll run into nice people . . . a charming group of people when they take horse.

W. What do you mean? You mean they're not very nice people?

G. This is what happens . . . You take it and you sit there and you NOD . . . you don't LISTEN to anybody because you don't care what anybody's saying.

W. Umhum.

D. Um, you get a habit . . . you lie, cheat and steal because you have to have it . . . if you're John D. Rockefeller you can live on heroin all your life and you're OK.

A. I just tell her that before.

W. Yeeeeeeaaaah.

D. Don't ever take it again. Promise me?

W. I was looking forward to it, but I guess there isn't . . .

D. . . . no future in it. I tell you, really I promise that, you won't be a model long . . . does Zack ever take it?

W. No.

D. I didn't think so.

A. Heheeheeheeeee.

W. Why?

D. Because the artists uh, in the drug scene . . .

W. *William is the one that gave it to me.*
D. *He is, really?*
W. *Yes.*
D. *Tell me, when you take it . . . Willow . . .*
W. *Yeah?*
D. *Do you take it in your fanny or in your arm?*
W. *In my arm.*
D. *Did William give it to you in your arm?*
W. *Uhuh.*
D. *Did he shoot you?*
W. *Yeah.*
D. *I'm flabbergasted . . .*
W. *If you TELL anybody . . . hey, Dolores . . . can she be trusted, Angelo?*
D. *Are you crazy? Hahaha!*
W. *She's going to tell people?*
A. *Of course!*
W. *If she tells people Zack will find out and . . .*
D. *I'M NOT GOING TO TELL A SOUL! But dammit if you ever take it again . . . I swear . . . I could KILL William!*
A. *Hahahahahaha!*
D. *You know something? William . . . if William is on that he's not going to be doing any more painting. I'll tell you just how it will be. He'll be sitting around, there'll be a pillow and his pad will be . . . well there'll be no more chicks around, his pad will be a mess and he'll be . . .*
W. *Well the pad's ALREADY a mess!*
D. *Look at this! This'll be William . . . and he'll have some SOUL music on and a few people and he'll be sitting around twitching his one foot to the other foot, waiting for somebody to come around with what they PROMISED! That he's already laid out the money for, and they don't appear and he'll say that they never hung him up before . . . William is no good! He won't do anything anymore . . . He'll have no more of those big numbers on his wall!*
G. *William's been taking heroin for a long time.*
W. *Has he?*
G. *Yeah, years!*
W. *Well he must be close to a very bad point then.*
G. *Well he's been very bad on and off.*

D. Don't you see he gets very nervous?

W. His hands shake like this when he draws.

D. When he walks into Max's he walks like this, like he's in a hurry and he's looking for somebody. Oh, it's TERRIBLE! And then you get mixed up with spades, and William is a (whisper) fag!

G. Fag! That's not what bothered me . . . I was sleeping with him and Zack's old girlfriend one night . . . we had just read The Bible to him . . . you know, the Song of Solomon . . . . and he wanted to fuck us . . . . but when I thought of his prick having been in the asshole of a DOG. . . . I couldn't do it.

W. Why don't you like spades, Dolores?

G. Don't pay any attention to her, Willow, she's just a fascist like her father.

D. Fascist, fascist, you're always calling me a fascist, Gloria . . . . that's your favorite word . . . . what is a Fascist?

G. Hitler, The United States Government, Fred Morris, A. . . .

W. Most countries, corporations. . . .

G. Artists . . .

W. Although they call themselves "leftists". . . .

G. . . . and they sell to the super capitalists . . .

W. . . . . fascists.

XXXII

"Let's go over to the house of the St. Andrews, the couple I used to live with," said Gloria one day. Angelo agreed that it was about time that he met this famous couple and they took a taxi downtown. When they arrived they found Betty alone with Alwin, her devoted homosexual companion. Alwin did a lot of things for Betty. He stayed with the baby when she and Marcus went out, he kept the baby in the other room during orgies, and made himself generally useful, was good at doing things like building cupboards, and making curtains. You might say he was a surrogate father-husband, as Marcus was seldom home himself due to his profession, acting on Broadway.

The apartment was down in the village, in an old tenement. Betty and Marcus had remodeled two old apartments and put them together as one. The landlord had been threatening eviction for years. "I hate to be rent-poor," was Marcus' reason for living here, even though he was making a lot of money. It was a seven flight stair-climb to get there.

BETTY ST. ANDREWS I can't go out looking like that . . oh, hi, I just came in, I'm the lady whipper. I hate the way I look and I have to change, I wanted to wear all white, you know and I can't find my white blouse so I ended up in all black. We had to wash Dolores in the bathtub. She was up here, painting on her naked body and making imprints all over the walls. I called up St. Vincent's and woke up an intern or something. We scrubbed her down with Tide detergent and it took three hours.

I hate to rush off like this, well I'll stay for a few minutes. I forgot to get soda pop today, I forgot to get everything. I'm going crazy . . . I'm just LOSING things . . . everything has been missing. Like beads and rings and clothes. I can't find one fucking thing. And everything I like I can't find. I figure I must put it somewhere else when I'm stoned. But I always put everything in one place whether I'm stoned or not.

I can't imagine who would want my junk. He who steals my purse steals trash. One girl left with the beads. We figure she stole Alwin's beads and a ring of mine. She only gave me one set of beads back and I figured she couldn't get all of them. Then I lent them to Cooksie who's taken off for Connecticut. It doesn't matter but I want to know when it's all going to come back. Maybe Saturn conjuncts my part of fortune. I don't have anything to wear. I hate my clothes. I was just going to bolt out of the door in what I have on because I knew I was going to change again.

GLORIA *I like what you've got on. A little sadomasochist, maybe. . . .*

BETTY *Well that's what I mean . . . I mean I'm not really FEELING this way. I'm feeling very hearts and flowers. That's why I want to know why I was dressed this way. Because I mean if I was very butch or tough I could understand it but I'm not!*

GLORIA *Maybe we should get one of those cans of yellow paint and spray you right over your clothes. Or, just act very sweet and it'll be a mysterious contrast.*

BETTY *Oh, well I'm not going to MEET anybody there, maybe I'll just wear my bathrobe. Actually I'd like to wear my bluejeans and my silver blouse. I mean I'd just like to wear anything but what I've got on. I have a distinct feeling I'm having a total breakdown, I really do.*

GLORIA *Maybe you should just go away somewhere.*

BETTY *That's what I think I should do. It should be 2001. I remember when Hal had that breakdown and kept singing "Daisy, Daisy . . ." and I decided that it made me feel better to sing 'cause there were all sorts of Neptunian aspects and I figured it was the same thing, I hurt so much. When a dog hears a fire whistle, or something, a siren, it howls and so I figured I was like a dog, howling, because my own sound kind of just ground out and came . . . I just sang for hours. Alwin took it for about*

two hours and left. It started out at the top of my lungs but then it slowed down and slowed down until finally I was lying in bed singing "Daisy, Daisy . ." very slowly and I remembered the computer breaking down in 2001. It's a good song. I was calling up people . . .

GLORIA *I knew another computer that was taught "Daisy, Daisy . . ." as its first song.*

BETTY *Yeah? Maybe because it's a very simple sort of a thing.*

My dear, I got coldsores . . . you should have seen them when I had that hideous cold. They covered, from my nose, my whole upper lip. You probably saw them when there were seventeen. This time there were five hundred. It was like a Hitler mustache. My whole upper lip was solid. So I got vaccinated. It's the same kind of virus that causes smallpox so I got vaccinated and I haven't had any since. I have scars. On my upper lip. It's been a month.

We took acid and I put these fabulous shocking pink tassels in my ears. Maybe I'm just blanking out and hiding things.

ALWIN *That could be, too, with your moon and Saturn opposition.*

BETTY *Why? Why would it make me do that?*

GLORIA *With her moon and Saturn opposition she could be blanking out!*

ANGELO *What about your moon?*

BETTY *Ooooh. . . . That's in Scorpio and about ready to conjunct with Neptune if it's correct, but I don't think my moons are correct. That kind of shook my feelings about astrology because if I'm figuring out my moons wrong what I was looking forward to happening to me months ago has already happened to me and you know I'd hate to miss something like that.*

GLORIA *You could always wear a bathrobe. I wore a bathrobe for a whole year.*

BETTY *That's what I thought but I don't have any good bathrobes. Maybe I'll wear my silver dress. I know what, I'll wear my silver dress. But, I feel like wearing my bluejeans.*

GLORIA *Wear what you have on.*

BETTY *It itches.*

GLORIA *Wear your bluejeans. I wore bluejeans for three weeks. I just got out of them.*

ALWIN *Don't listen to this woman. She just wore a bathrobe for a year.*

BETTY I have a total inability to decide what to wear.

GLORIA Wear a sheet! Go as a Ku Klux Klan. Wear a sheet!

BETTY I'll wear this. I've NEVER worn this. I like the material. It's fabulous. I wish I could wear it more because the material is so fabulous. It's old. Marcus got the material for me last Christmas. It's upholstery material. Cost twenty-five dollars a yard. Can you imagine having curtains made at twenty-five dollars a yard?

What should I wear?

Should I bother with shoes? No, no shoes . . . . that's too much too think about.

Bells! No, no bells . . . something for my head. I've never been this way before. When we took that acid yesterday I kept getting more stoned and stoned. I've taken plenty of it you know, but this is the first time I said "Oh, my God, I'm never going to come down again." I just kept getting more and more stoned. I thought "Oh, God, this is it!"

ANGELO Just forget it and it's all right if you're like that and you don't come back. You just get it. You know, just forget it. It's very nice to be like that. That's why a lot of people can't take acid because they want to go down when they go up.

BETTY Little Marcus is so funny. He had a cold or something like that and he came to me and said "Mommy, I think I'm having a heart attack." All day he was complaining of having a heart attack and then finally at eleven o'clock at night he couldn't sleep and he was saying, "My heart, my heart, oh" and I thought, "Oh God, you know my child is having a heart attack!"

So I called the doctor and he said it was like neuralgia, so I gave him some aspirin and some tea and that made him feel much better as soon as I told him the doctor said he should have it.

I was getting a cold but I just got so wrecked I thought "that's one way you can throw off a cold, you just get so wrecked that nothing wants to live in your system at all." Also my mother mailed me two hundred dollars for Christmas and it hasn't come yet. Would Saturn retrograding Venus be holding that up?

The next night Gloria and Angelo went back to the St. Andrews' for dinner. This time Marcus was home, he had just finished acting in a play on Broadway. *Hamlet*. He was Hamlet.

MARCUS Pablo Picasso is probably one of the biggest egoists in the world. His art is an expression of his ego. His paintings, his pots and everything. He stinks. But you go tell him he stinks and he'd say, "Fine, young lady, I give a shit." But his work speaks for itself, right?

You bet your ass I'm an egotist and I'm a great egotist and life is unnecessary then. What is life, ART? That's all a lot of cheap shit.

GLORIA Art is unnecessary.

MARCUS I think we should make a moratorium on the work for ten years. I mean it's like everybody uses it. I have the art of shitting on the toilet very well, you know.

Some fucking museum up in Maine called me and asked me if I had any more pictures from Hamlet because they'd read a good article on me and I sent them all my pictures.

GLORIA Well, they asked me to do Oh! Calcutta! but I turned it down. All the things I turned down as being too dirty are all . . . . .

MARCUS . . . . Do you turn down . . . . have you got the fucking gall, what the fuck is that, what do you mean, it's too dirty, Oh! Calcutta!'s too dirty, you got the fucking gall . . . . you roll around on your ass in that fucking cowboy movie with what's his name humping you, uh, everything bare-assed and everything and then you're got the gall to say you turned something down. You say, "Oh, it's too dirty!"

Gloria, you are so full of shit . . .

GLORIA I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GOING TO HUMP ME! Anyway . . . the rape scene was set up by Fred Morris and A . . . I didn't know it was going to happen . . . . they didn't tell me . . .

MARCUS OH! . . . haha . . . . "I didn't know he was going to hump me!" . . . sitting around nude all the time, talking about the nunnery and the rosary and the Mass and all of it.

"Life is art!" "everything is art!" When are you going to stop? INVALID word! I don't think even Picasso would object.

What did you do in Hollywood?

GLORIA . . . . Jean came to her bed and Angelo started kissing her . . .

MARCUS Why didn't you fuck her?

ANGELO We were so stoned, you know.

MARCUS I'm really disappointed. I would fly to California to fuck her. I would fly to France to fuck her. I would fly anyplace to fuck her. I love her. But you didn't fuck her. I'm very disappointed in both of you. BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH. I LOVE HER! I think she's FINE. I'd really love to fuck her. How ANYBODY could have the OPPORTUNITY to ball Jean La Fonce and not avail themselves of it . . . . . is incomprehensible to me. For what reason? She's charming. She's beautiful. She's extremely well built. She has a very pleasant air about her. She seems to be a very pleasing person. She's a strong-willed . . . a strong woman . . she has a lot of personality, strength, character, she projects all of this so why the hell. . . .

GLORIA Do you KNOW her?

MARCUS No.

GLORIA Then, how do you know?

MARCUS Because I can tell she's a presence. I can see. I've seen her act. I've seen her in, uh, uh, uh, the films and everything and you don't just, that just doesn't come out of nowhere, you know, she's obviously got all that going for her.

GLORIA Well, obviously you're right.
We decided it was too easy.

MARCUS TOO EASY! What is that? Is anything a CONTEST? . . . . too easy . . . it should give you great pleasure . . . I'd be very happy to have that pleasure.

ANGELO It was too easy.

MARCUS Tell her I want to meet her, but not with you guys.

GLORIA Everybody wants to fuck her. Everybody told us to tell her they want to fuck her. Rafe, Michel, poor Angelo, he wants to fuck her too but I wouldn't let him.

MARCUS Well, why? Did she want both of you to make it with her? Who do you think she wanted the most, Angelo?

ANGELO HA!

GLORIA I HAVE to say, I think she wanted ME the most!

BETTY Well, in cases like that. . . . . .

GLORIA I think maybe she wanted YOU the most, Angelo.

ANGELO Well, anyway . . .

MARCUS Well, tell her she can fuck with us, even though our place . . . she can come and stay with Betty and me.

GLORIA Oh, we told her all about you and Betty and she was really interested!

BETTY Oh, ho! . . . "There's a couple in New York you should meet."

MARCUS I think before you leave the country you should call Jean and tell her when she comes through to stop and meet us . . I did a play once for Gore Vidal and as a matter of fact I was carrying on about Jean at the time and we were in rehearsals and he said, "Oh, do you like Jean La Fonce?" and I said, "LIKE HER! I'm insane about her" and he said he wanted her to play in SEX CHANGE and I said "Jesus, Christ, will you give ME a part in SEX CHANGE" and he said "Sure, I'll give you a little part, I'll give you a little part, what do I mean a little part, I'll give you a BIG part. You can play one of the Five Foreskins!"

GLORIA (reading) HaHa in Buffalo, my home town, Harold Reves, of the organized crime division, said that the new permissiveness is leading a great many of the area's youth into lives of great sodomy.

MARCUS GOOD GRIEF, SODOMY!

BETTY SODOMY. . . . I'm all for getting a cock up the ass!

MARCUS You should be.

GLORIA NEWSWEEK comes out for protecting children.

MARCUS Oh, yes, it's very good, protecting children. From what? It's all these fucking asshole adults that are making all the fuss about it. The kids are just going ruck, ruck, so what?

BETTY The sooner you find out what it is that turns you on the better, I mean because then you know what to specialize in.

MARCUS Well, I know it's like adults that place the values on things and say that something's bad or . . . . it's the kids that look at it and they're indifferent toward it; I mean if they like it and if they don't, they don't give a shit.

BETTY Like all those twelve-year-old girls. I mean all those twelve-year-old girls should be . . . . .

ANGELO Her sister tries to practice, but she can't, she's afraid.

BETTY I wish I tried to practice when I was twelve.

MARCUS Course you did. Everybody did. Everybody tried to practice. I was trying to practice when I was four years old. I got ahold of the girl next door and I tried to stick it in her and show it to her and. . . .

BETTY You know, little Marcus doesn't have any girlfriends.

MARCUS Well, you know, we will get him some.

BETTY Well he sure likes them.

MARCUS Well, you know he goes to the park and what do you think those kids DO when they get into those little houses?

GLORIA This whole NEWSWEEK article means nothing.

MARCUS It's a stupid article, It's as bad as a TIME essay. It's about like a twelfth grade high school synopsis. That what the TIME essay is like. Anyway, that's mass consumption. Has to be reduced to the most simple terms like the manual in the army, or a joke for a Broadway show, or a nightclub act, or TV. They have to be reduced to the lowest possible denominator so that any moron can understand it you know.

GLORIA Look at Pope Paul kissing that naked foot. Now if that isn't pornographic!

MARCUS Pope Paul's an asshole!

BETTY I think I'm going to write NEWSWEEK a letter!

MARCUS Pope Paul's really a creep. I mean he's really a jerk.

BETTY Now, Marcus, he's got a whole foot fetish, that's all.

GLORIA "The traditional washing and kissing of the feet of 12 boys."

BETTY Ask if he licks in between the toes.

MARCUS I can just see me getting him on the phone right now, "Pope Paul baby. . . . ."

BETTY . . . . . I've got some feet here that many foot fetishists have been after for years. You want I should bring them over?

MARCUS Listen, don't knock the guy for the way he gets his kicks.

BETTY If I could get myself some Extreme Unction on the way, why not?

MARCUS That's not what makes a creep you know . . . he's like some hysterical old woman . . . getting out on a balcony and spouting off with some new edict. That's what he is, like Hal McGowan in Agent you know, any fucking Pope has got to be a screaming drag queen. Then he wants to get in all those dresses and run around the palace. The girl next door gave me a beautiful ring and I lost the damn thing. It fell off me while I was fucking a girl and went to the floor and stayed there.

BETTY Some girl that just appeared out of nowhere. Dolores was here and she said "Do you advertise? Where do these people

come from?" This girl had just SEEN Marcus on the street and she had gone into every building on Carmine Street to find out where we live.

MARCUS *She'd seen me in the play and then she saw me on the street. And she came over.*

Here's a photograph of Dolores with her vibrator. She has a pulsating vibrator that's really far out. It was vibrating at the same time it was pulsating all at once like a four in one action. zzzzzzzzzzz

GLORIA *Yeah, but it really wasn't that pulsating you know.*

MARCUS *Well, HOW pulsating?*

GLORIA *The vibrator part was baabaaaabaaaaa and the pulsating part is umummmmummmmmm*

MARCUS *Jesus! you couldn't tell if you were being vibrated or pulsated then!*

GLORIA *The vibrator part is much stronger.*

MARCUS *Well that would be a very peculiar sensation. How could you differentiate between the two of them. I mean because you could think it was pulsating when in truth it would be vibrating.*

BETTY *When I, kind of, thought of it, there would be periods when it wouldn't do anything, and then it would vibrate irregularly and that's when it would be the pulse and then I thought about those Japanese women who put steel balls in the bag in their cunts and then they get in a hammock and kind of rock and those steel balls kind of go. . . .*

MARCUS *I'm sure there are other women than the Japanese that do that. I mean, I'm married to it.*

ANGELO *French women put dildo in their cunt and walk in the street.*

MARCUS *Exactly! What do Pakistani women do?*

GLORIA *What's so great about having a dildo in your cunt and walking in the street? It's like having a tampax in there.*

MARCUS *What do you think a tampax is?*

BETTY *Especially with those new swelling tampaxes. I imagine they could give a very small girl a very large thrill, because they swell. They didn't used to do that. They used to just grow long and get peculiar but now they get really big. . . . .*

MARCUS *Oh, yeah, isn't that exciting.*

BETTY *Well, I mean, for a small girl.*

GLORIA I used to put three or four in . . . purely for absorption purposes of course . .

The idea that anything like a tampax in your cunt could give you a kick is nothing but a male fantasy. . . .

MARCUS How do you classify a small girl?

BETTY Oh, well, you know, a three or four year old.

Any house that can withstand little Marcus can withstand anything. He finished wrecking his highchair and made it into a machinegun. We do absolutely the reverse. I keep preaching peace and don't make war and violence is bad and everything. So he takes all his toys and he makes all these violent toys out of them 'cause I won't let him have them. He wants a rifle so badly.

MARCUS Don't give him one. He'll be shooting people. Betty, do we have any more papers? I think I'll roll a joint.

Grass always reminds me of California because I hardly ever smoke grass here. In California I'm a fucking pothead. I always sit around with that fucking pot in front of my face. In New York I hardly ever smoke.

BETTY Well I smoke in both places.

MARCUS You're a fucking drug fiend. When I came to New York I got on that fucking speed.

BETTY Well, I stopped smoking grass for ten days and almost got an ulcer.

MARCUS I'm so jacked up all the time it takes me about forty joints to get stoned.

BETTY That's what Noreen says. I mean you've just got to keep smoking. If something's going to upset you, get that joint rolled. Just get that joint rolled as fast as you can.

MARCUS Grass slows me down a bit and I don't like to be slowed because in New York I've always got to be doing something. It slows my thinking.

BETTY Well, you're NOT going to an INTERVIEW!

MARCUS I have to sit down and talk and use my brain and my intellect and my will and I don't want to be swacked . . . So do I care about the way my joint feels or the wall looks, you know. . . . . ?

Betty goes out to buy cigarettes

Betty comes back from buying cigarettes

BETTY *Well, there were a lot of men stopping their cars. There were a lot of them out in cars tonight.*

MARCUS *I was stopped when I was walking down Bleecker Street, five A.M. one morning. About five assholes from New Jersey. . . . "Hey, buddy, do you know where we can get laid?"* *"Oh sure, it's right around the corner . . . there's houses that are open."*

They were all drunk. "Oh, thanks a lot." Screeching out around the corner, man . . . . . You know Betty walks around barefoot all the time.

BETTY *They're kind of numb.*

MARCUS *She's been running around for years barefoot. When I married her she was barefoot. When I met her she was barefoot. They got so they wouldn't let her in bars. She had to carry her shoes.*

ANGELO *Shoes are so stupid.*

MARCUS *I know, it's fun to go around barefoot. I like to.*

BETTY *New York streets are so dirty. There's this great big dog that's really kind of scarey, 'cause when I walked down Fourth Street there was this very big black large police dog that was walking on the other side of me. I was very afraid he was going to come over to me. He looked like a wolf.*

MARCUS *A werewolf?*

BETTY *No, I don't think he was bad, but he was very dirty. He had a fierce look about him.*

MARCUS *What are you going to call your book, Gloria, My Life and Times?*

Record Player. "A time to love and a time to cry . . . . . a time to live a time to die . . . to everything that's turning turning . . . . . to every season . . . ."

BETTY *What day is Angelo's birthday?*

GLORIA *January 9th, 1944, in Paris, but he doesn't know the time.*

BETTY *Then I'll do a sunrise chart . . A sunrise chart puts the imprint on the whole day. Noon is technically the strongest point. It's what they call a solar chart. Your Mars gives you a very sexy aspect.*

GLORIA *He isn't really sexy.*

BETTY Capricorn is always interested in sex. Let's see, Venus is in the sixth . . .

GLORIA You're not very interested in sex are you Angelo?

ANGELO That's depend on the day, you know.

MARCUS Course he's not, that's why he's always fucking some woman in a car when he walks down the street.

GLORIA Angelo's a real . . . . he's not interested in sex.

ANGELO What are you, darling?

GLORIA I'll never forget you kissing Jean La Fonce.

MARCUS Oh, stop it will you, don't even talk about that anymore.

BETTY Don't even talk about it around ME! hahahaha . . . I'm so stoned . . what town . . . Uh, I don't see why I can't just do an equal house division chart. Uh, I really don't know quite how to do this. . . .

Ah, that's very good, a Sun-Mercury conjunction. Gives you a very quick mind. You conceive of ideas and things very quickly in work . . . very quickly, very practically . . . um, let's see, how does it go, I get so stoned sometimes, I habitually forget . . . uh, what town were you born in?

ANGELO Soissons, do you think you're going to find it?

BETTY I don't know, what town is it near?

ANGELO Paris.

BETTY I don't know, l, m, n, o, . . . uh, 49, 49, and we want 17 . . . . . June is like the sexiest time of the year, or the most presumptive of it . . . hahahahah.

MARCUS I'm doing a whole fantasy over here about Jean La Fonce, do you know that?

BETTY You know, this astrology is just a bunch of shit. I can turn this chart around and it makes sense. You know if you were born in the evening it would still work out nice. This is sunrise and that would be noon. This is sunset but you can just turn it and see the different houses of the different areas where things would be more in focus and then the planets are the nature and then the sign is the way that it's going to manifest itself.

But, uh, this Mars-Uranus, it's a very powerful conjunction.

This is like your uh, soul, the way you express yourself and it trines Neptune.

Do you think about death? Do you have death fantasies?

ANGELO Yes.

BETTY Because I mean if you were really born in the morning this chart seems to make sense because this house is the house normally of what they call death and regeneration. The tearing down of things and the building up of things.

ANGELO Yeah, I think that's very true.

BETTY And also Venus rules arts and artistic things in general. It's the way you acquire things and it's in Sagittarius which is a very open outgoing sign but it means, uh, I mean, uh, it would give you some obstacles to overcome . . . . ow . . . . . ow who put that there ow . . . . . uh, also uh excesses, OH YOU'VE GOT A VENUS-URANUS OPPOSITION. I DO TOO! He's got a Uranus opposition, that's fabulous! . . . . I keep forgetting, it's a fairly common one and I run into people with it quite often. I have it in Scorpio and Taurus but everybody I run into has it in Venus and Uranus which sextiles it somehow so I guess I just run into people. . . .

Alwin reads a Venus and Uranus opposition as somewhere . . . I was cooking one day and he said,

"Oh, Betty, you've got a Venus-Uranus opposition, that means that sometime in your life you will be attacked by a sexual offender." hohohohoho.

MARCUS That's why I think I should take up astrology so I can read some of that SHIT! You're going to experience a fantastic sexual experience in about twenty seconds. . . . JESUS that astrology is a lot of bullshit!

BETTY It really is. That's why I can't understand why I keep at it so incredibly. The more I think it's shit, the more I have to study it to find out why it isn't.

Well let's see . . . . you've got Leo in your house of partnerships and Jupiter in that house. That means very successful partnerships, preferably with Leos.

GLORIA I'm a Leo.

BETTY Yeah, I mean, it's fabulous. His Jupiter, which conjuncts your sun is good and your Mars is sextile. His Mars sextiles the moon which is fatal.

You both have Saturn in the fifth house.

GLORIA What is the fifth house?

BETTY Sex and children, pleasure, theater, drama, and speculation.

GLORIA *We're into all of that . . . . but, Saturn is in it or Uranus?*

BETTY *Saturn.*

GLORIA *That's not very good.*

BETTY *Well it can be gotten around . . . . hahahah . . . I found.*

GLORIA *It's the worst possible sign I know.*

BETTY *But it makes you work harder. It makes you continually work. Once you come to grips with Saturn. Everybody says "Ugh" Saturn! But I've decided that I like it very much, especially when you get to be around our age. It gets a little bit better because it gives you, uh, it's the most sensitive planet there is. It just gives you an awareness, a complete awareness of what you've got. So therefore, knowing. . . .*

MARCUS *Saturn was going into . . .*

BETTY *And it's just about going into your fifth too.*

It's just going into my Taurus, though, is Taurus the fifth house?

IN your fifth house.

Well, it SAYS it goes into Taurus.

It'll be in your fourth house. It's still in your fourth house. I forget what degree it is.

It goes into WHAT then, on April 23rd? My fifth house?

I'll TELL you when it goes into your fifth house.

I read that thing where you said Saturn was going to go into Taurus.

Yeah, you have Taurus on the cusp, so Saturn is going into your fifth house on the 26th of May.

The one I read said it was going into Taurus April 23rd.

EXACTLY, and it'll get INTO your fifth house. It moves a little slowly.

WELL, WHERE'S IT BEEN? YOU MEAN IT HASN'T BEEN IN MY CHART?

It's in your FOURTH house! Your fourth house.

Well how come it's just getting into Taurus?

BECAUSE IT'S IN ARIES NOW! It's been CONJUNCTING!

Well, where's Taurus then?

Taurus follows Aries.

Taurus is the fifth house?

Taurus is on your fifth house cusp. YOUR PERSONAL chart's fifth house cusp. I happen to have Cancer on mine.

Oh, then Aries is my fourth house.

Yes!

Oh, yeah, how about that? It's been in MY fourth house which is Aries.

Saturn, yeah.

Saturn is in Aries in my chart.

Yeah, for the past two and a half years. And it gets to Taurus in two days. I'll show you right where it is. That's a very strong thing. You know it drives me crazy when I go to bed at night and I think of just these pages of things.

ANGELO *Why are those written in black?*
BETTY *It's a Sunday I think. Either that, or it's a lousy printer, I don't know.*
GLORIA *It's the Sundays.*
ANGELO *Sunday . . . . Sundays . . . . . the day of the god . . . oh my god!*
BETTY *"But a child that's born on the sabbath day is fair and wise and good and gay . . ."*
MARCUS *What's the last thing?*
BETTY *Gay.*
MARCUS *He's a faggot.*
GLORIA *Oh god, I was born on Tuesday!*
BETTY *Tuesday's child is full of grace.*
ANGELO *Ya, haha!*
BETTY *Thursday's child has far to go, Friday's child is loving and giving, ...*
ANGELO *Is there one bad day?*
BETTY *Saturday's child has to work for his living. I was born on*

Saturday. I really hate Saturdays too. I'm doing these new things, all this great tabulating. They're called progressions. Everything moves ahead. I'm sure I could figure out by progressions, like, when you met, and every thing. Like, your moons could have crossed over or something like that. I could give you all that kind of crap. Do you remember what day it was?

GLORIA *I can't remember what day it was . . . the night we met was . . . um . . .*

ANGELO *You're crazy.*

GLORIA *Christmas Eve.*

ANGELO *Are you crazy?*

GLORIA *Let's see . . . . . New Year's Eve . . . . NEW YEAR'S EVE, right!*

ANGELO *No.*

GLORIA *It was New Year's Eve, when I gave that dinner. . . .*

ANGELO *Ah, no, we don't meet. It was not the first time.*

GLORIA *. . . . . and you came to my apartment.*

ANGELO *We met before.*

GLORIA *I wasn't sure. . . .*

ANGELO *Yeah, remember that day?*

BETTY *I know nothing happened until New Year's Eve.*

GLORIA *No, nothing happened for another month or week or two.*

BETTY *1969, all right I'll check the first of the year.*

GLORIA *That was the first time you kissed me.*

ANGELO *No, no, I didn't kiss you. You did it before to me.*

GLORIA *You did it to me, Angelo . . . . when you came uh, yeah, yeah, at Anton's. You did it to me.*

ANGELO *At Anton's . . . . . I remember!*

GLORIA *That wasn't the night we put the drops in Lucien's tea.*

ANGELO *No, that was another night. I see you at the Coupole. I think you was Jackie. So I went to you and I realized you was not Jackie. So I changed my mind, changed my way. And you was with your sister and the aspirin king.*

GLORIA *It was the first day I was in Paris, probably, in November, around Thanksgiving.*

BETTY *I'll just check the holiday season in general. Hahaha.*

ANGELO *We fucked around after New Year's.*

GLORIA *Since that night I fucked you after New Year's I've never fucked anybody else.*

ANGELO *You're crazy. I did.*
GLORIA *When you went to Paris?*
ANGELO *Yes to Paris. Yeah, to Paris, sure.*
GLORIA *Who did you fuck? Who did you fuck? You went to Paris to get money.*
ANGELO *Kirsten. haha.*
GLORIA *Oooooow. How could you do it?*
ANGELO *No. But . . . I mean, in LA in LA.*
GLORIA *Who did you fuck in Los Angeles?*
ANGELO *Don't you remember? It's crazy.*
GLORIA *Who? That drug girl?*
ANGELO *Valley, and your girlfriend.*
GLORIA *I never even met her.*
ANGELO *Valley, and your girlfriend, the one who. . . . .*
GLORIA *What girlfriend of mine? Cynthia?*
ANGELO *Yeah. yeah.*
GLORIA *Mona's friend?*
ANGELO *Yeah.*
GLORIA *You never told me.*
ANGELO *This girl who phone one time.*
GLORIA *Her too?*
ANGELO *Yeah, what is her name?*
BETTY *California's just absolutely impossible!*
GLORIA *A girl I know! A girl I know!*
MARCUS *Oh god, there's so many girls out there, Gloria, and they all look. . . . .*
ANGELO *I had nothing to do during the day!*
BETTY *Oh, here's Cooksie . . . you've been out all night Cooksie, what happened?*
ANGELO *And the whore, the whore!*
GLORIA *YOU FUCKED THE WHORE? You didn't tell me you fucked the whore. Why didn't you fuck Jean?*
BETTY *Give us all the dirt Cooksie. What happened? Come on.*
COOKSIE *Everybody fucked that's all.*
MARCUS *Tell us what happened from the minute you walked in the door. Exactly when did you take your clothes off. What did you talk about first?*
COOKSIE *Forty-five minutes after I got there. I'm so LOADED!*
MARCUS *I mean a blow-by-blow description. What occurred? What are the events that took place?*

BETTY *Exactly when did you take your clothes off? Did you take them off yourself or did somebody take them off for you?*

MARCUS *Now wait a minute. You walked in the door. Let's take it from there. Then what happened? Who else was there?*

GLORIA *No wonder I have a coldsore on my lip. You probably gave me syphilis Angelo. Fucking that old whore. Fucking that filth. That old whore.*

MARCUS *So you walked in the door Cooksie. Tell us like you told us the story when we came in that night with that couple. Give us a blow-by-blow description . . . as if you were witnessing the events that took place over there.*

COOKSIE *First time I've ever been seduced. She just took off her clothes and. . . .*

BETTY *Oh, HEAVEN! oh it's so much fun to hear it. Gloria, this is this friend of mine we met through our children at school.*

GLORIA *She seduced you?*

COOKSIE *We all seduced each other. I don't know why that's great.*

MARCUS *It's super. It's great. Listen you took some acid before you went, didn't you? That's great. That's just marvelous.*

BETTY *Heaven. Heaven. Heaven.*

COOKSIE *Took a shower.*

BETTY *Now I'll have to figure out everybody's aspects.*

GLORIA *No wonder I have that syphilis on my mouth. He fucked some old whore in the motel.*

MARCUS *Oh Gloria, he just fucked some girl.*

GLORIA *No, she really IS a whore!*

MARCUS *Oh good, that's great.*

BETTY *You should never begrudge anybody a piece of ass.*

GLORIA *While I was working my ass off he was out fucking every girl he could get his hands on while I was slaving away all day long.*

BETTY *Well, that's what the gypsy women do. Gypsy men don't do anything. All they do is just fuck you know. The gypsy women work and steal like slaves but the men are fabulous fucks. You've just got to figure it's worth it.*

GLORIA *Angelo, you haven't fucked anyone since we've been married, have you?*

ANGELO *Mmmmmmmmm . . . . of course not, darling.*

GLORIA *When could you? You haven't been out of my sight for*

more than a couple of hours, have you? You can tell me, I won't get mad.

ANGELO *For sure, NOT!*

GLORIA *Gee you must be so bored.*

ANGELO *Give me some wine.*

GLORIA *How could I ever have seen you as Jesus Christ?*

MARCUS *Listen, Cooksie, just fucking you're liable to get tired after about an hour or two or three, but if you've got a group of people and everybody gets turned on you can fuck for days.*

COOKSIE *That . . . that . . . that . . DOG is lovely!*

BETTY *Lovely . . . isn't he HEAVEN?*

COOKSIE *He loves licking cocks . . . He must be crazy. I went insane. They've got this big fucking sheepdog, man . . .*

BETTY *Maybe he's just a big poodle.*

COOKSIE *He's got all his fur though, he's just a big ball of white fur.*

GLORIA *Whose dog?*

BETTY *Noreen Johnson, and her husband.*

GLORIA *Well, he's always been a fag.*

MARCUS *EVERYBODY'S always been a fag. Everybody in the whole world is a fag. Don't you know that? Jesus Christ, Gloria, don't you know that? The world is a big fag. Speaking of fags, have you seen that picture in* NEWSWEEK *magazine of the Pope kissing the foot, Cooksie? The Pope's a fag along with what's his name, Jackie Onassis and their yacht, the* Christina's *a fag . . . . Cooksie I think they taught you some very valuable lessons. Use them in good health. Spread the word. You can write a book.*

COOKSIE *I've got to do some more research. I could use a lot more; nine or ten years. . .*

MARCUS *Exactly! I need about eighty years more.*

BETTY *Research is very valuable. Research and cataloging.*

GLORIA *Gee, I'm going to have such a bad reputation.*

MARCUS *A bad reputation for what?*

GLORIA *For not fucking Jean La Fonce . . . people won't let me in their house anymore I have such a bad reputation for not fucking . . . banned in Boston. . .*

BETTY *No dear, just in New York, hahaha. . . . . .*

GLORIA *No wonder I haven't been getting very many invitations lately . . . The word has spread . . . and Jean La Fonce kept*

saying "you're so different from what you are professionally" . . . from my movies . . . she thought I was fucking everybody in those movies and everytime I said "oh no, he couldn't get a hardon," she said "oh please, don't tell me anymore, I can't stand it!"

MARCUS That's terrible!

GLORIA She was so disillusioned!

MARCUS I don't blame her.

GLORIA Will you still remain friends with me after I'm not allowed in anybody else's house?

BETTY Artie loves you, Gloria.

GLORIA Who's Artie?

BETTY The grocer down at the corner. He's always asking about you. He goes and sees all the movies all the time.

GLORIA All the movies?

BETTY Yes, yes, he's seen every movie that A's made.

GLORIA My only fans are those who see me on film. Once they get to know me, they're no longer a fan. I'll have to make some angelic kind of virgin movie.

MARCUS Or else start fucking a lot . . . one of the two. . .

GLORIA Well, if I play some virginal angelic types then no one will be disappointed.

MARCUS Well, what's her face, who was in Belle du Jour, ...

GLORIA Catherine Deneuve.

MARCUS She's always playing virgin things and she's been balled a lot of times.

GLORIA Oh, yes, she's always been sexy.

MARCUS Cooksie, why didn't you stay over there? They wore you out?

COOKSIE They all wanted to go to sleep.

GLORIA You mean they got their pleasure from you and then they threw you out in the cold?

COOKSIE No, they didn't throw me out. They were falling asleep and I didn't want to fall asleep.

MARCUS Well, I don't think Cooksie was misused. He doesn't seem to be depressed by the incident.

COOKSIE Fuck it! I don't give a shit.

MARCUS That's right, exactly, "I'm just here to be used. I'd just as soon walk down the street. Yes, use me folks!"

GLORIA Did they at least make you a cup of hot cocoa before you left?

COOKSIE Oh, I've been eating all kinds of things!

MARCUS Ha ha COCOA! YES!

GLORIA Angelo, do you have a whole secret life I'm not aware of?

MARCUS Oh shit!

GLORIA Now that I've got him working he doesn't have time to do anything; I just keep him working.

BETTY Gloria, you're sounding like an American wife. You mustn't do that!

GLORIA I'm a French wife.

MARCUS You're a Great Lakes wife, whatever that is, the Great Lakes of Michigan.

GLORIA Canada, Marcus, Canada!

COOKSIE I keep flashing on that dog!

MARCUS Yeah, that dog is the one you've got the hots for, right? Have you got a date with the dog tomorrow?

BETTY Little Marcus and Jerry take their pants off and that dog licks their cocks. I mean they're always running around without their pants on, you know, I think that dog likes to screw chicks.

MARCUS Honey, let's get a dog. A huge poodle . . . . a great dane . . . how about one of those?

COOKSIE If they'd have thrown the kid in, I don't know what I'd have done!

BETTY Oh dear, I guess people must say that about us!

MARCUS But we don't have a dog!

GLORIA Why don't you teach your cat a few tricks?

MARCUS He's no good, he has a raspy tongue. I'd like to screw a sheep.

COOKSIE Sheep, sheep dog. There were some farm boys that. . . . .

MARCUS Oh yes, I know. When I was in Mississippi the farm boys there used to fuck sheep all the time, they used to fuck the cows. They'd screw anything. . . . "Git yer fuck in them cows . . . ya gotta git yer fuck in an git up off thas a hot stuff . . . . whew . . . I'll take a cow any day . . . . whew . . . dis is good stuff. A cow 'er a sheep. Git that fuck in an git off. This sure is good stuff. Git them rubber boots yer know and git them cow's feet in them bootlegs. Git both ther hind legs in ther and hold

'em in the boots. Ya'll cin git anchored on again and thin start a workin' out."

COOKSIE *Oooooooooooohhhhhhh is that what they really do?*

MARCUS *Yup, them big rubber firemen type boots. Git the hind legs of the cow in there and she starts mooooooooooo yeah, work it out.*

GLORIA *Well of course, the classic sheep method has always been to back the sheep up against a cliff, with the front legs on the edge of the cliff so as you fuck her, she keeps backing up to save herself.*

BETTY *Oh yes, and fear would probably make its ass or cunt contract because this is something I noticed. That when an animal smells . . . um . . . his ass contracts because the cat hopped up and he was smelling and his ass kept puckering up and dogs do the same thing you know, so this probably . . . . . or you could have a big bag of smells that you uncork when you fuck the animal.*

COOKSIE *There must be so many things I haven't tried yet.*

MARCUS *A man is only limited by his imagination.*

COOKSIE *Well, in that case, man. . . .*

MARCUS *The fucking lid's off! Do you realize how many infinite varieties and variations? Wow, fuck!*

COOKSIE *Bockinali riots!*

MARCUS *Bockinali what?*

COOKSIE *Riots! god, Bockis!*

MARCUS *Oh, oh, Bacchus!*

GLORIA Bacchinalian rites!

COOKSIE *Right! Bacchinalian rites!*

MARCUS *I thought you said Bockinal riots.*

GLORIA *I thought it was a new kind of Italian political rioting or something.*

MARCUS *I think California is just more conducive to that than New York. In California we had a house there last summer and people were always fucking all over the place and it's like . . . CALIFORNIA man, that whole air, there's an enormous amount of that whereas in New York it's different.*

BETTY *I mean you just pick something up on the street and FUCK IT in California. It's no problem at all.*

MARCUS *Right and Robert Bard kept us really well supplied. We didn't even have to go out in the street. Every time he came to*

the house he'd have someone with him and he'd say, "How do you like this?" "What do you think of this one?" and I'd say "OK."

BETTY He brought this young boy and girl over one afternoon and then he called me up later and said, "What do you think?" and I said, "Well do they come singly or in a pair . . . How do they come?"

MARCUS That little chick was having a nervous breakdown outside.

BETTY We decided against them.

COOKSIE Did you ever see that beautiful little chick he had upstairs? The one that was like . . . we lived over the place and that girl that lived upstairs. Her old man got put in prison.

MARCUS He kept turning her on but he didn't fuck her. He's insane. Remember when I cut his beard and everything?

COOKSIE Oh, he's been really insane the past two or three months. He's been calling my old lady and telling her that somebody's going to come and kill him.

MARCUS HAHAHAHA.

BETTY I love it! What about the girl that he knocked up?

COOKSIE She really deteriorated.

BETTY Hahahaha. . .

COOKSIE I saw her go before my very eyes.

MARCUS Dig it. She started coming over toward the end of the summer and she said "Robert always said I would end up over here."

BETTY Haha . . . "Robert always said that this is what would happen to me."

GLORIA Who was Robert?

MARCUS Robert the warlock, in California . . . Our . . . uh . . . uh . . . procurer. He was this forty-year-old man from the beatnik era that still kind of stayed on. He wore bells and "I love you" on his teeshirt and he had all these nineteen-year-old love children. I mean it was the biggest connection in San Diego. He supplied all the dope and everything you could have.

BETTY And preaching "love, love, oh my darlings, love, love and acid, oh peace."

MARCUS "Peace, love, open your mouth my dear. . . ."

BETTY Love and peace helps the world along. There's this cough syrup that makes you high. Just drink four ounces of this

. . . . . yeah, our procurer . . our whatchamacallit . . . our procurer . . . now he's ended up going to jail . . . . for dealing in dope. He's a four time loser . . . it seems to be his fourth conviction. They sent him up for a million years.

COOKSIE This chicken's good.

BETTY Yes, it's a very handy little thing to add to one's repertoire.

GLORIA How was Cynthia?

MARCUS What?

GLORIA I'm asking Angelo how Cynthia was.

ANGELO What?

GLORIA How is Cynthia?

BETTY They're always excellent.

MARCUS Let's hear about Cynthia.

GLORIA How many times did you fuck her Angelo?

MARCUS I'm so fucking wasted, Cooksie, how about you?

COOKSIE I think I'm on another level.

BETTY Have some more chicken Cooksie.

MARCUS Just keep going there man.

GLORIA How many times, Angelo?

MARCUS You've got to be fucking insane Gloria!

ANGELO She's completely sick, hahaha completely sick, sick, sick, sick.

BETTY Calm down, my dear, try to relax and have a cup of tea.

MARCUS Yes, try to relax and have a cup of tea.

BETTY Hahahahahahahah

ANGELO I make you a joint.

MARCUS How's that my dear? A little acid . . . I mean a little tea.

XXXIII

Someone gave Angelo and Gloria eighty thousand dollars to make a film. . . .

A house is bombed on Eleventh Street. The police say it's the Weathermen. . . .

The Chicago Conspiracy trial convicts five people of inciting riot. . . .

Twenty-four billion dollars are spent to reach the moon . . . only to smash a section of the rocket into it which weighs as much as 111 tons of TNT . . . makes the moon reverberate for four hours . . . cuts a 120 foot deep crater into the moon . . . next time a larger payload. . . .

"Ha! next time maybe the moon will reverberate until it reverberates into pieces . . . that should make a nice mess of the tides and everything else. . . ."

"But darling, Nixon says it's so great that the astronauts are back safe . . . it is so wonderful . . . the greatest day of his life . . . and actually it was a total failure," Angelo added.

"Too bad they weren't shot out into space forever. God didn't go far enough when he damaged the command module," Gloria added.

Slim O'Reilly is sentenced to ten years in jail and taken across state lines in leg irons . . . . for possessing two joints. . . . Gloria is frantic. "What can we DO?" she keeps asking Angelo.

"It's terrible . . . but look at the Black Panthers . . they're in jail too. Look at all the junkies in jail. It's better to get rid of the jails."

"Of course you're right Angelo . . . but we're not about to bomb the jails, are we?"

A calls Gloria.

"We've got fifty thousand dollars to make a movie in Venice with you. A remake of *Summertime*. But instead of the Italians only being interested in sex, we're going to have YOU the one who's only interested in sex. The Italians are looking for love. They rebel against you and throw you in a canal."

"In the middle of winter?"

"Yeah."

"You know those canals are pretty polluted."

"Yeah."

"How much money?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"Not enough. Call my agent."

The movie is scrapped. . . .

"What are we going to do about Slim O'Reilly?"

She calls her local senator's wife, Sophie Travits.

"Sophie, you're a woman . . . you should be able to understand oppression. Can't you do something about Slim O'Reilly?"

"Slim O'Reilly? . . . . what about the war? . . . I'm worried about that. I think people should march in front of the White House every day."

"I think they should quit their jobs."

"What about someone who has a son who has to go to a hospital for an operation. Do you expect him to quit his job?"

"What about Slim O'Reilly?"

"I don't know anything about it . . . write me a letter . . . send me the details."

"You hang around with artists . . . you go to parties . . . you know half the population of New York smokes pot."

"Write me a letter. I'll send it to someone."

"The New York *Times* carries an article about Jane Fonda smoking pot. Nobody gives a damn. Slim gets ten years in prison."

"I don't have any particular love for Slim O'Reilly."

"Well, I do."

"Write me a letter."

Gloria hung up the telephone and it rang again immediately. It was a Women's Liberation group. They were down in the lobby. They wanted to come up and talk to Gloria about a movie they were making about Regina La Paz.

"Why Regina La Paz?"

"Because Regina's action is significant not because it was *A* whom she shot, but because she's a woman. . . ."

Gloria said she wasn't interested in the film but she went to a Women's Liberation group meeting a week later. These weren't the same women; it was another group. Two of the women were interested in educating young girls to learn how to compete with the men in getting executive jobs. Gloria told them she wasn't interested in teaching little girls how to compete. . . .

"What's so good about competition?"

"We think we can work within the system. . . . ."

While Gloria was still recovering from that statement, an-

other woman started complaining about the "type" of women the media choose to discuss the movement.

"I don't want to be represented by some *dyke* on television!" she shouted with a screwed up face.

"But I'm a dyke," Gloria replied as she got up off the floor to make a speedy exit.

"God, the Regina La Paz fans were at least interesting," Gloria remarked to Angelo as she came in the door. She opened a letter she had just picked up at the desk. It was a letter from Taylor Mead and was postmarked two weeks before. Because of the mail strike it had been sitting around for two weeks. She started reading:

> Dear Gloria and Angelo,
>
> I have been in a hospital here in Morocco for the past week. I was stabbed in the back and the arm by a guide and the police made me wait in the station for two hours before they took me to the hospital. They wanted to question me. . . . . The knife entered my lung and. . . . .

As Gloria is reading the letter, Angelo's producer calls.

"You have to cut out the part in the film where Jerrod Ibiza is masturbating. . . ."

"Shit, Angelo," Gloria complained, "Ingmar Bergman can make films of Ingrid Thulin masturbating. . . ."

"Male chauvinism darling. . . ." Angelo tells her, "but don't worry, we show it at the Cannes Film Festival. They called me today."

Two days later the Cannes Film Festival called to say:

"Angelo, you have to cut the part in the film where Jerrod Ibiza is. . . . . ."

"What are we going to do about Slim O'Reilly?" Gloria is asking herself again when the phone rings. It's Slim's wife, Katherine.

G. Is Billy going to give you some money?

K. He's broke. I don't know what being broke means to a million-

aire but he's taking care of certain things for us . . . but not cash money and not the lawyers. We're going to give a benefit at the Village Door . . . video-tapes . . Jimi Hendrix playing . . . we're charging twenty-five dollars a person. And that's just the first thing in New York. We're working toward Madison Square Garden, and then we want film festivals and poetry reading . . . and all sorts of. . .

G. I called Sophie Travits and told her that when Slim O'Reilly can get put in jail for ten years, no bail. . .

K. Twenty years.

G. TWENTY YEARS!

K. Twenty . . . . and we have another trial coming up in Albany where he gets another nine years, unless we turn Albany on . . . that's going to be in another month or so. We're going to have another ten week off-Broadway conspiracy trial going on and that's going to cost another fifty to seventy-five thousand . . so we've really got to raise two hundred thousand.

G. What do you mean a ten week off-Broadway conspiracy trial?

K. We'll, if we do go to trial, we'll have to call in witnesses. We'll have to fly people in from India. It's going to be on a religious basis. We'd all go back to the commune again . . it's kind of. . .

G. Oh Shit!

K. . . . karmic . . . yeah, shit . . . . uh, karmic; everything is coming around again . . everything . . . everything. Karmic debts are being paid off left and right. It's just incredible. Slim is in jail in Baconville and the orderly there is the same orderly that brought him breakfast at Holy Cross years ago . . He goes to jail in Chino and he and his son are in the same cell together for three days until they send his son somewhere else. He sees a movie that was made at West Point the year before he WAS at West Point. It just goes on and on. . .

G. Slim was at West Point?

K. Oh, yes.

G. As a student?

K. Yeah, Holy Cross and West Point. I just got a letter from a cadet at West Point who just read Slim's book, Ecstasy. . . .

G. Oh really?

K. It's all incredible. It really is. . .

G. *Um, he got twenty years at the trial in Texas?*

K. *He got ten years in Texas and ten years in California, and I got five years.*

G. *Did they let you out on bail?*

K. *Yeah . . . his son, Anthony, hasn't been sentenced yet. He received a three month psychiatric thing. . . .*

G. *How much was your bail?*

K. *No bail, but they can pull me off the street at any time. I can't leave the state for five years . . I'm on probation. They'll allow me to come to Albany for the trial. . .*

G. *Will they allow you to come to New York for this* Village Door *thing?*

K. *No, not as yet.*

G. *Fuck . . . how's Slim doing in jail?*

K. *Beautifully . . . he's very tanned and very fit. He was doing yoga but he said it was giving him too much energy so he started playing handball and now he's the white handball champion.*

G. *I've been going crazy. Every ten days I get crazy about the whole thing . . . pacing the floor . . . calling up people. You can't get anybody on the telephone.*

K. *I'll give you some people to call. Allen has organized a marvelous thing out here. He got us a theater and everything . . . We were going to suggest that perhaps we could do a film festival. . .*

G. *That's a good idea. We have a lot of film . . .*

K. *Fred Morris has some photographs of* A *and Slim talking together. I thought we could have some copies made. . . .*

G. *OK. Angelo and I have made a film called* Cleopatra *which is really fabulous. We can show that. I don't have too much to do with Fred and* A *lately . . . . I'm suing them. . . . When did you last see Slim?*

K. *Last week. I saw him through a glass on a telephone. He looks beautiful. I mean he's very very fit. I mean his muscles are hard, his stomach's very flat, his waist is only thirty. He looks the way he did when he was a young psychologist. . . .*

G. *I remember. . .*

K. *. . . you know, they cut his hair very short. He's getting younger and I'm getting older. By the time he gets out we'll be the same age. . . .*

While Gloria is talking to Katherine the other telephone rings. It's Marcus St. Andrews, also calling from California. He's moved there with his family.

G. *Are you grabbing all the young girls in off the streets again?*
M. *Hell, there's nothing going on. No girls . . . no girls to fuck . . . they're all out burning banks.*

Gloria picks up a copy of *Rat*, the newspaper that was taken over by women. Gloria reads:

> *"Sabotage is co-existent with human slavery . . . . . it dates back to the earliest days of human exploitation . . . for poor wages, bad work . . . Sabotage does not seek nor desire to take human life . . . Sabotage offers the best method to combat the evil known as 'speeding up' . . . none but the workers know how great this evil is . . . England offers an example of a practical method of limiting the output . . . due to effective widespread, systemic sabotage, the brick masons there lay as a day's work, less than one-third the number of bricks required from their brother craftsmen in America . . . . any reduction in pay is met with a counter reduction in work . . . open mouth sabotage shows the weapon in its best form . . . let the cooks tell how food is prepared for the table . . . how foul meats are treated with chemicals so they may be served . . . the bakers can gain the same results by putting the best of materials in the bread and pastry as they can by inserting coal oil . . . .* Sabotage Its History, Philosophy, and Function, *by Walker C. Smith originally appeared as a series of thirteen editorials (from January to April, 1913) in an official IWW paper,* The Industrial Worker. Sabotage *has been reprinted by Black Swan Press. These are portions of that pamphlet, excerpted and re-arranged. . . ."*

The telephone rings again. Angelo answers it.

"Gloria, there is a girl named Sandy on the phone. She says she ran away from home and wants to talk to you . . ."

Gloria goes to the phone:

G. *Hello?*
S. *Hello . . . listen, I was wondering, maybe you can help us.*

Me and my friend ran away from home and we're in this guy's apartment now and we want to get started in underground films and we don't know what to do.

G. *How old are you?*

S. *Fifteen . . . but I don't look it.*

G. *Yeah, who's the guy?*

S. *I can't say his name, because you know if anybody finds out he'll be in a lot of trouble . . . 'cause he's sixty-seven years old.*

G. *Hahahah. Where did you find him?*

S. *You see, I was making phony phone calls one night and somebody gave me this book from the Fillmore East and a number of this church was in it. So we called up the church and he was the answering service. And he started saying all kinds of things to us and everything. . .*

G. *Like what?*

S. *Um . . . like he wants us to come over so he can fuck us and things like that. But . . . the way he said it it didn't sound like that 'cause he has a real nice voice.*

G. *Cough . . . cough . . . so that's where you are now?*

S. *Yeah . . . but he's not home.*

G. *Oh.*

S. *He didn't make us do anything or anything.*

G. *Where are you from?*

S. *Brooklyn.*

G. *Brooklyn . . . . when did you leave home?*

S. *Last night.*

G. *Do you have any money?*

S. *A little.*

G. *How much?*

S. *Two dollars.*

G. *Two dollars. . .*

S. *But altogether about five. . .*

G. *Big sum. . .*

S. *Yeah.*

G. *Where are you going to stay tonight?*

S. *Well . . . we can stay here.*

G. *Why did you run away from home?*

S. *'Cause of school and everything . . . I was in lots of trouble and they were gonna call up my mother and you know, my father got married again and it was a whole big thing . . . so I left*

. . . and she left 'cause her mother's the same way . . . like . . . my girlfriend, you know.

G. *Yeah . . . . . um . . . . . how'd you know where to call me?*

S. *See . . . uh . . . I read in the New York Times once that you live there . . . and I saw you on Merv Griffin . . and I figured that if anybody understood, you would.*

G. *I have a fifteen-year-old sister and a seventeen-year-old sister.*

S. *Oh . . . do they like it at home?*

G. *No, the seventeen year old keeps dropping out of school and telling the principal to go fuck himself . . . and wanting to go back in, and not going . . . and now they both want to leave. . .*

S. *Yeah.*

G. *I didn't leave home until I was twenty-one.*

S. *How did ya stand it so long?*

G. *I don't know. I was really stupid.*

S. *Yeah.*

G. *In those days everyone was stupider than they are now.*

S. *Yeah . . . but I can't go home.*

G. *Well, so you wanna be in movies, huh?*

S. *Yeah . . . you know we'll be in underground movies too!*

G. *Hahahaha . . . . we're not doing anything right now . . . . I know A is looking for people. . .*

S. *He is?*

G. *Except he's so awful . . . he never pays anything.*

S. *Oh.*

G. *He has to use all transvestites 'cause none of the girls will work for him anymore.*

S. *Oh . . . but what happens if you work for him?*

G. *Well, he gives you twenty dollars or fifty dollars. . .*

S. *But you got famous doin' it. . .*

G. *Well, uh . . . I mean you could go visit him at the Plant and tell him I sent you . . . and you can come and see us.*

S. *We can?*

G. *Sure.*

S. *Oh, that's SWELL! Thanks a lot!*

G. *Do you want to come up now?*

S. *Well I don't know, 'cause you see, he'll be really mad. He's supposed to come home at one thirty and he's not home yet*

. . . you know, so he should be home . . . but we're gonna get outta here by next week.

G. *Yeah . . . he's not a dirty old man?*

S. *Well, he showed us everything, but he didn't make us do anything yet.*

G. *You mean he showed you his cock?*

S. *Yeah.*

G. *I think you should get out of there.*

S. *Well, he's not makin' us do anything . . . like he's nice and everything.*

G. *Well, call me tomorrow.*

S. *OK, what time?*

G. *I don't know. . I have to go see my publisher in the afternoon. Call me late, in the evening, around five or six.*

S. *OK. Thanks a lot. You're really swell. Bye.*

G. *Bye.*

Gloria went into the other room and told Angelo the story.

"You should ask them to come here . . . we can give them some money to survive, darling. . . ."

"I did . . . now, what was I reading? Oh yes, *Rat*."

Gloria reads aloud an entire passage on how to protect yourself from injury when making bombs.

"Angelo. . . .?"

"Yeah. . . .?"

"Do you think if we get some grenades. . . . . ."

GLORIA, THE SUPERSTAR, hears from her loving father

Dear Janet Lee,

After seeing you on television last night and hearing you talk about your novel, it appears to me that it will be anything but elevating. Your mother agrees with me.

"What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." This, you should recall, and I should not need to remind you, was a proclamation of Christ.

The suffering, humiliation, and anguish that the entire family suffered due to that article about you in *Metropolitan* magazine prompted not only your Uncle Jonathon, but many people in the professional world as well, to give us their sympathy. "We feel so sorry for you," they all said.

Your mother and I have done all we could to insure that your education, from beginning to end, was in a school which taught not only religion, but also decency, and righteousness, and where these basic principles were, in fact, inculcated or at least attempted to be inculcated into your mind. We brought you up in a wholesome atmosphere. I can't understand this shift in values that seems to have taken place in your mind.

Even your higher education was to have preserved for you those fundamentals that would have prepared you not only for a wholesome life, but also to meet your Maker with a clear conscience. There are only a few years ahead in the lifespan of every human being, including you.

The incredible amounts of money, and the sacrifices we made to educate you and to send you to Europe do not bother me particularly. What bothers me is that the disclosures you intend to make in your proposed book will be degrading and degenerate, instead of elevating and uplifting.

In the years before your marriage I used to pray every day that you would go to confession, and after having made a good confession that you would be immediately hit and killed by an automobile—knowing that that would be the only way you would get to heaven. I had hoped that marriage (even though you chose to ignore the strictures of the Church and marry in a foreign religion) would change you. But it seems that, not satisfied with degrading your parents, brothers, and sisters, you are now attempting to similarly degrade your husband. I hope not.

As a physician, I've seen many cases of broken hearts due to errant children and errant wives. Yes, it DOES happen. People DO die of broken hearts, as your mother has always reminded you. Even a physician will not be able to heal you if Christ turns his back on you.

Whatever you write may be the most important monument that you will leave behind you, whether you live beyond your natural life expectancy or not. In any case, in a few years you won't be here anymore. This monument should stimulate the youth of our great nation to aspire to the high and the noble, to encourage them to improve themselves. If it is not a book that will enable you to hold up your head with pride as you walk among your fellow Americans, to make you an object of admiration rather than an object of derision and mockery, then it should not be written.

I plead with you, do not join the fetid cesspool of sex literature that is demoralizing the country.

Monuments of light, love, kindness, and charity are left behind by those whose exemplary lives have inspired others to nobler deeds here on earth. It is not necessary to leave behind a monument of granite or gold, bronze or marble, when light and the milk of human kindness itself will illuminate generations of Americans yet unborn. It is my admonition that this is what you will leave behind.

Remember, any demoralizing, indecent, or degenerate references you make to others, even if true, will directly violate the teachings of Holy Mother the Church, will violate all decent moral standards, and will do nothing less than scandalize your fellowmen. I, and I

alone, know what untold damage scandal has done in the past, and what it can do in the future, to everybody, whether you know them or not, whether they live near or far. As per Jesus Christ: "It would be better a millstone be tied around your neck and you be cast into the sea . . . than that ye create scandal."

Yours,
Dad

Gloria thought about it all day. . . .

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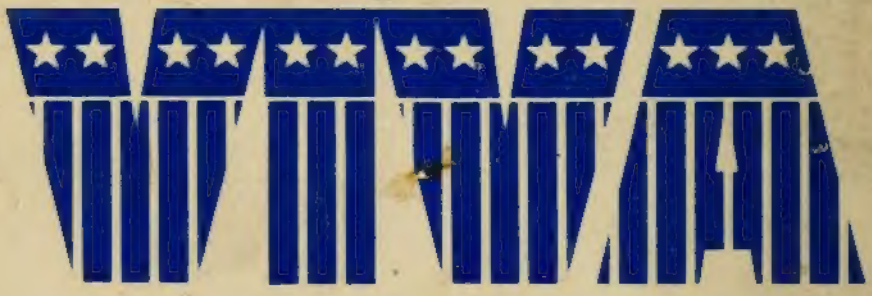

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